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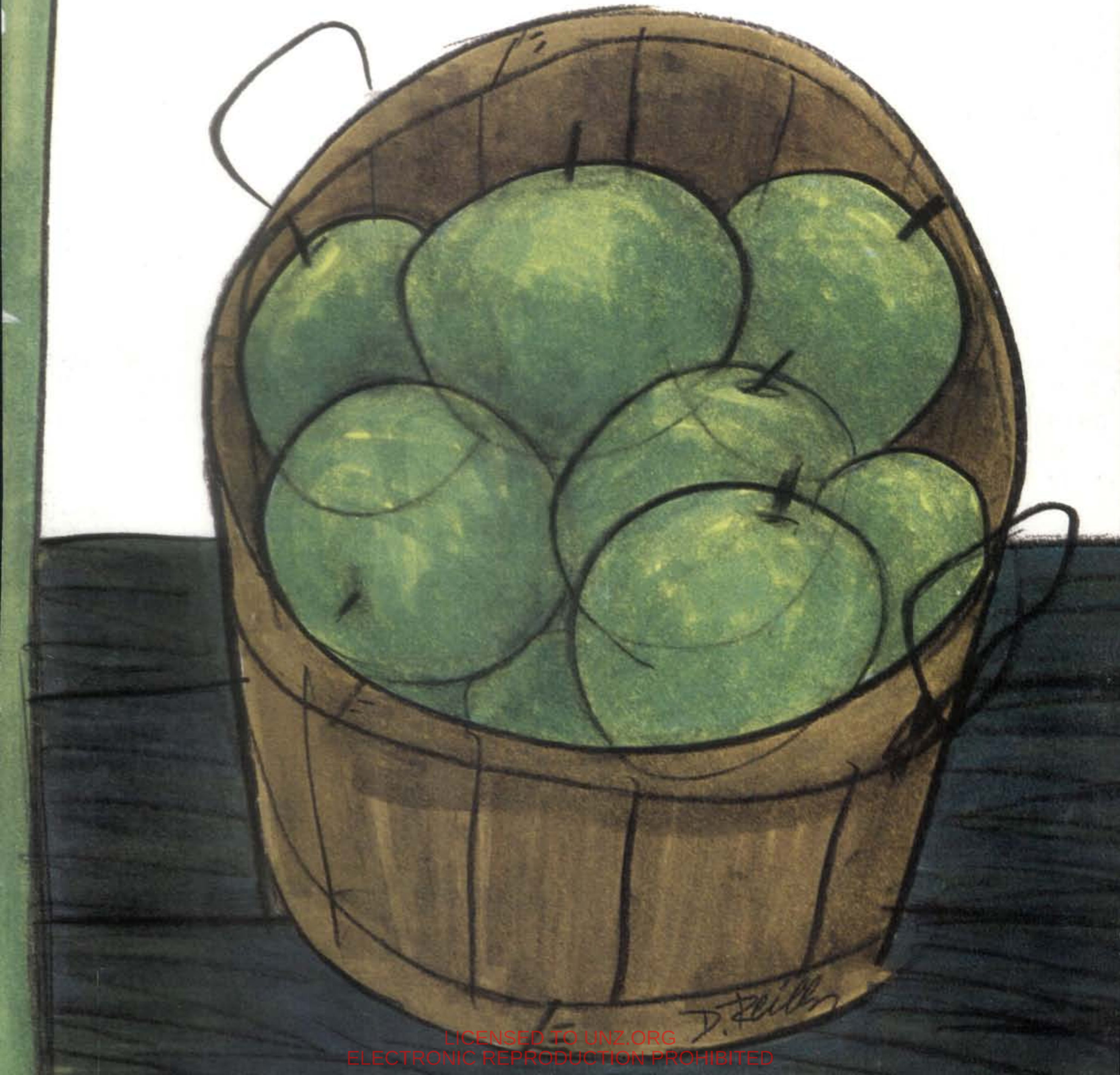

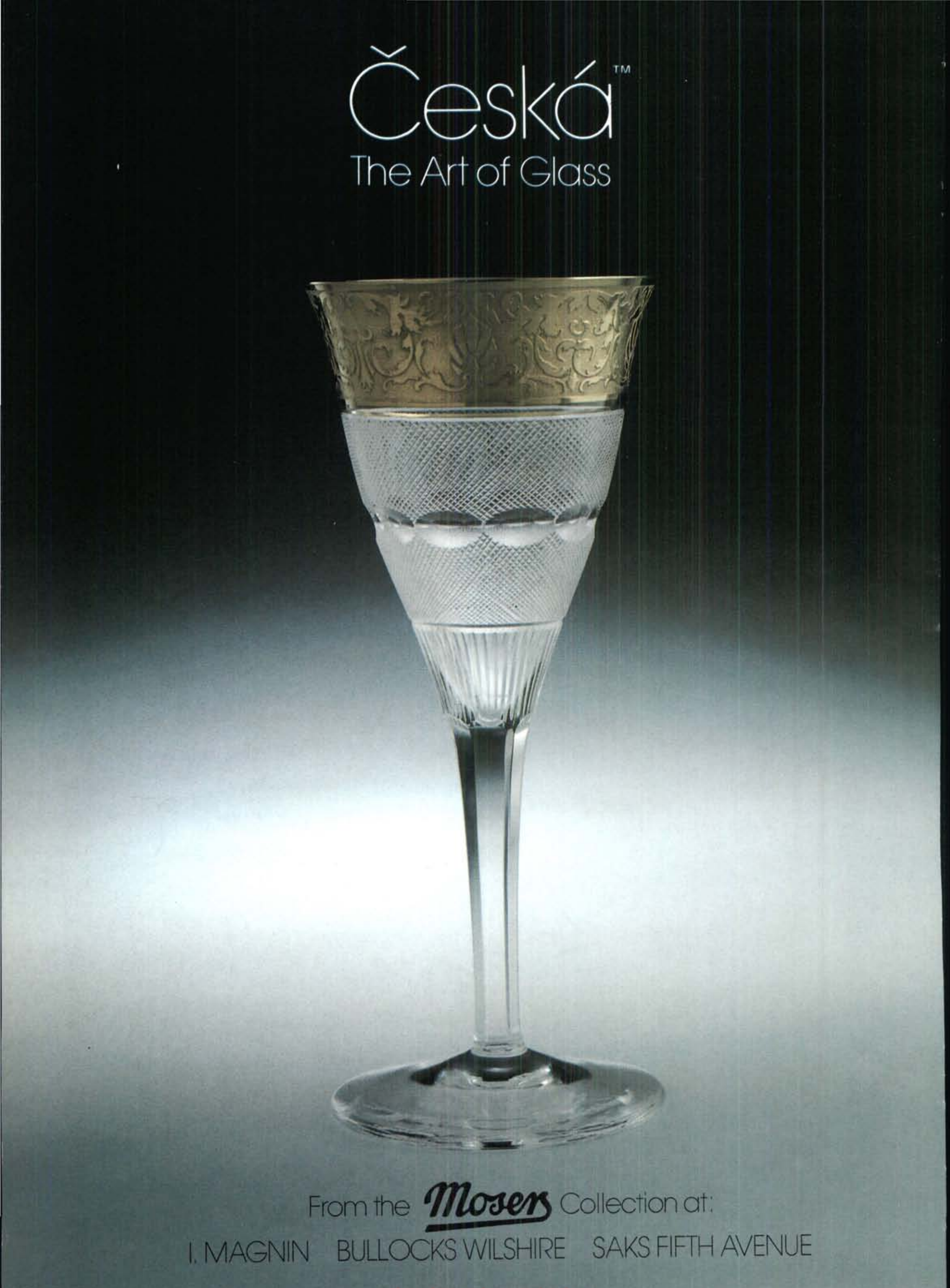
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Black People's Party—A play by Earl Anthony. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Camelot—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 15, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Nov. 14, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—Joanne Woodward in the title role survives a production that, thanks to an overambitious director, is far off the mark that Shaw intended the play to hit. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Jonathan Bolt's rather mild play THREADS, an actor returns from Hollywood to the Southern mill town where he was born. The result is a matter of brief episodes, some of them amusing and some sad, by and large well acted by all present, especially so by Jo Henderson, Jonathan Hogan, William Andrews, and Patricia Wettig. (11/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cowboy Mouth (in Concert)—A rock performance of Sam Shepard and Patti Smith's collage. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesday and Thursday at 7; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The perfect cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNichol, Raymond Baker, and Sharon Ullrick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Four one-acters chosen from among the thirteen plays presented here last year: "A Sermon," by David Mamet; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein; and "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical SEESAW, with a book by Michael Bennett, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. The second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Devotions—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-

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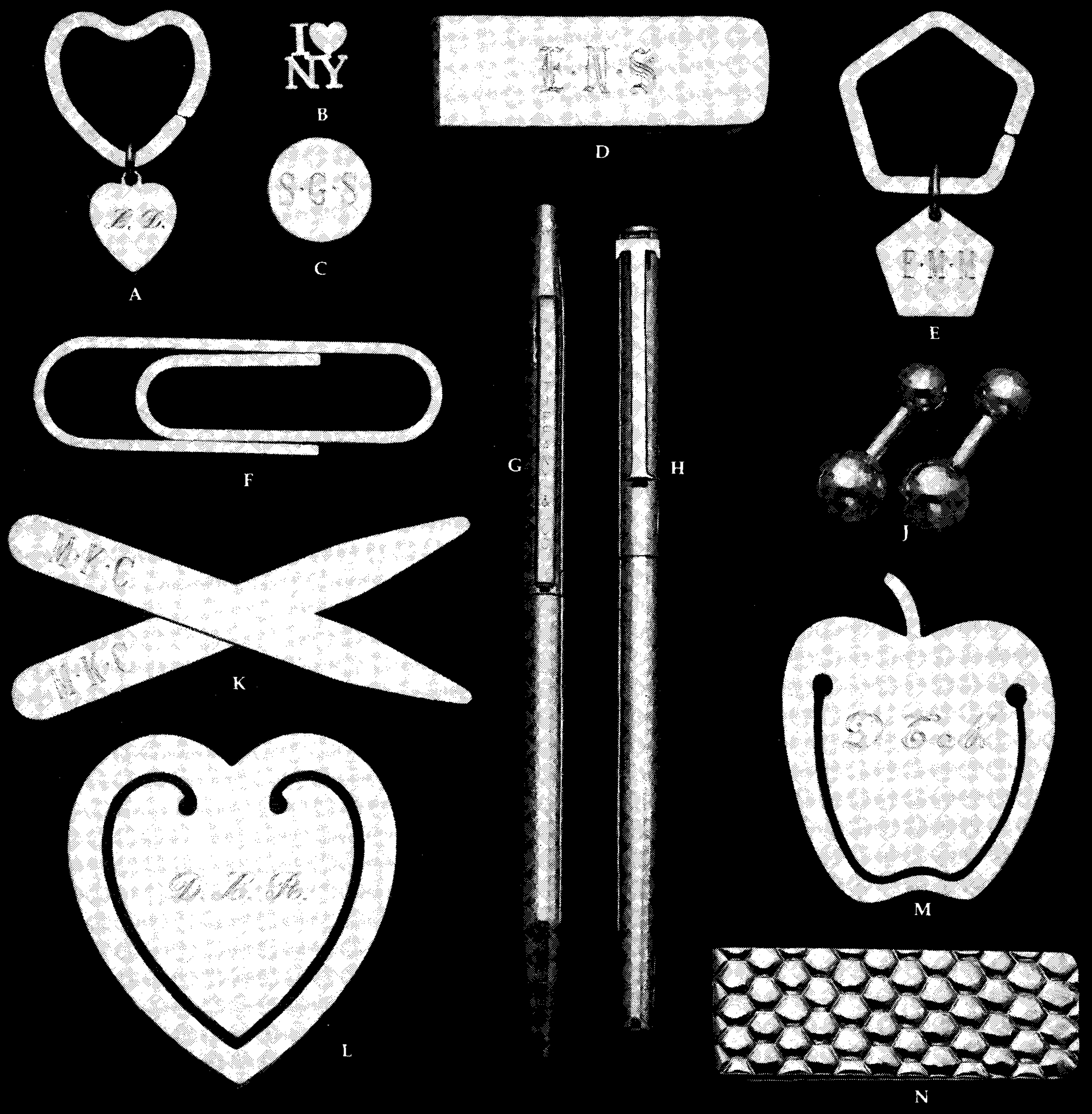

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fighting Bob—A play by Tom Cole about Robert M. La Follette. With Eugene J. Anthony, Sonja Lanzener, Paul Meacham, David E. Chadderdon, and John P. Connolly. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The First—A musical focussing on Jackie Robinson's first season with the Brooklyn Dodgers. The book is by Joel Siegel, with Martin Charnin (who also directed); the music is by Bob Brush; and the lyrics are by Mr. Charnin. With David Alan Grier, David Huddleston, and Lonette McKee. Previews through Monday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 17. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Sixteen plays that were originally seen here during the sixties. The project will be spread out over the next couple of months. Through Sunday, Nov. 15: **nightclub**, by Ken Bernard. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 11-14, at 11:30, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 9:30. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Nov. 18: **the son of fricka**, by Bruce Kessler. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. . . . **hurrah for the bridge**, by Paul Foster. Wednesdays through Sundays at 9. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

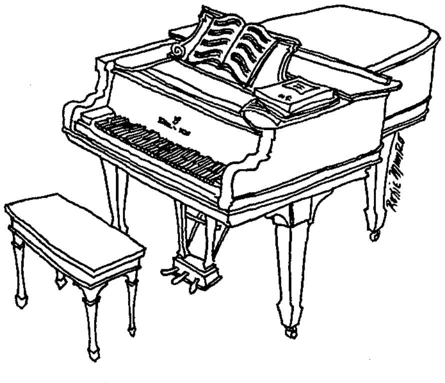
Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Dickens could invent an entire world with his left hand, and here the Royal Shakespeare Company brings one of the most delightful of those worlds to vivid life. A work of art and a superlative feat of stagecraft. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **the red mill.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—Cleavon Little in ***the resurrection of lady lester,*** by OyamO. Previews through Thursday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 13, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 22. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. . . . **crossing niagara:** A pretentious little curiosity, by Alonso Alegría, about a nineteenth-century French tightrope walker, who is persuaded to cross the Falls with a young man perched on his shoulders. Alvin Epstein gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Paul McCrane does well as his piggyback passenger. Distinguished scenery and lighting by Santo Loquasto and Jennifer Tipton. (Reviewed in this issue.) Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Marlowe—Christopher Marlowe was a drunken young playwright and perhaps a spy, but this wretched rock musical has practically nothing to do with him. (10/26/81) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe in Bill C. Davis's play, which ran Off Broadway last spring. The director is Geraldine Fitzgerald. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Merrily We Roll Along—A musical with a book by George Furth and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, based on the 1934 George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play of the same title. With Jim Walton, Ann Morrison, and Lonny Price. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 16, at 6:40. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8; on Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Own Stranger—A play based on the writings of Anne Sexton, adapted for the stage by Linda Laundra and Marilyn Campbell. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ned and Jack—A desultory, wordy examination of the friendship between the playwright Edward Sheldon and John Barrymore. The time is 1922. John Vickery and Peter Michael Goetz evidently find the evening heavy going, and so do we. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh, Brother!—A musical by Donald Driver (book and lyrics) and Michael Valenti (music) centered on two sets of twins separated as infants and reunited as adults. The cast includes David-James Carroll, Harry Groener, Judy Kaye, Mary Mastrantonio, and Larry Marshall. Staged by Mr. Driver. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

Sea Marks—A dim play about a publisher (f.) who tries to make a professional poet out of an Irish fisherman (m.). (10/5/81) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shiro—Yutaka Higashi's samurai musical, performed by the Tokyo Kid Brothers. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of short and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Stronger and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taken in Marriage—A revival of a play by Thomas Babe. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

A Talent for Murder—An inert mass of words, lifted into a semblance of life by Claudette Colbert. (10/12/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Thursdays through Mondays at 7:30.)

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters by Frank South. The performances, under the direction of Robert Altman, are good; that of Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in the West who has committed a murder and waits alone for retribution, is very good. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Tues-

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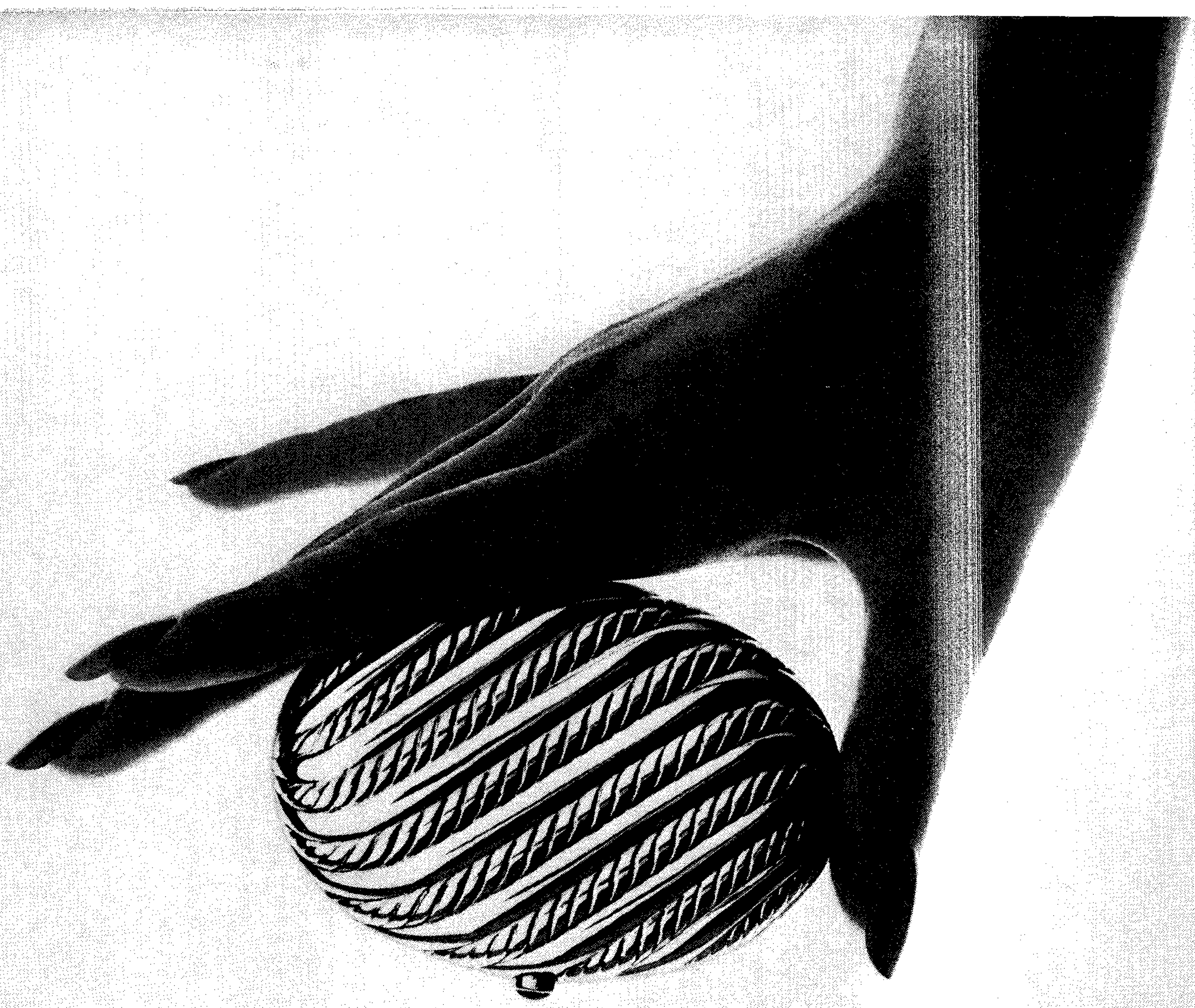

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days through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 4.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn as a retired concert pianist, and Dorothy Loudon as a violinist in Ernest Thompson's comedy. David Margulies, Regina Baff, and Don Howard are also in the cast. Directed by Noel Willman. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 19. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has replaced Jim Dale in the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,960 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

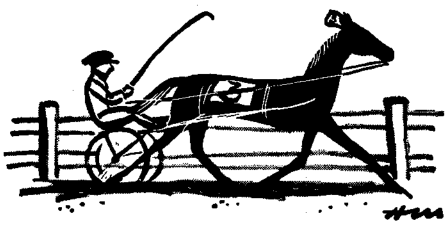
New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

"Hey Look Me Over"—A benefit evening honoring Cy Coleman. The participants include Sylvia Syms, Mel Tormé, Chita Rivera, Neil Simon, and about two dozen others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 787-5300.)

The Circus—The hundred-and-eleventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's brouhaha. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 18, and will close Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 11, 3, and 7:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 21—Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Apollo," "Piano Pieces," and "Symphony No. 1." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676 or 870-5666. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Piano Pieces," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Andantino," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)



Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 11, and Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Postcards," "Secret Places," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Moves," "Fanfarita," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Moves," "Fanfarita," "Transfigured Night," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2: "Light Rain," "Monotones II," "Deuce Coupe II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: "Parade," "Secret Places," "Night," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Momentum," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Moves," "Celebration," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Light Rain," "Secret Places," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Light Rain," "Fanfarita," "Momentum," and "Postcards." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Court Dance Theatre and Music from Okinawa—Four performances by this company of seventeen dancers and musicians, appearing here for the first time. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 12-15, at 8.)

Ballet Today Company—A fourteen-member company, with guest artist Anne Marie deAngelo, making its first New York appearance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneous stride and free pianist, leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will take charge. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Mainstream small-combo jazz on the upper East Side: alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** heads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 15, and on Tuesday, Nov. 17, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS** will bring in his quartet. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **STAN GETZ,** the silken tenor saxophonist, leads a quartet Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, saxophonist Turk Mauro's band is present. The music begins at ten. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 11, **NRBQ** and the **DANNY KALB** band; Thursday, Nov. 12, Crystal Ship; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE;** Sunday, Nov. 15, the **BUDDY RICH** band; Monday, Nov. 16, guitarist **TONY RICE;** Tuesday, Nov. 17, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** and **UBX,** with **LARRY CORYELL** on guitar and **MICHAL URBANIAK** on electric violin; Wednesday, Nov. 18, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS;**

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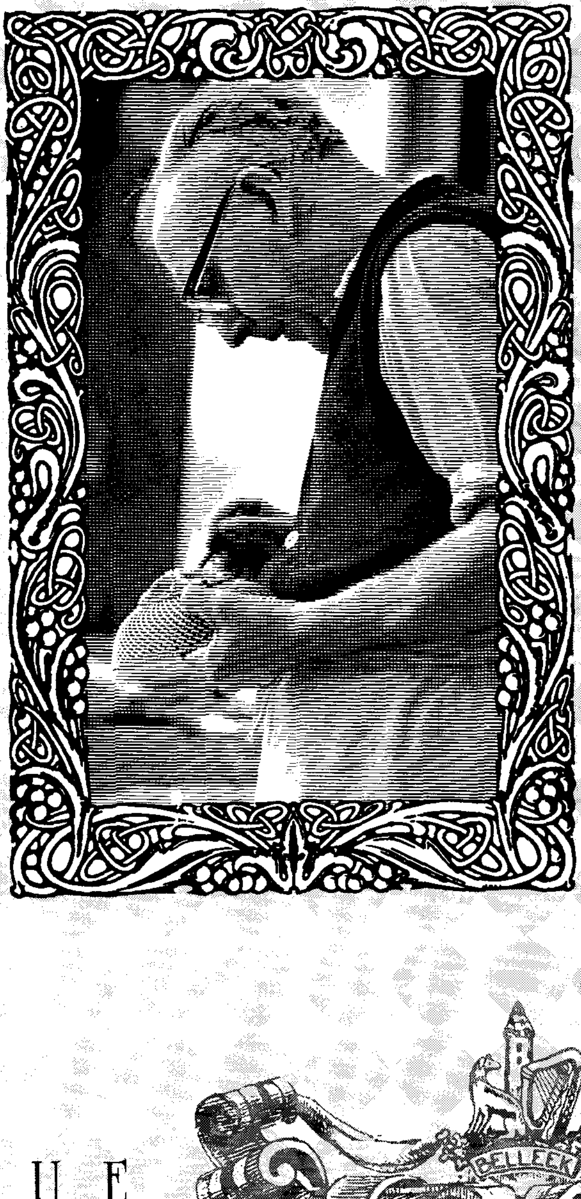

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Thursday, Nov. 19, Alabama and Earl Thomas Conley; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, ragtime singer LEON REDBONE. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist ALBERT DAILEY and bassist GEORGE DUVIVIER through Saturday, Nov. 14, and beginning Monday, Nov. 16, pianist CEDAR WALTON and his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—HUGH SHANNON, the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, has taken up residence with a trio in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . BARBARA CARROLL plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist ELLIS LARKINS, whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Nov. 11, Lisa & the Lost, the Dischords, Hex Inverter, and Gladcorp; Thursday, Nov. 12, David Leonard & the Look, Candy Apple, and High Roller; Friday, Nov. 13, Bad Brains, the Undead, and Reagan Youth; and Saturday, Nov. 14, Bad Brains, the Mob, and Even Worse. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—ALBERTA HUNTER sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and "The Glory of Love." She is assisted by pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. CARRIE SMITH, a singer with a big, resounding voice, is on hand Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Nov. 11, Father Charlie Coen and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Nov. 12, the Valley Partners; Saturday, Nov. 14, the Chicken Chokers String Band; Sunday, Nov. 15, guitarists Peter Spencer and Joe Ravo; Wednesday, Nov. 18, the Joe Cooley ceili band; Thursday, Nov. 19, Jan Davidson and Scott Ainslie; and Saturday, Nov. 21, the Neon Valley Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 15, the Ray Alexander quintet will perform from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. AHMAD JAMAL, a popular, controversial pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—is here until Sunday, Nov. 15; on Tuesday, Nov. 17, tenor saxophonist STANLEY TURRENTINE will arrive with his jazz-funk band. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

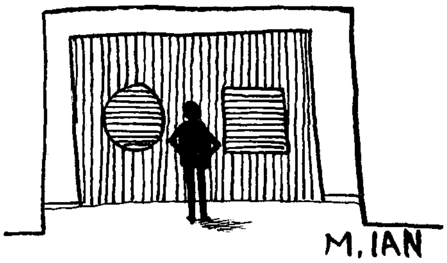
Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for the HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND—trombonist EDDIE DURHAM, guitarist AL CASEY, bassists JOHNNY WILLIAMS (on Thursdays and Fridays) and AL HALL (on Saturdays), tenor saxophonist EDDIE CHAMBLEE, pianist CHARLES BATEMAN, trumpeter BOBBY WILLIAMS, and drummer TOMMY BENFORD—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. Music from nine-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, singer JOE LEE WILSON; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, Miles Jaye; Monday, Nov. 16, bassist BOB CUNNINGHAM, pianist BROSS TOWNSEND, singer EVELYN BLAKEY, and saxophonist BILL SAXTON; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18, Maggie Swank; Thursday, Nov. 19, the Steinettes; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, pianist JORGE DALTO. Sundays, ANGELA SUAREZ sings Brazilian-jazz tunes. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist JOE PUMA works with pianist HOD O'BRIEN, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman on standards and O'Brien compositions Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist CHUCK WAYNE'S trio. On Sunday, Nov. 15, Mr. O'Brien will accompany singer Stephanie Nakasian from five to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. PATTI BOWN, a lively, rhythmic pianist who also sings a bit in English and a bit in Swahili, works with a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 14. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist and composer RAY BRYANT performs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.



Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, pianist ANTHONY DAVIS and flutist JAMES NEWTON will co-pilot their quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, Brazilian pianist and composer DOM SALVADOR will drop by with his combo. Wednesdays, OLU DARA, who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, leads his occasionally out-there OKRA ORCHESTRA, which sometimes plays its jazz-funk material inside out. Thursdays, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist THIAGO DE MELLO leads his ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band, AMAZON. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter MAX KAMINSKY leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist LOU LEVY is aided by bassist BILL TAKAS through Saturday, Nov. 14; on Tuesday, Nov. 17, pianist HANK JONES will take over with bassist VICTOR GASKIN. Sundays and Mondays, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA have the floor. Music from about ten.

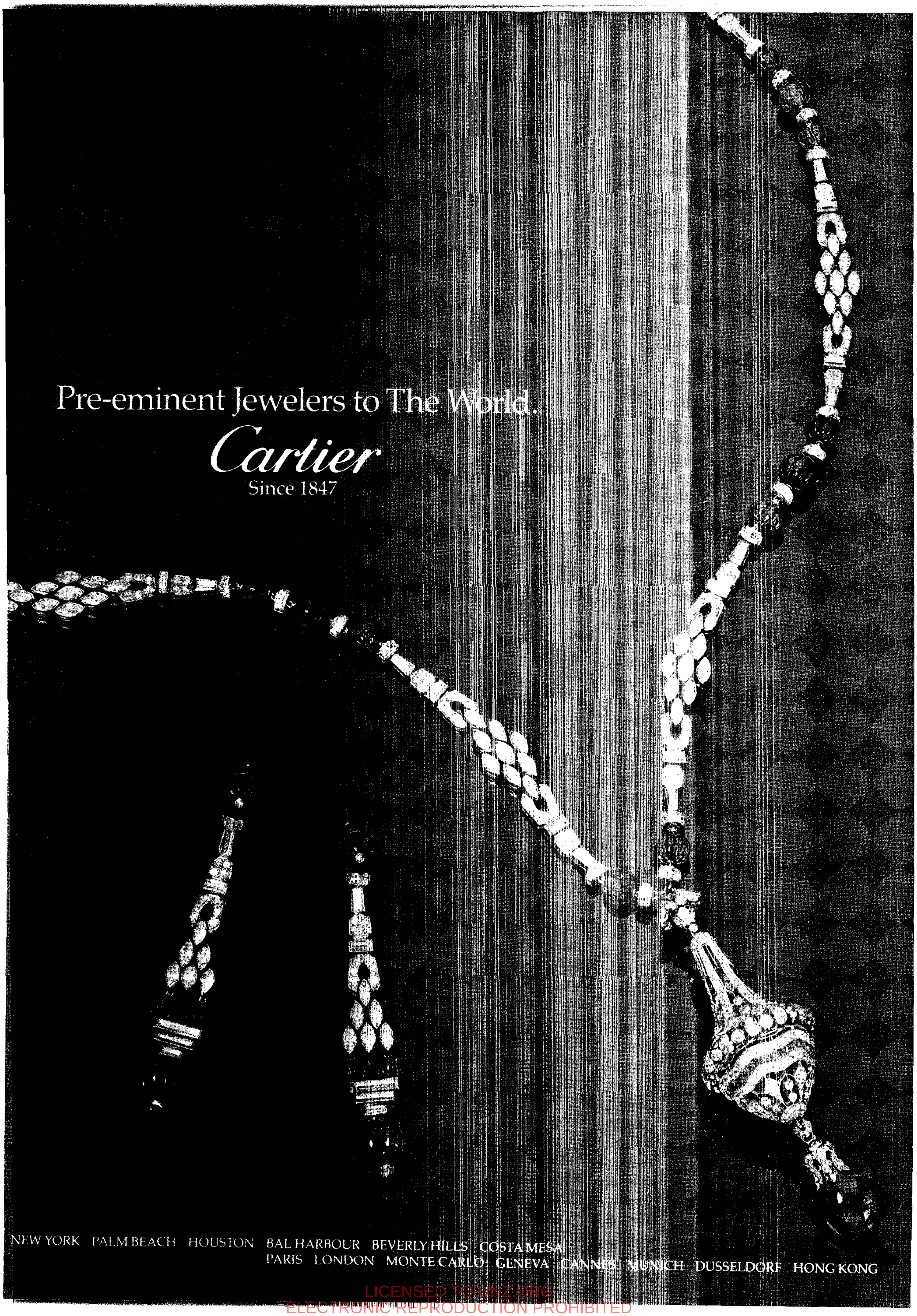
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 11, the VENTURES; Monday, Nov. 16, blues singer and harmonica player PAUL BUTTERFIELD; Tuesday, Nov. 17, JESSE COLIN YOUNG; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, RAY WYLIE HUBBARD. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—MEL TORMÉ, who doesn't appear in intimate night-club settings very often, will be appearing in this one for three more weeks. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—SUSANNAH MC CORKLE, who knows fifteen hundred songs, sings fifty of them—tunes by Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and Neil Sedaka—through Saturday, Nov. 14. On Tuesday, Nov. 17, Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), will move in for three weeks. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, Peter Gordon & French Toast; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, guitarist ERIC GALE; Sunday, Nov. 15, singer PHYLLIS HYMAN; Monday, Nov. 16, guitarist JOE BECK, singer Annie Sutton, and Slow Train; Tuesday, Nov. 17, singer Jimmy Williams; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, violinist Noel Pointer. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, guitarist JOHN FAHEY; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, Strangers and Kent Kasper; Sunday, Nov. 15, blues and folk singer TAJ MAHAL; Wednesday, Nov. 18, singer and guitarist ELVIN BISHOP; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, folk-rockers CHRIS HILLMAN and RICK ROBERTS. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays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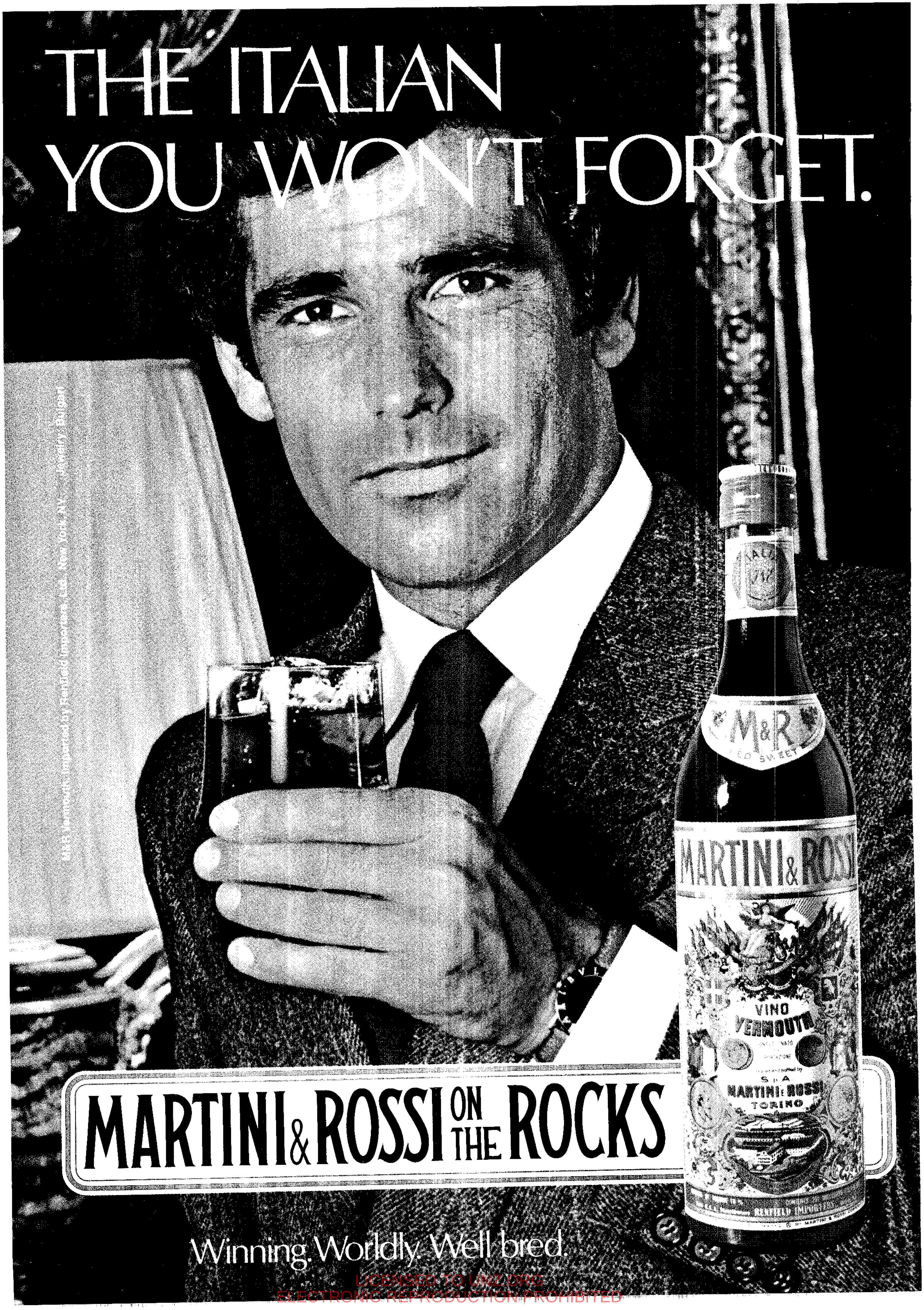
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at nine and midnight. Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Nov. 11, Johnny Thunders and **SUICIDE;** Thursday, Nov. 12, Los Microwaves; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, Siouxsie & the Banshees. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet, which plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Thursday, Nov. 12, Iron City Houserockers; Friday, Nov. 13, **POLYROCK;** Saturday, Nov. 14, Ronnie Spector; Monday, Nov. 16, Junk Rock; Tuesday, Nov. 17, **FRANK ZAPPA;** Wednesday, Nov. 18, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** Thursday, Nov. 19, **JERRY LEE LEWIS;** and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 20-22, U2. Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Irving Berlin is under way. The participants are Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. Wednesday, Nov. 11, Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 13-15, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft; Monday, Nov. 16, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Nov. 17, Bob Franceschini; Wednesday, Nov. 18, Jasmine, with Roger Rosenberg; and starting Thursday, Nov. 19, drummer **MAX ROACH** and his quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, have been reserved for drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his quartet; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will lead a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **DAKOTA STATON** sings here through Saturday, Nov. 14; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 15-16, saxophonist Arnie Lawrence will head a quartet; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 17, trumpeter **TED CURSON** and saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** will colead a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. **JOE TURNER,** who is now seventy, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie big band. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues artist. His styles during this period stretched from New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") to Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a funny blues, which he wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a whole new generation of listeners has discovered him. He's still (thank heavens) here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday, Nov. 15, will belong to folkie Catfish Hodge. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from around nine-thirty.

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Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 11, Bob Christianson; Thursday, Nov. 12, Little Liars and R. A. Madison; Friday, Nov. 13, Outsets and the Dance; Saturday, Nov. 14, Gypsy Lovers; Monday, Nov. 16, Henry Paul; and Saturday, Nov. 21, **DEFUNKT,** the avant-garde soul-music sextet, and singer **NONA HENDRYX.** Music after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room is given over to exuberant salsa bands, which begin playing at nine-thirty; on Monday, Nov. 16, **RAY BARRETTO** and La Sensual, with guest tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN.** Out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the flame-throwing saxophonist and bassoonist, guides a quintet through Sunday, Nov. 15; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 17, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** and pianist **SAL MOSCA** will perform some Lennie Tristano-inspired sets with their quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

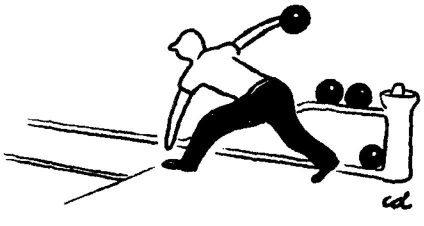
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: Through Sunday, Nov. 15, bebop pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his New Yorkers; and starting Wednesday, Nov. 18, trombonist and occasional vocalist **DICKY WELLS.** Mondays are saxophonist Percy France nights, and Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Highlights in Jazz—The Red Norvo-Tal Farlow trio, Maxine Sullivan, and Mike Peters' String Fever. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Rolling Stones—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.

Mal Waldron—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.



J. R. Mitchell Universal Ensemble—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Purna Das Baul—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The second in a series of four, this one performed by Jay McShann, Al Grey, Joe Wilder, George Duvivier, and Oliver Jackson. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

David Bromberg—With Robert Hunter. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Daryl Hall and John Oates—With Karla DeVito. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Earl Klugh—And an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10:30 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: David Lahm octet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Michael Carvin quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 9: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Billy Hart, Cheryl Pyle, Ron McLure, and Fred Hersch. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Sonny Fortune quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 9: Steve Hackett. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 9, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8:30 and 11:30: The Isley Brothers. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 16, at 10: George Thorogood & the Destroyers. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18, at 9: Natalie Cole. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 9, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30 and 11:30: Patti Labelle. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Nov. 12: Marilyn Crispell and Dennis Charles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14: Butch Morris ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19: Nestor Torres quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20: Charles Tyler ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21: Thiago de Mello and Amazon. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—A benefit loan show of fifty-six paintings, the most comprehensive exhibit of his work in nearly twenty years. Through Dec. 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

John Day—Recent abstract geometric paintings. Through Nov. 25. (Prohaska, 61 E. 77th St.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, portraits) and works on paper (nudes, figure studies). Through Nov. 28. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mary Faulconer / Evelyn Taylor—About twenty-five realist paintings. More than half of them date back to the early nineteen-fifties, and the remainder (of collages, New Orleans riverboat houses) are recent. / Realist landscapes, all with a touch of the mysterious. Through Nov. 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John R. Grabach (1880-1981)—Paintings and works on paper (urban scenes, landscapes, character studies) dating from about 1910 to 1945, a period during which the artist exhibited regularly in New York. Through Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Cleo Hartwig—Stone and clay sculptures, both representational and abstract, of birds,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plants, and animals. Through Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—"Windy Day, Tynemouth Beach" and "Weatherbeaten" are among the seventeen paintings on loan from the Portland, Maine, Museum of Art. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Bursts of raw acrylic colors on large canvases. The works are all recent. Through Nov. 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Daniel Lang—Recent realist landscapes. Through Dec. 5. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings dated 1937-47 by the Chilean-born Surrealist. Through Dec. 19. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Dec. 5. (Browne, a new gallery at 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Peter Reginato / Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1889-1953)—Recent freestanding abstract welded-steel sculptures. / Paintings from the teens through the forties. Through Nov. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—Two related shows. Seventy watercolors of flowers. Through Nov. 25. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 7; Wednesdays and Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Collage drawings, many of which have the same flowers as part of their motif. Through Nov. 22. (Mythology, 370 Columbus Ave., at 77th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Mark Schlesinger—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Judith Shea—Fabric constructions (a vest, a jacket) by an artist and fashion designer. Through Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Raphael Soyer—Figure studies, portraits of friends, and self-portraits in oil, plus lusty drawings and watercolors by this venerable artist, now in his eighties. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Frank Stella—Metal relief paintings: mixed mediums on aluminum. Through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Fifteen wood or wood-and-metal sculptures and twenty watercolors by this artist, who died last week. Through Nov. 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Picasso Centenary—October 25th would have been the artist's hundredth birthday, and two uptown galleries are taking note of that fact. The Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., has gathered together nearly forty works from 1901 to 1969—paintings, sculptures, *and works on paper*—many being shown here for the first time. Through Nov. 28. . . . A complementary show at the Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., embraces the same time span and includes some oils making their American dêbut, works on paper, sculptures, and graphics. Through Dec. 5. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Social Art in America: 1930-1945—A loan exhibition marking the fiftieth anniversary of the ACA Gallery, which was founded for the "purpose of representing and promoting the art of social awareness." Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, Robert Gwathmey, Marion Greenwood, Doris Lee, and Isaac, Moses, and Raphael Soyer are among the nearly forty representers. Through Nov. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **carus,** 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: About two dozen collages and works on paper by eleven early-twentieth-century Italian (Giacomo Balla, Carlo Carrà) and Russian (David Burliuk, Olga Rozanova) Futurists. Through Dec. 19. . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: English watercolors from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. The roster of artists includes George Romney, Francis Danby, and Augustus John. Through Nov. 28. . . . **gibson,** 205 E. 78th St.: Five English artists—Mac Adams, James Collins, Roger Cutforth, John Hilliard, and Peter Hutchinson—represented by work from the late sixties and the seventies. Through Dec. 19. . . .

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noortman & brod, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Seventeenth-century Dutch paintings and nineteenth-century French works. More recent French drawings—as late as Raoul Dufy—are also present. Through Nov. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Twenty-six Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Tiepolo, Prud'hon, Ingres, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Selections from the New York School of Abstract Expressionism. John Graham is the central figure of the show, which also includes a number of works by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and Arshile Gorky. Through Nov. 28.

Sculpture—Twentieth-century works by, among others, Jean Arp, Aristide Maillol, and Henry Moore. Through Dec. 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and sculptures. Through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Clutz—New oil paintings: figures in Central Park and other scenes of New York. Through Dec. 5. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Brown wrapping paper and strips of masking tape convincingly depicted by a Swedish trompe-l'oeil artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—A retrospective of etchings and drypoints. Through Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large-scale paintings completed in the past year. Through Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Brenda Goodman—Paintings, sculptures, and a collection of twenty drawings—from 1975 to the present, and all bordering on the surreal. Through Dec. 5. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract drawings in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstract paintings in tempera and watercolor. Through Nov. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Hélion—Paintings and drawings from 1939, when his work was abstract, to 1960, when it had become representational. Forty in all. Through Nov. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

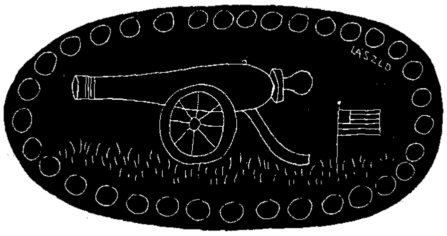
Ian Hornak—Recent realist landscapes. Through Dec. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent small-scale abstract paintings. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Related drawings, from 1975 to the present. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) Both shows through Dec. 5.

Frank Keller—Recent Constructivist compositions. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Harry Koursaros—Pictographic-style paintings and works on paper depicting figures, animals, and plants. Through Nov. 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Pat Lasch—Recent cut-paper constructions. Through Nov. 28. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent sculptures of a variety of unrelated objects (eggs, skeletons, cakes). Through Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)



Roy Lichtenstein—Two print shows. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.; through Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.; through Nov. 25; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) A larger show is currently at the Whitney Museum.

Ann McCoy—Fantastic colored-pencil drawings done on paper that is mounted on canvas. Through Nov. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Recent pastels and a few oils. Through Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Meyerowitz (1886-1981)—A retrospective show of twenty-five paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Jay Milder—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Irene Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Abstract geometric paintings. Through Dec. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marjorie Portnow—Recent realist paintings, mostly of landscapes. Through Dec. 4. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—Fifty lithographs, including "La Mort: Mon Ironie . . . ," done in 1889. Through Dec. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Rembrandt—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—New paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 5. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Herman Rose—Impressionist paintings and monotypes: still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, and portraits, done since 1974. Through Dec. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Seery—New paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Aluminum-tube sculptures (models for larger works) and panoramic photographs of New York thoroughfares. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Solow—Paintings of bar life, interiors, and landscapes, plus figure drawings, by a young artist who works in thin oil washes rich in color. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Sonfist—Twenty sculptures, all composed of twigs and other vegetation picked up from the forest floor, plus a bronze "edition" cast from each. Through Nov. 28. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Pat Steir—New paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Seventeen new oils. Through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

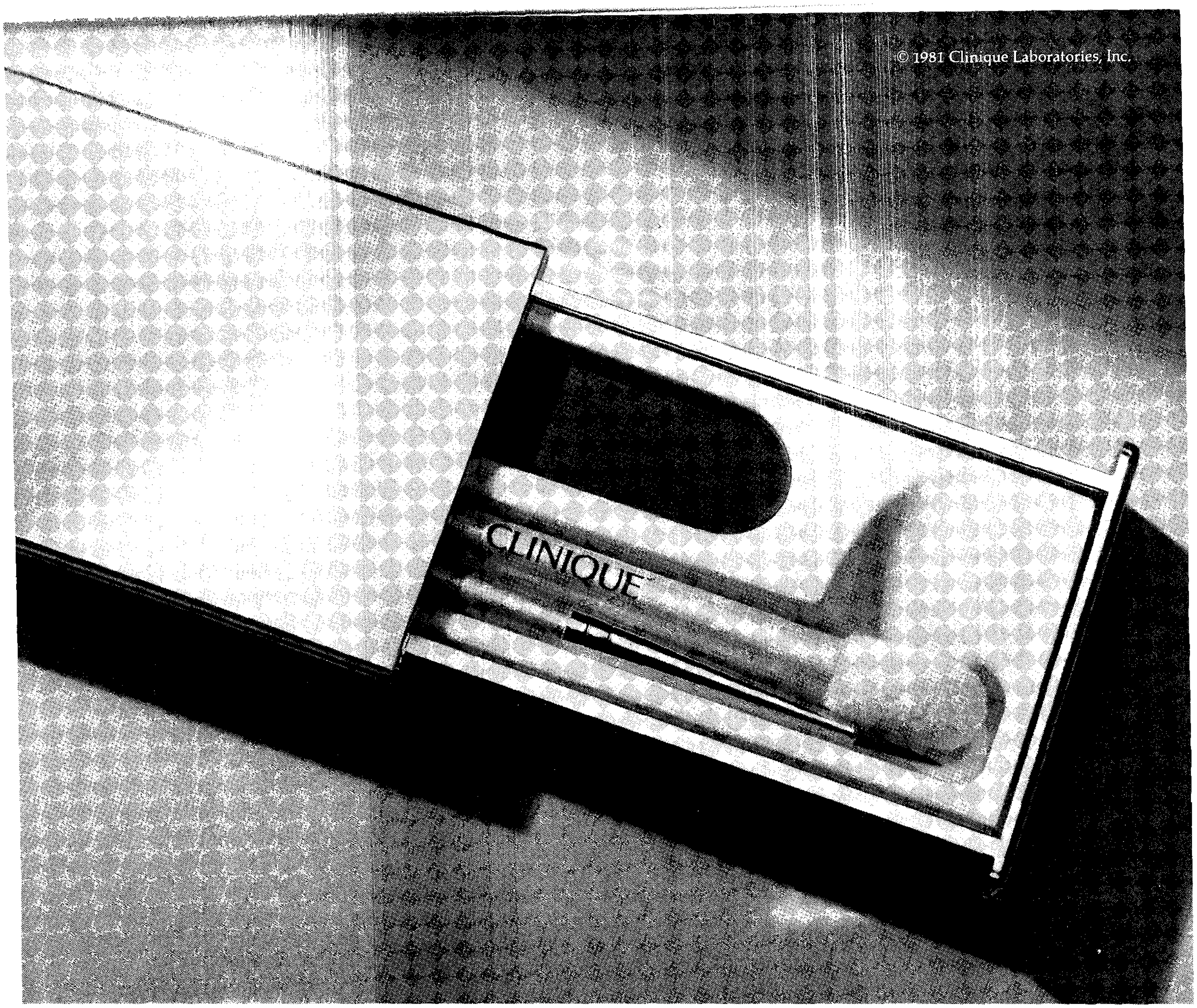
Sally Vagliano—Landscape paintings on panels. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig / Forrest Moses—New oils: landscapes seen from windows in Maine and Long Island. / Monotypes. Through Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Bright, cheerful landscapes, figures, and still-lifes done with a palette knife in thick layers of oil paint. Through Tuesday, Nov. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

The Zoning Game—An exhibit set up to unravel the tangle of New York's building regulations by matching various zoning laws with building models designed to comply with them. The models are constructed of dominoes, checkers, and similar lively devices. Sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Through Nov. 27. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure drawings by six realists (Jack Beal, William Beckman, Paul Georges, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and James Valerio), most of them studies for finished paintings.



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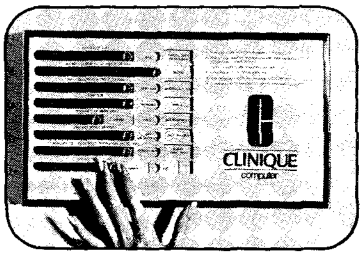

CLINIQUE

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Through Dec. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings by the gallery artists, among them Ruth Cobb, Ethel Magafan, Jason Schoener, and William Thon. Through Nov. 28. . . . **STEFANOTTI,** 30 W. 57th St.: The First Energist Drawing Show: charcoal, pastel, and watercolor. Austé, Cynthia Gallagher, and Robin Tewes are among the artists. Through Nov. 28.

SCULPTURE—Figurative works by Arp, Giacometti, Lipchitz, and others. Through Dec. 19. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE—Big blocks of Douglas fir and cedar arranged in various configurations on the gallery floor. Through Dec. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JARED BARK—Silhouettes of flying soccer players crowd the gallery walls, some of them done in ink on paper and some of them painted on shaped wall pieces of modelling paste. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ROSS BLECKNER—Abstract paintings in black and white. Through Dec. 2. (Boone, 420 West Broadway, and across the street at 417.)

ROBERT DELFORD BROWN—Cartoonlike paintings and bits of sculpture by an antic artist. Through Nov. 28. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

DOUGLAS DAVIS—Two related shows by Mr. Davis at the two Feldman galleries. A movie on three screens in homage to Abel Gance's "Napoleon" at 31-33 Mercer St. (through Nov. 28), and drawings from 1978 to the present at 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays; through Saturday, Nov. 21).

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Abstract paintings, one of them a large cluster of shaped canvases, fitted together, plus drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

JEAN-CLAUDE FARHI—Nearly two dozen columns, some of them eight feet tall, made of methyl methacrylate (a plastic crystal) and irradiating surprising colors caused by their refraction of light. Through Nov. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

MICHAEL GALLAGHER—New work. Through Nov. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

HOWARD GOLDSTEIN—Hand-colored photocopies (of collages and montages) sandwiched between layers of glass. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Inroads, 150 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

FRED GUTZEIT / SUSAN R. LAUFER—Paintings by an artist who applies random objects to canvas (asphalt siding, linoleum, yarn) and builds them up with layers of paint. / Abstract works. Through Nov. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

TOM HOLLAND—Recent painted (with pigmented epoxy) works, three-dimensional and otherwise, using aluminum and fibre glass. Through Nov. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

CARLO MARIA MARIANI—Heroic renditions of classical subjects in which the artist, an Italian, substitutes portraits of his friends for the mythological figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

BEATRICE RIESE—Pattern paintings, done in oil, gouache, or collage. Through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

CE ROSER—New abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Ingber, in new quarters at 460 West Broadway.)

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG—Lithographs, drawings, and silk screens based on Mr. Schlossberg's poems, which are incorporated into some of the works. Through Nov. 28. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

DAVID THAUBERGER—Paintings by a young Saskatchewan artist, mostly of architectural subjects—churches, dance halls, garages. There are also a couple of landscapes. Through Nov. 28. (49th Parallel, a recently opened gallery for contemporary Canadian art, at 420 West Broadway.)

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ANDREW WATEL—Painstaking studies of usually unrewarding subjects—automobile tires, oil barrels, a carton of nails—in oils, watercolors, or charcoal. Through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

KES ZAPKUS—Large-scale abstract paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOW—Political and other message-bearing works: paintings by Jean Michel Basquiat and Bill Beckley, a wall work by Keith Haring, a series of photostats by Barbara Kruger. Through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

ROBERT GRAHAM—Six bronzes from 1973-80. Through Friday, Nov. 20. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

LEE KRASNER AND JACKSON POLLOCK—More than thirty works by each artist, dating from the late nineteen-thirties to Pollock's death in 1956, plus memorabilia. Through Dec. 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

GEORGE LUKS (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Thirty photographs from the personal collection of Julien Levy, who died earlier this year. Several of the prints are on view for the first time. Through Nov. 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Another thirty can be seen—through Saturday, Nov. 21—at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which (thanks to Mr. Levy and Berenice Abbott) has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

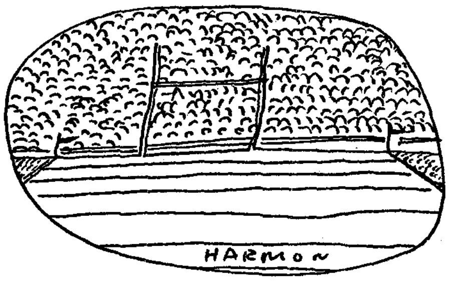
LUCIEN CLERGUE—Recent works. Through Tuesday, Nov. 17. (HMK, 112 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 7.) . . . ¶ Studies of the female nude from the past twenty-five years. Through Friday, Nov. 20. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN—Two hundred and fifty shots of Picasso—at work and at play. Through Nov. 28. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN GRUEN—Found objects (bottles, machine parts) are the subjects for still-life photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN GUTMANN / LEO RUBINFIEN—Portraits and documentary photographs of women, from 1933 to 1949. / Recent portraits. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

RUTH ORKIN / MARY ORKIN—Photographs of people and places from the past five decades, beginning with a cross-country bicycle trip in 1939 and including such subjects as Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Orson Welles (fifties), and Central Park (sixties and seventies). More than seventy-five prints in all. / Primitive paintings of Central Park by the photographer's mother. Through Dec. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)



ARTHUR ROTHSTEIN / JACK LEVINE—Photographs of China before 1945 by a former U.S. Army photographer (scenes of famine in Hunan province; Jewish refugees in Shanghai). / Photographs recording the life of the inhabitants of the Red Star agricultural and industrial commune on the outskirts of Peking. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

WEEGEE (1899-1968)—Forty-eight scenes of New York from 1939 to 1946, recently printed by Sid Kaplan. Through Nov. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE BAUHAUS—Fifty photographs. T. Lux Feininger, Joost Schmidt, Josef Albers, Hannes Meyer, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At Central Park's newly restored **DAIRY,** between the zoo and the carousel: Photographs of the Park by Lee Friedlander, Tod Papageorge, and Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Some two hundred color prints of New York by sixty-five photographers (Ken Heyman's Chinese New Year parade, Serge Hambourg's shot of a dog-walker on Columbus Avenue, and Roy Morsch's Rockettes). Through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among the fifty-nine works. Through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Édouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened three new galleries, one for painted Federal furniture and Windsor furniture, another for decorative folk art and furniture, and the last for an entire room from the Shaker community at New Lebanon, New York. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen and Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures). Through Sunday, Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays, except Veterans Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract works of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. Complementary shows are at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. and at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave.

at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lichtenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. Complementary shows are at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (ending Saturday, Nov. 14) and at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. . . . ¶ A permanent exhibit has been established: Maurice Prendergast, Georgia O'Keeffe, Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Andy Warhol are among the more than sixty artists. The dates of these eighty-odd works range from 1913 (Prendergast's "The Promenade") to 1980 (Diebenkorn's "Ocean Park, #125"). Many were included in the collection's first showing in 1931, many are recent acquisitions, and all have been installed on the third floor. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt, Steinberg, Arneson, and others. Through Sunday, Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays, except Veterans Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America, and who are said to "continue their way of life much as their ancestors did in Africa." Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Asia Society (formerly Asia House), 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—The collection of Asian art assembled by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd is being shown in specially designed galleries in the Society's new headquarters. The two hundred and fifty objects—bronze and stone images from India and Southeast Asia, ceramics from China and Japan, scrolls and paintings also from East Asia—will be displayed on a rotating basis, so that the entire collection can be seen within a two-year period. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wisconsin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's Column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements and accessories is explored, as is the learning of one's ABC's. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Book illustrations from eighteenth-century Venice. About a hundred and thirty-five volumes are on display, opened to pages showing original drawings by, among others, Tiepolo and Novelli (poetry) and Piazzetta (poetry and a treatise on surgery). Also, twenty "presentation books"—commissioned volumes given by the nobility as commemorative gifts. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A tribute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Veterans Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Veterans Day, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A sixth-anniversary show featuring more than a hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, works on paper, and photographs. Dotty Attie, Jay Maisel, Liliana Porter, and Stuart Diamond are among the seventy artists. Through Dec. 5.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A drawing directly on the wall by Glenys Johnson; a photographic installation by Meridel Rubenstein; a group show of paintings and sculptures by seven artists, including Bobby G, Ellen Cooper, and Kiki Smith. Through Saturday, Nov. 21.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—La Gorda Group (music), Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Christians from Outer Space (performance), Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dadaist and Surrealist works in print (in Rumanian, English, and French) by writers and painters originally from Rumania. Through Dec. 12.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Gerry Hemingway (music), Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Arnold Dreyblatt (music), Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; portable channel video, Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; R. A. Robboy and Ellen Fullman (performance with music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Rob Wynne, incorporating photomurals, glass spheres, and video. Through Nov. 28.

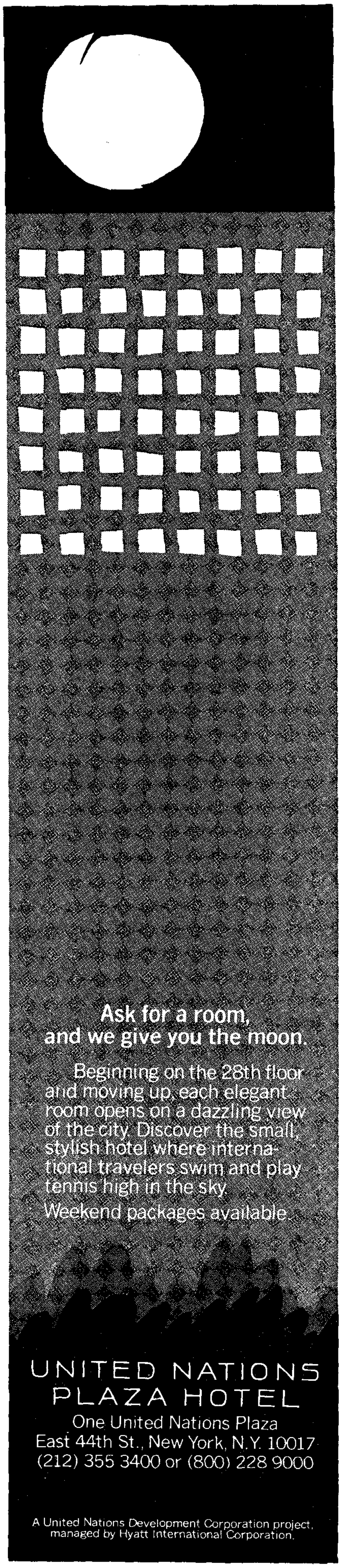
P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 11: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Louis Quilico, and John Alexander; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 14: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 16: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Louis Quilico, and John Alexander; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 17: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 18: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Morley Meredith, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 19: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 20: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 21: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 21: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. A *nonsubscription* performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, Nov. 11: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, James Wagner, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Rigoletto," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, RoseMarie Freni, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Carol Gutknecht, Susanne Marsee, Kathleen Hegierski, John Stewart, and Ralph Bassett; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 14: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Cross; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Rigoletto," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, RoseMarie Freni, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Pamela Myers, Enrico DiGiuseppe, William Stone, and Robert Hale; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 15: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Martha Sheil, Claudette Peterson, Mimi Lerner, Nadia Pelle, Perry Price, and Scott Reeve; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1.)

SATYAGRAHA—A new opera by Philip Glass based on Gandhi's years in South Africa. Christopher Keene will conduct the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with Douglas Perry, Claudia Cummings, Iris Hiskey, Linda Nichols, Bruce Hall, and Donald Miller. The text will be sung in Sanskrit, of course. Staged from the Netherlands Opera production, for which it was originally commissioned. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 12, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Igor Chicagov conducting performances of Bellini's "La Straniera," staged by Barbara L. Wilson. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting a Schubert-Prokofieff-Janaček program Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Larry Newland conducting a Schuller-Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8; Friday, Nov. 20, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30 (all with Richard Goode, piano).

ORCHESTRE DE LA SUISSE ROMANDE—Horst Stein conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8, a program of music by Honegger, Ravel, and Brahms, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8, the New York première of Swiss composer Rudolf Kelterborn's "Errinerungen an Orpheus," plus music by Dvořák and Sibelius. With Nathaniel Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-2222. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8, a repeat of the Nov. 11 program.)

ST. PAUL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:30, a Mozart-Bach program, with Miriam Fried, violin, and Yefim Bronfman and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. A benefit concert. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8, an all-Mozart program, with Erie Mills, soprano.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Klaus Tennstedt conducting, with Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—André Previn conducting three all-British programs. CARNEGIE HALL. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: Works by William Walton, Vaughan Williams, and Michael Tippett (the New York première of his Triple Concerto). With Kyung Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: Works by Oliver Knussen (the New York première of his Symphony No. 3), Vaughan Williams, and Benjamin Britten. With Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: Works by John McCabe, Edward Elgar, and William Walton. With Yo-Yo Ma, cello.

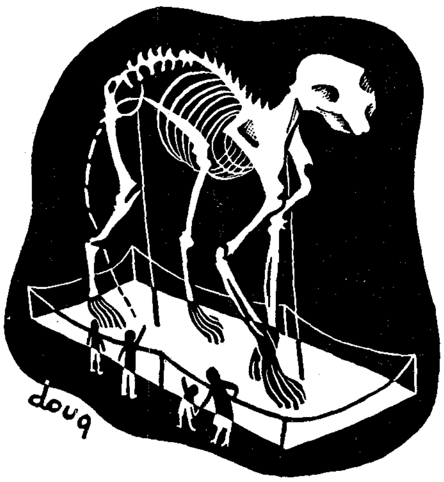
I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with André Bernard, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Sidney Harth conducting, with Felix Galimir, violin; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Karl Kraber, flute. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN BRASS ENSEMBLE—Robert Nagel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AMERICAN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Rohan Joseph conducting a Rossini-Prokofieff-Brahms program, with John Browning, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIA—John Miner conducting a Mendelssohn-Ravel-Brahms program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)



BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Mozart program, with Nina Beilina, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Beethoven-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

TAFELMUSIK BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—A Canadian ensemble making its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Jephtha," with Bernadette Fiorella, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Brian McGovern, tenor; Rob Toren, bass; Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord; and an orchestra of authentic baroque instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

PAUL JACOBS—Piano, in a program that will include the New York première of Elliott Carter's "Night Fantasies." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

MARTHA ANNE VERBIT—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11-12, at 8, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8, with Walter Trampler, viola.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

BAROQUE CHAMBER MUSIC—Paula Robison, flute; Daniel Phillips, violin; Alexander Heller, bassoon; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Same program; New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2.)

NEW REPERTORY ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

IAN SHAPINSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.)

CHRISTA LUDWIG—Mezzo-soprano, in an all-Schubert program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

CHO-LIANG LIN—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

LIORA HENDEL—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

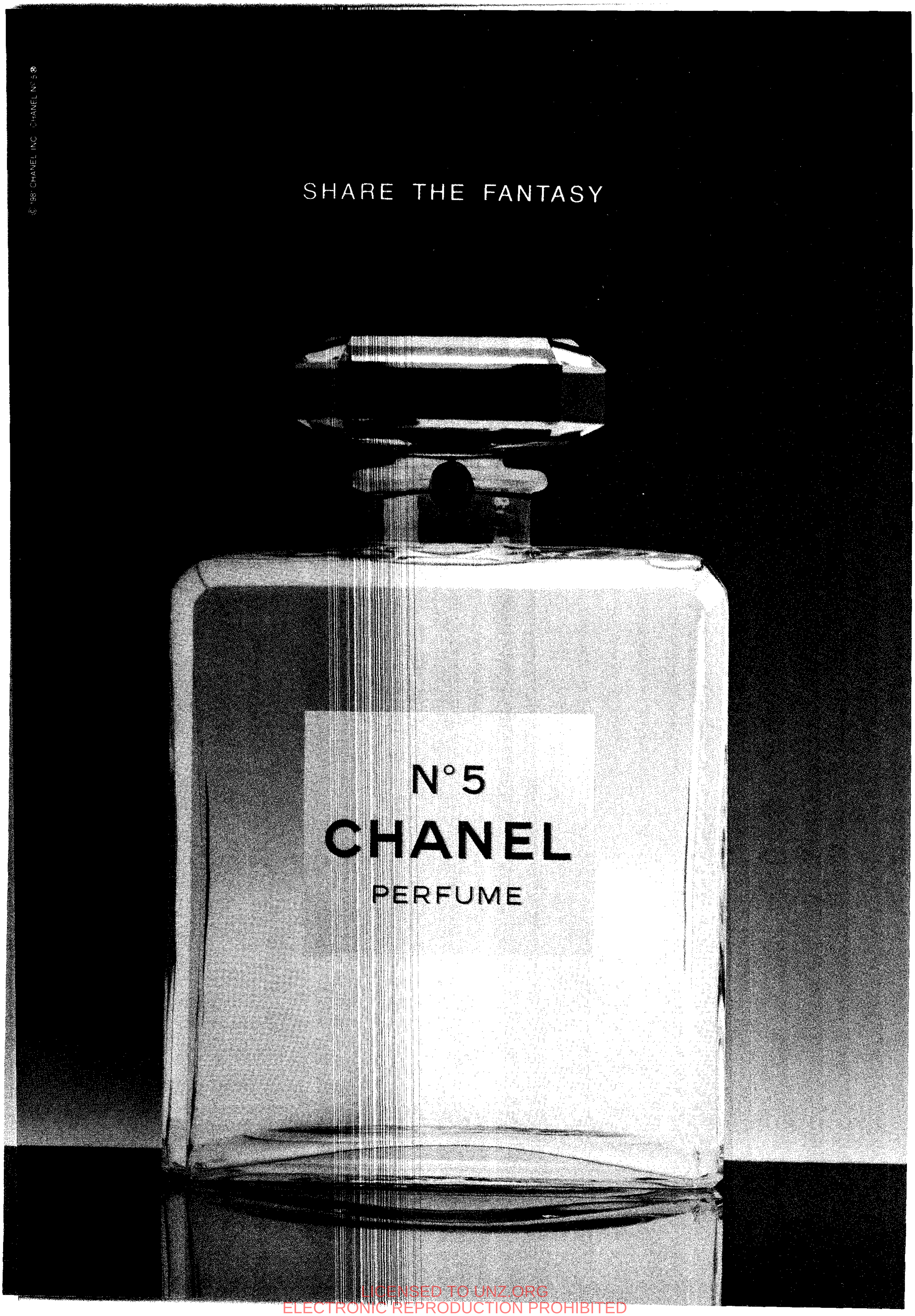
PETER REJTO—Cello, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The third in a series of eight recitals will be performed by Concerto Castello. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

CHARLES LIBOVE AND NINA LUGOVOY—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Bach recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

TAFELMUSIK—Four musicians in a program of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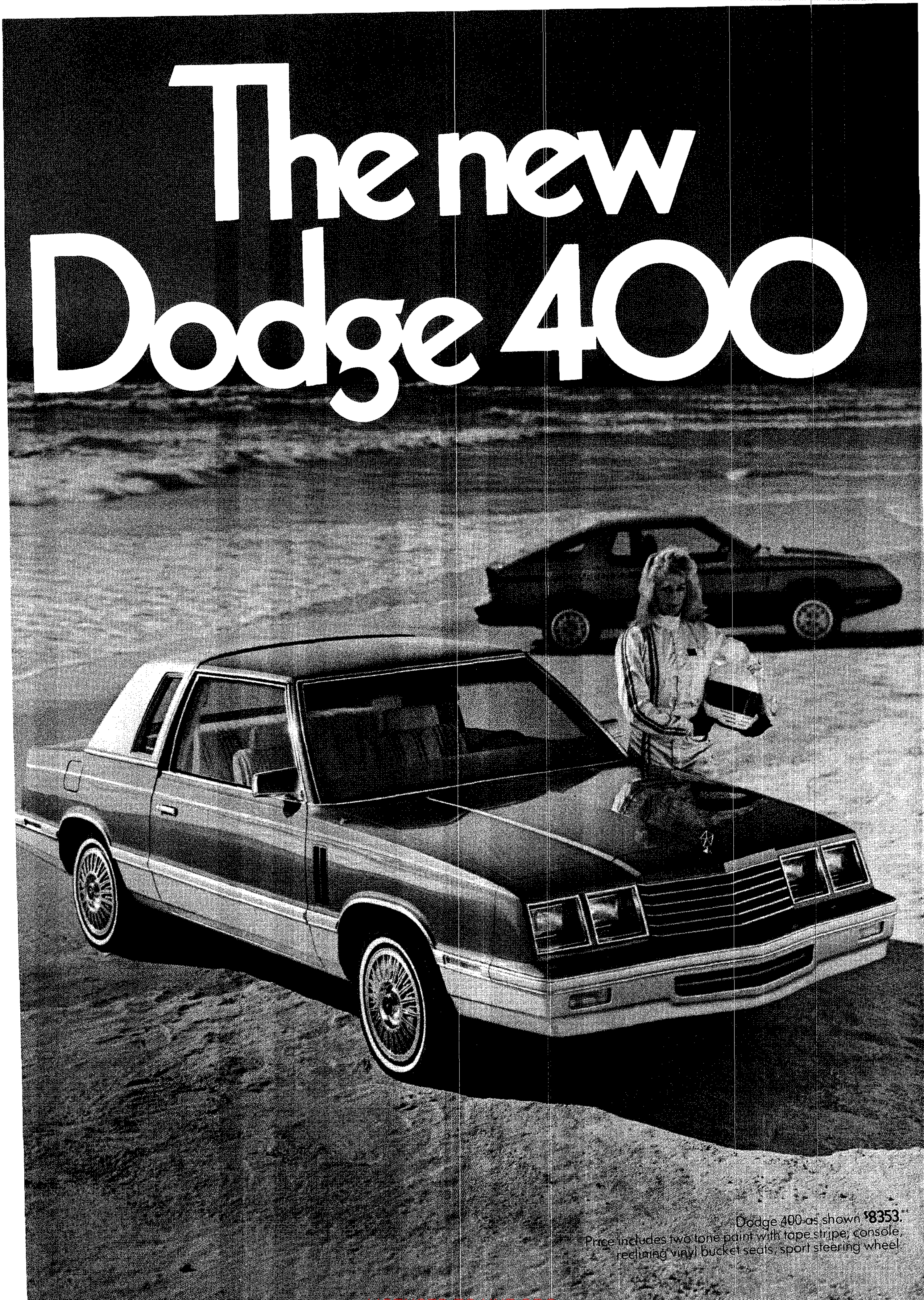
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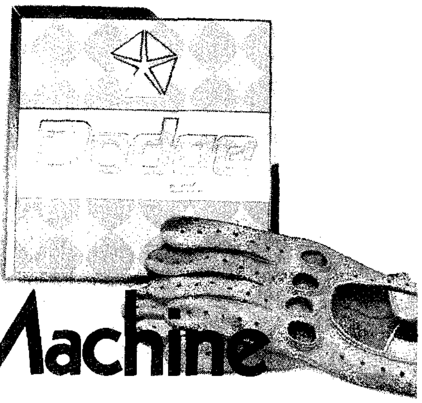

America's Personal Driving Machine

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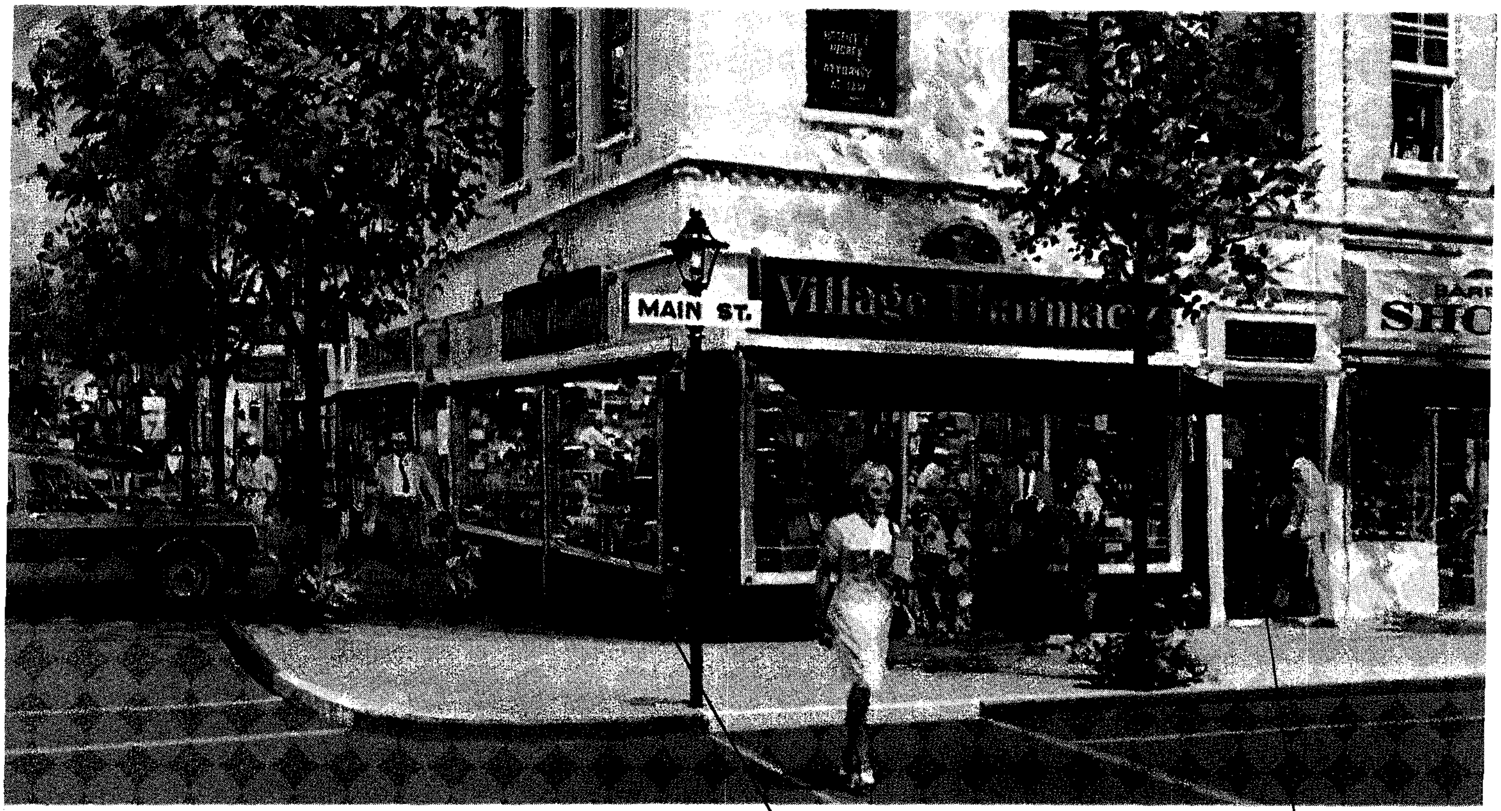
*Use 26 EPA est. mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower. Calif. est. lower.
**Sticker price excludes taxes and destination charges. †Some options may require the purchase of additional optional equipment.

Guess who's going to buy a computer?



"Who knows more about computers than anybody else? That's who I'm buying mine from."

"You reach a point where you can't handle any more business without one."

Up and down Main Street, owners of small businesses are coming to the same conclusion: "I need a computer."

But do you still have questions? About price, for example? Or service? Will it be easy to use?

It will reassure you to know that IBM has computers designed and priced specifically for small businesses.

You'll be glad to know that IBM computers are easy to learn and easy to use—and IBM will help you.

"We sure were pleasantly surprised at those IBM prices."

"IBM has a reputation for quality. It makes sense to go with them."

"We've got to if we're going to keep growing."

HEARNES
HARDWARE
ONEILL BROS
CONTRACTORS
INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE
FLOWERS
CLOTHING

"At long last! Freedom from paperwork."

"I tried one out in person—that IBM machine is easy to use."

"I didn't know IBM makes computers for less than $1,600."

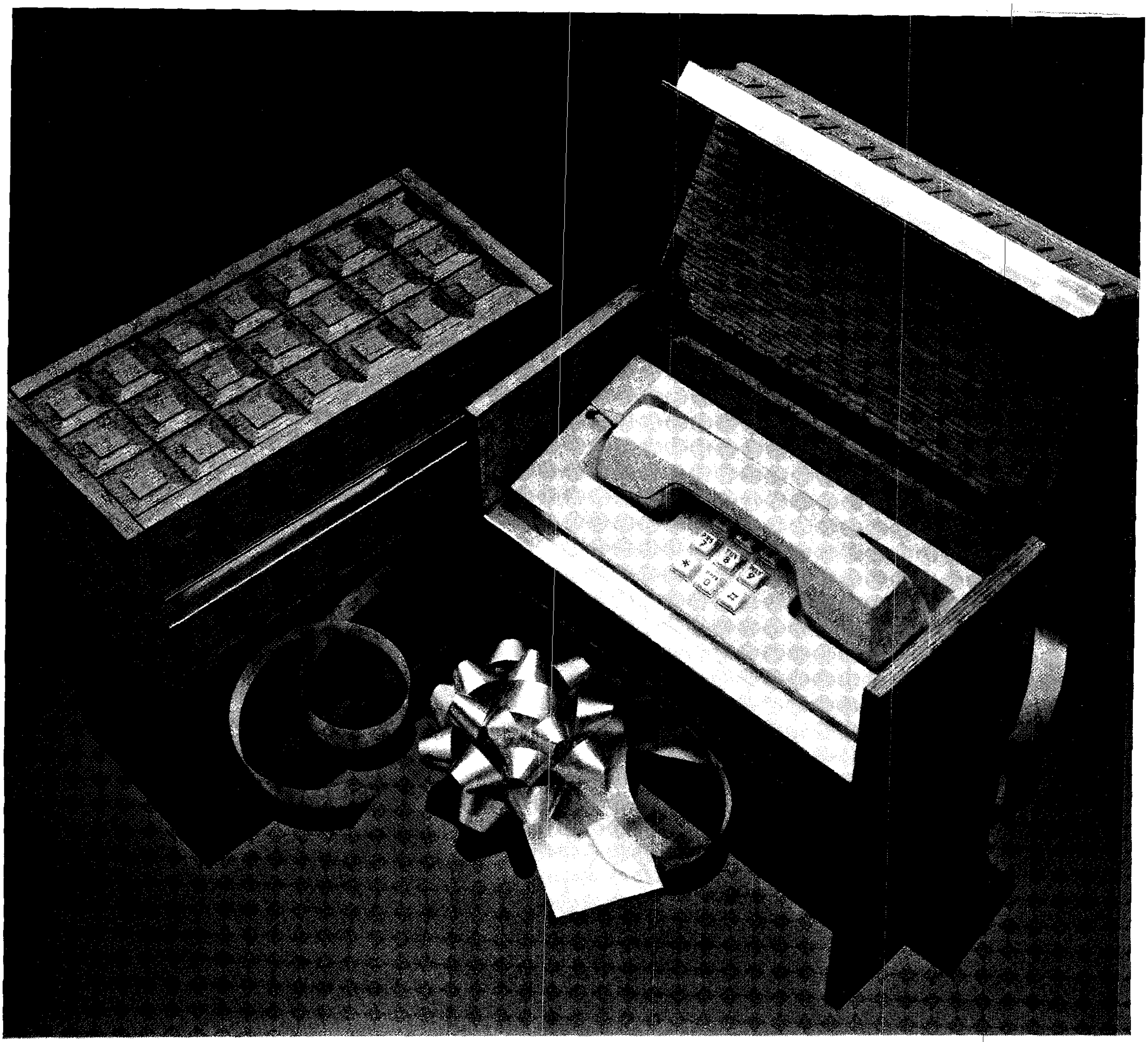
"Let's get one from IBM, Ed—if we ever have a problem, they're famous for service."

You'll be happy to know that IBM already has programs that were written for small businesses—programs that have been proved and refined in actual use.

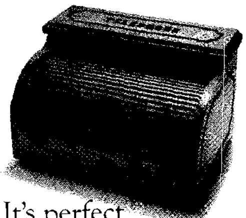
Finally, IBM experience and service are close at hand, wherever you live.

The FORTUNE 500 has had the advantages of IBM computers for years.

Now it's Main Street's turn. IBM®



Give the phone that shuts up when you finish talking.



Talk about a great gift. When you hang up, the Stowaway® telephone shuts up inside a solid wood chest. It's perfect for places where other telephones look out of place, because it doesn't look like a telephone.

The chest comes in three decorator styles: Mediterranean, contemporary oiled walnut, or a new rolltop model. When not in use, the cord even disappears into the base. With the lid closed, no one would ever guess that there's a phone inside.

The Stowaway telephone adds a touch of class to any home. It's just right for the living room, study or bedroom. It's the perfect gift for people who think phones should be heard and not seen. Buy one for the holidays at your Bell PhoneCenter Store. *The Stowaway telephone by Western Electric.*

Phone Center

IT'S FOR YOU

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The Stowaway telephone is subject to local availability.
With certain hearing aids, the Stowaway telephone may require an adapter, available from your Bell telephone company.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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baroque and contemporary chamber music. With Jenny Hayden Brown, soprano. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-1827. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Robert Silverman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Capricorn—A program of vocal and instrumental chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Miriam Fried and Garrick Ohlsson—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Stephen Kates—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Roger Bourland, Barbara Kolb, Arnold Schoenberg, and Ronald Roseman. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Marion Feldman—Cello, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

League–ISCM—The second in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Johana Arnold, soprano; Alan Feinberg and Kenneth Patterson, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Panocha Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts devoted to the music of Italy, this one centered on the late Middle Ages and the early Renaissance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music from Eastern Europe. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Arthur Ozolins—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Baroque Bacchanal." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A Ravel-Mozart-Brahms program, with Sheryl Henze, flute; William Blount, clarinet; and Nancy Allen, harp. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

MISCELLANY

Virgil Thomson's 85th Birthday Celebration—Joel Thome conducting the Orchestra of Our Time in a performance of the Thomson-Stein opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," in concert form. With Gwendolyn Bradley and Clamma Dale, sopranos; Betty Allen and Florence Quivar, mezzo-sopranos; William Brown, tenor; Arthur Thompson, baritone; and Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Josef Marx Memorial Concert—Gregory Hayes, harpsichord; Lois Martin, viola; Anne Chamberlain, piano; the Pierrot Consort; and others in a program of works by baroque and contemporary composers. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Wall-to-Wall Beethoven—A free twelve-hour chamber-music marathon, with, among others, Grant Johannesen, Claude Frank, and James Levine, all piano; Timothy Eddy, cello; Paul Sperry, tenor; James Buswell, violin; the Concord Quartet; and the Bronx Arts Ensemble. In addition, actors Howard Da Silva and Harris Yulin will read from the composer's letters and diaries. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-1414. Saturday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:05. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Nov. 14, at 7:35.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 14: Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Rutgers-Newark, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 21: Boston College vs. Rutgers, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 15: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Sunday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 18. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 14, and the Demoiselle, Sunday, Nov. 15. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Mondays through Fridays at 8, except Veterans Day, when post time will be 1:30, and Saturdays at 1:30 and 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Meadowlands Cup, Thursday, Nov. 12. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

Skating—Tai Babilonia & Randy Gardner, Scott Hamilton, Elaine Zayak, David Santee, Belita, and others, in an exhibition of figure skating, for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 20, starting at 3:30. . . . ¶ Women's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Men's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

ZOO SHOP
LION H
ELEPH

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Allen Ginsberg reading his poem "Howl," in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its publication, and also presenting a selection of his new music and poetry. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Stanley Moss and Cleopatra Mathis reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Joseph Brodsky, Stephen Koch, Stanley Kunitz, Andrea Lee, and Fran Lebowitz reading from their own works. A benefit for Columbia Magazine. (Grace and St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 123 W. 71st St. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Elizabeth Spires and Pamela Stewart reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

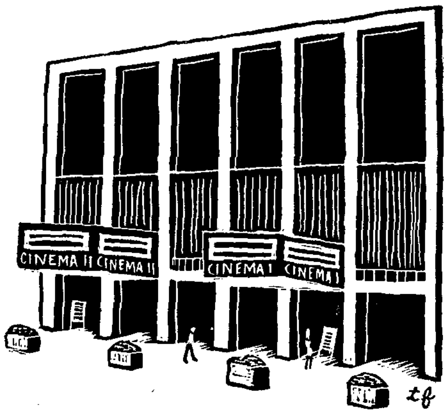
Flower Show—The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 29.

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-third annual display will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service relating to the show's theme, "Famous Anniversaries in United States History," as well as exhibits by thirty-one foreign postal administrations. First-day issues from the People's Republic of China will go on sale on Friday, Nov. 20. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Nov. 19, noon to 7; Friday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 8; Saturday, Nov. 21, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 22, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 12-14, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Art Deco and contemporary jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 2; Friday, Nov. 20, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 10:15: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-3628. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Monday, Nov. 16, from 9:30 to 3.) Friday, Nov. 13, at 2: Shaker furniture and related decorative arts, from the William L. Lassiter Collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 10:15 and 2: The Howard and Jean Lipman Collection of American folk art and painted furniture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 2: American silver. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10:15 and 2: American arts and crafts, including furniture designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 15. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 12, at 10 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, tapestries, and objects of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10: Contemporary art. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 2: Contemporary drawings, watercolors, and collages. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 13. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 2: Antique and modern jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 1: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects, as well as studio ceramics. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A Nicholas Ray festival:
Nov. 11: At 6 and 10, "In a Lonely Place." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Wim Wenders and Ray).
Nov. 12-15: At 6 and 10, "Bitter Victory" (1959), with Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, and Ruth Roman. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Nov. 17-18: At 6 and 10, "Johnny Guitar." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
From Nov. 19: "Party Girl" (1958), with Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse, and Lee J. Cobb. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
A James Ivory-Ismail Merchant festival:
Through Nov. 12: "Roseland." (†)
Nov. 13-15: "The Europeans." (†)
Nov. 16-17: "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures," with Peggy Ashcroft, Larry Pine, and Victor Banerjee.
From Nov. 18: "Jane Austen in Manhattan," with Anne Baxter and Robert Powell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 12: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu; and "Small Change." (†)
Nov. 13-19: "Mommie Dearest" (†); and "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 12: "Fantasies" (1973; John Derek), with Bo Derek.
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†)
From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier. From Nov. 13: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 3: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"True Confessions." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 12: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.
Nov. 13-19: "Cutter's Way." (†)
From Nov. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Confessions." (†) No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 11.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse. From Nov. 18: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Gallipoli." Nov. 18-19: Theatre closed. From Nov. 20: "Ragtime" (Miloš Forman), with James Cagney.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Devils Playground" (Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman. From Nov. 13: "Ticket to Heaven" (Ralph Thomas), with Nick Mancuso.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier. From Nov. 20: "The Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Nov. 18: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
From Nov. 19: "Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 12: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 13-19: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
From Nov. 20: "Body Heat." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 12: "Fantasies" (1973; John Derek), with Bo Derek.
From Nov. 13: "Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Fists of Fury" (1971) and "Kato and the Green Hornet" (1976), both films with Bruce Lee. From Nov. 13: "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; and "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R. K. O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Garlic Is as Good as 10 Mothers" (directed by Les Blank), "Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe" (Les Blank), and "Stoney Knows How" (Alan Govenar and Bruce Lane).
Theatre 2: A festival of Werner Herzog films (all in German): Through Nov. 17: "Stroszek." (†) From Nov. 18: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." (†)

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Mommie Dearest." (†) From Nov. 13: "Ashram" (Wolfgang Dobrowolny).
Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.
Theatre 2: "Rich and Famous." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 3: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 12: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 13: "Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez), with David Peck.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 14: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.
From Nov. 15: "High Street" (1976; André Ernotte; in French), with Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Nov. 12: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.
From Nov. 13: "The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 14: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière. From Nov. 15: "The Thin Line" (Michael Bat-Adam; an Israeli film, in Hebrew), with Gila Almagor.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From Nov. 20: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From Nov. 20: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Pixote." (†) From Nov. 20: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman. From Nov. 20: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "XXII Olympiad: Moscow 1980" (Yuri Ozerov), a documentary. From Nov. 20: "The Hungarians" (Zoltan Fabri; in Hungarian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier. From Nov. 13: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "True Confessions." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest." (†) From Nov. 20: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 12: "Fantasies" (1973; John Derek), with Bo Derek. Nov. 13-19: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Nov. 20: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert. From Nov. 20: "Body Heat." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 20: "The Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (directed by Friz Freleng), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 12: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Nov. 13: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.
Theatre 5: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 12: "Arthur." (†) From Nov. 13: "True Confessions." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Mommie Dearest." (†)

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
Theatre 3: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 4: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Fists of Fury" (1971) and "Kato and the Green Hornet" (1976), both films with Bruce Lee. From Nov. 13: "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; and "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 12: "Looker." (†)
From Nov. 13: "Arthur." (†)

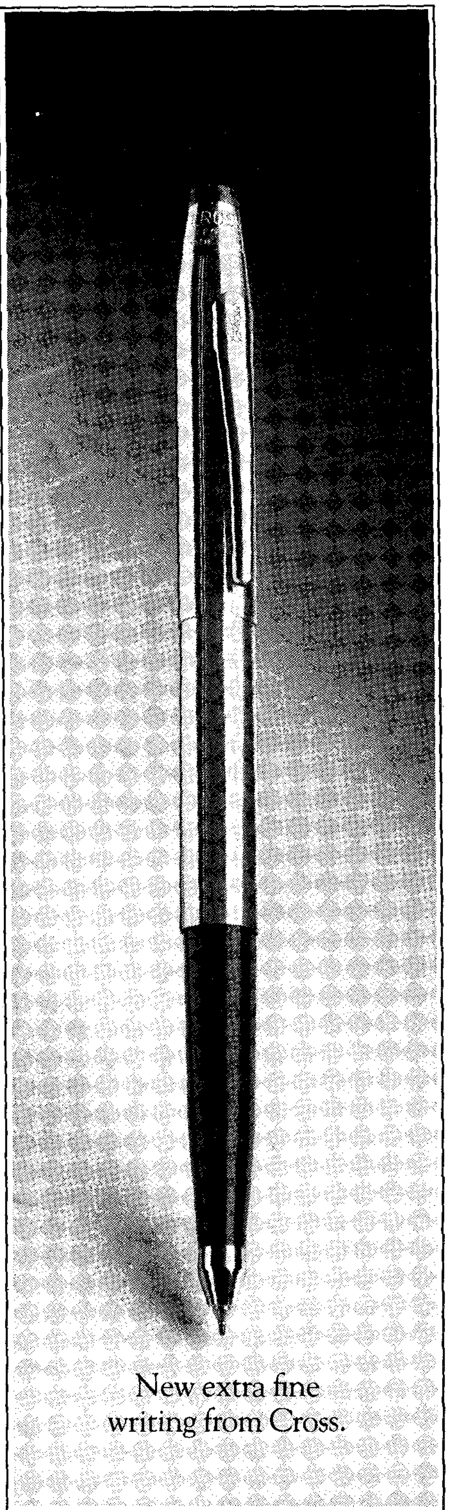
NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 12: "Fantasies" (1973; John Derek), with Bo Derek.
From Nov. 13: "Crocodile."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "True Confessions." (†) From Nov. 13: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 11: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; directed by Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "The Go-Between" (Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.
Nov. 12: "Daughters of Darkness" (1971; Harry Kümel), with Delphine Seyrig and John Karen; and "The Velvet Vampire" (1971; Stephanie Rothman), with Michael Blodgett.
Nov. 13-14: "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
Nov. 15-16: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Nov. 17-18: "Fencing Master" (1962; in Japanese), with Ganjiro Nakamura; and "The Return of Zatoichi" (1962; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Nov. 19: "Johnny Minotaur" (1971; Charles Henri Ford); and "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin).
Nov. 20-21: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nanjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 11: "Imitation of Life" (1959; Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner; "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.
Nov. 12: "Claire's Knee;" "Chloé in the Afternoon;" "Imitation of Life;" and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.
Nov. 13: "Imitation of Life;" "Ordinary People;" and "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 14: "Ordinary People;" and "1900."
Nov. 15: "1900;" "La Bohème" (1926; King Vidor; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, John Gilbert, Renée Adorée, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.
Nov. 16: "La Bohème;" "Henry V;" and "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.
Nov. 17: "Henry V;" "The Searchers;" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.
Nov. 18: "The Searchers;" "Sunday Bloody Sunday;" and "Fit to be UnTied" (1975; Silvano Agosti, Marco Bellocchio, Sandro Petraglia, and Stefano Rulli; in Italian), a documentary.
Nov. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday;" "Fit to Be UnTied;" and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Nov. 20: "Fit to Be UnTied;" "The Conformist;" "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman



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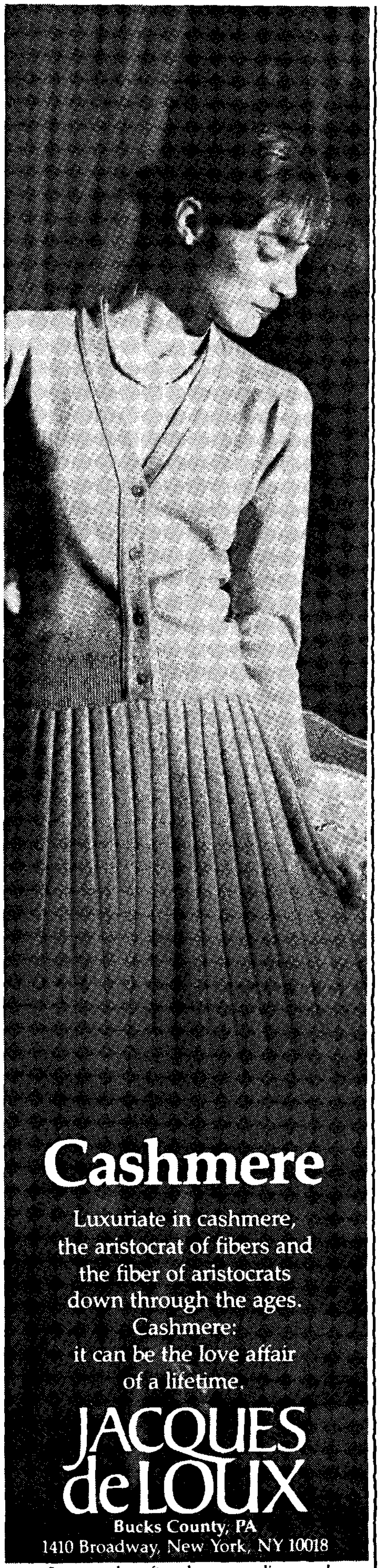

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McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; and “Monkey Business” (1931; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 21: “The Conformist;” “Horse Feathers;” “Monkey Business;” and “2001: A Space Odyssey” (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 12: “Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens” (1979) and “Supervixens” (1975), both films directed by Russ Meyer.

Nov. 13-14: “The Seventh Seal” (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and “Wild Strawberries” (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Nov. 15-17: “Atlantic City” (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and “The King of Marvin Gardens” (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

Nov. 18-19: “The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie” (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and “The Diary of a Chambermaid” (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

Nov. 20-21: “Flesh Gordon” (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams; and “Flash Gordon” (1980; Mike Hodges), with Sam J. Jones, Topol, and Melody Anderson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 12: “The Music Room” (1958; in Bengali) and “The Big City” (“Mahanagar;” 1964; in Bengali and English), both films directed by Satyajit Ray.

Nov. 13-14: “The Exterminating Angel” (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and “Viridiana” (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Nov. 15-16: “The Big Deal on Madonna Street” (†) and “Bell’ Antonio.” (†)

Nov. 17: “Illusion Travels by Streetcar” (†) and “The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz.” (†)

Nov. 18-19: “Intimate Lighting” (†); and “Competition” (1963; Miloš Forman; in Czech).

Nov. 20-21: “La Guerre Est Finie” (†) and “To Die in Madrid.” (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 14: “Top Hat” (1935; Mark Sandrich) and “Swing Time” (1936; George Stevens), both films with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Nov. 15-17: “The Lady Vanishes” (†) and “The 39 Steps.” (†)

Nov. 18-21: “Woman of the Year” (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and “Alice Adams.” (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 14: “Blow Out” (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta and Nancy Allen; and “Dressed to Kill” (1980; Brian De Palma), with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy Allen, and Keith Gordon.

Nov. 15-17: “Performance” (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and “Ned Kelly.” (†)

Nov. 18-21: “Auntie Mame” (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and “Gypsy” (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden.

Olympia Quad I, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Nov. 12: “Casablanca” (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and “The Maltese Falcon” (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Nov. 13-14: “Atlantic City” (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and “Pretty Baby” (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

Nov. 15-17: “Romeo and Juliet” (1954), a ballet film with Galina Ulanova and Yuri Zhdanov; and “Plisetskaya Dances.” (†)

Nov. 18-19: “America America” (†); and “A Face in the Crowd” (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.

Nov. 20-21: “North by Northwest” (†); and “The Thin Man” (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 11: “Red Dust” (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and “Torrid Zone” (1940; William Keighley), with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O’Brien.

Nov. 12-14: “Boom Town” (1940; Jack Conway), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, and Spencer Tracy; and “Too Hot to Handle” (1938; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Walter Pidgeon.

Nov. 15-16: “Men in White” (†); and “Homecoming” (1948; Mervyn LeRoy), with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, and John Hodiak.

Nov. 17-18: “The Public Enemy” (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke; and “Angels with Dirty Faces.” (†)

Nov. 19-21: “The Misfits” (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and “Mogambo.” (†)

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 11: “2001: A Space Odyssey” (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

Nov. 12: “Nosferatu, the Vampyre” (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and “Even Dwarfs Started Small” (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

Nov. 13-14: “The Story of Adèle H.” (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and “Small Change.” (†)

Nov. 15: “Fellini’s Casanova” (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.

Nov. 16: “Chac” (†) and “The Royal Hunt of the Sun.” (†)

Nov. 17: “The Naked Kiss” (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, and Virginia Grey; and “Verboten” (1960; Samuel Fuller), with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman.

Nov. 18: “Dead End” (†) and “Come and Get It.” (†)

Nov. 19: “Song of Summer” (1968; Ken Russell), with Max Adrian and Christopher Gable; and “Dante’s Inferno” (1967; Ken Russell), with Oliver Reed.

Nov. 20-21: “Pardon Mon Affaire” (†); and “Pardon Mon Affaire, Too” (1978; Yves Robert; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 11: “The Petrified Forest” (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and “The Man Who Came to Dinner” (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.

Nov. 12: “The Stranger” (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and “Journey Into Fear” (1943; Orson Welles and Norman Foster), with Welles, Dolores Del Rio, and Joseph Cotten.

Nov. 13-14: “The Women” (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and “Dinner at Eight” (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Nov. 15: “Children of Paradise” (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Nov. 16: “Scarlet Street” (†) and “You Only Live Once.” (†)

Nov. 17: “Duck Soup” (1933; Leo McCarey) and “Monkey Business” (1931; Norman McLeod), both with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 18: “The Sea Hawk” (1940; Michael

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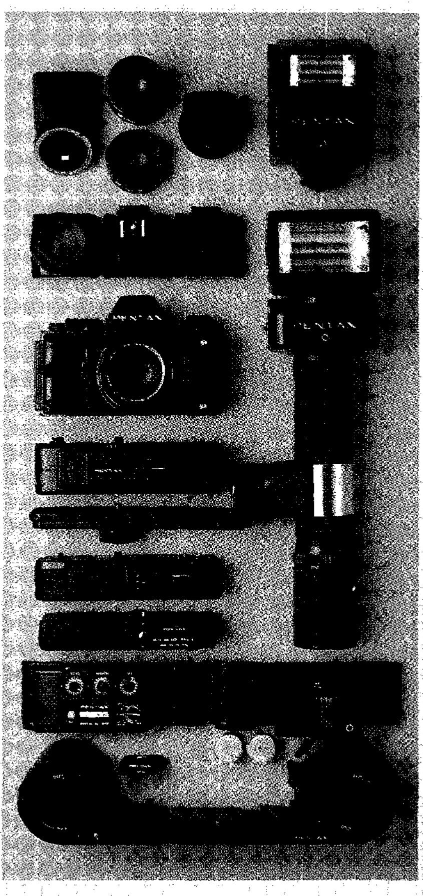

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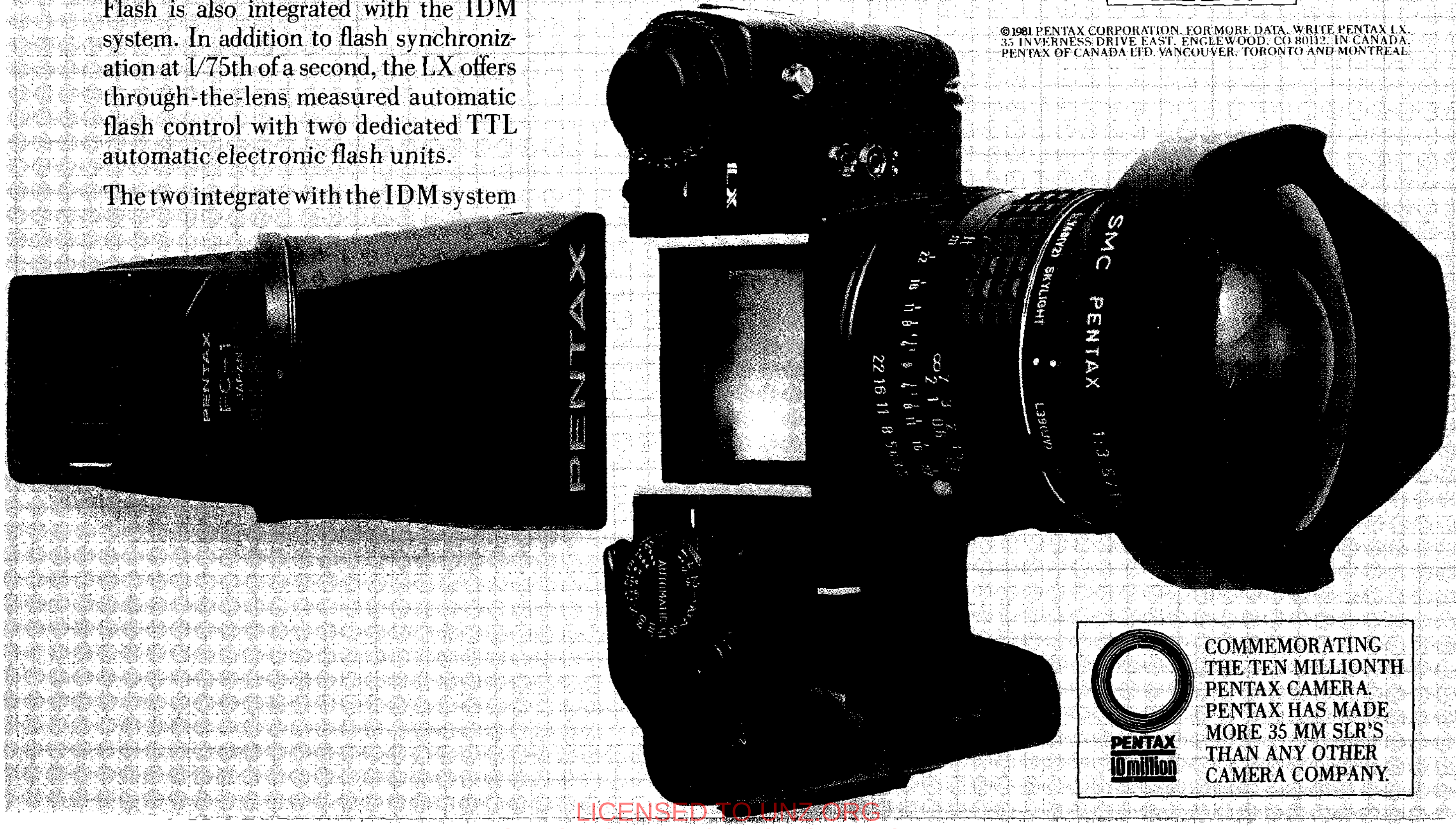

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Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall; and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

Nov. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Nov. 20-21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, all in French, with English subtitles: Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Le Bonheur" (1935; directed by Marcel L'Herbier), with Charles Boyer, Gaby Morlay, and Michel Simon. . . . Nov. 12 at 6: "Les Rendez-Vous de Juillet" (1949; Jacques Becker), with Daniel Gélin and Nicole Courcel. . . . Nov. 12 at 8:30: "Les Perles de la Couronne" (1937; Sacha Guitry and Christian-Jaque), with Sacha Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, Arletty, and Jean-Louis Barrault. . . . Nov. 13 at 2:30: "De Mayerling à Sarajevo" (1940; Max Ophuls), with Edwige Feuillère, John Lodge, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . Nov. 13 at 6: "Angèle" (1934; Marcel Pagnol), with Orane Demazis and Fernandel. . . . Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Quatorze Juillet" (1932; René Clair), with Annabella. . . . Nov. 14 at 5: "Juliette ou la Clef des Songes" (1951; Marcel Carné), with Gérard Philipe. . . . Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Entrée des Artistes" (1938; Marc Allégret), with Claude Dauphin, Odette Joyeux, and Louis Jouvet. . . . Nov. 15 at 5: "La Fin du Jour" (1939; Julien Duvivier), with Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen, and Michel Simon. . . . Nov. 16 at 2:30: "La Nuit Fantastique" (1942; Marcel L'Herbier), with Fernand Gravey and Micheline Presle. . . . Nov. 17 at 2:30: "Le Ciel Est à Vous" (1944; Jean Grémillon), with Madeleine Renaud and Charles Vanel. . . . Nov. 19 at 2:30: "Angèle." . . . Nov. 19 at 6: "Pattes Blanches" (1948; Jean Grémillon), with Suzy Delair, Paul Bernard, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . Nov. 19 at 8:30: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945; Robert Bresson), with Maria Casarès and Paul Bernard. . . . Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Les Perles de la Couronne." . . . Nov. 20 at 6: "Bob le Flambeur" (1956; Jean-Pierre Melville), with Roger Duchesne and Isabelle Corey. . . . Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Trois Valses" (1938; Ludwig Berger), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . Nov. 21 at 5: "Pension Mimosas" (1934; Jacques Feyder), with Françoise Rosay, Paul Bernard, and Arletty. . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Nov. 14-15 at noon: "The Iron Mask" (1929; Allan Dwan), with Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte. . . . Nov. 16-17 at noon: "New York City . . . The Most" (1968; George Pitt), with Eli Wallach. . . . Nov. 16 at 6: "Othello" (1980; Liz White), with Yaphet Kotto and Richard Dixon. Miss White will be present. . . . Nov. 17 at 6: "Survival of a Small City" (1981; Nancy Salzer and Pablo Frasconi) and "Neighbors: Conversation in a Changing Community" (1977; Richard P. Rogers). . . . Nov. 21 at noon: "The Quiet One" (1949; Sidney Meyers). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Denman's Col (Geometry)" (1979-81; Mary Lucier), a video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesdays until 8). Miss Lucier will be present on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 11 at 8: Three films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: "Au Hasard Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 13-14 at 8: Two programs of new films acquired by the Anthology. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: A video program by Dara Birnbaum, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: A program of nine films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 8: "Mouchette" (1967; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 8: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930), both films in French, no English subtitles, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 8: "Entr'acte" (1924; René Clair; in French, no English subtitles) and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: A program by, and about, Herman G. Weinberg, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: A video program by John Sturgeon, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "Une Femme Douce" (1969; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum; starting Nov. 18.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only with a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 18-21.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy at the turn of the century to escape the persecutions that the Greeks suffered in Turkey and to make his way to the fabled land of opportunity. Though the picture is flawed by the miscasting of the central role (Stathis Giallelis doesn't convince you that he has the will or the passion—or the brains—to realize his dream), and though the main narrative line is unconvincing melodrama, there are some fine images, such as the sealed, stifling, yet warm and inviting interiors of a rich merchant's home in Constantinople, and some memorable performances, such as Paul Mann as the merchant and Linda Marsh as his daughter. You can feel the desperate ambitiousness to create an epic (this film was intended as the first of a trilogy), and some of the crowd scenes that Kazan has staged (and that the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, has shot) have scale and turmoil and a feeling of authenticity. Yet the hero is so blandly uninteresting that there's nothing to hold the movie together, and the tired ideas in the script (by Kazan)—such as a Judas figure who robs the hero and a Christ figure who gives his life for the hero—become embarrassing. With Lou Antonio, Salem Ludwig, Frank Wolff, and John Marley. Music by Manos Hadjidakis; editing by Dede Allen; production design by Gene Callahan. (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 18-19.)

Angels with Dirty Faces (1938)—An entertaining picture lurks behind that uninviting title. Warners threw its assets together in this one: Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, George Bancroft, and the Dead End Kids, too. It has priests and Death Row and jokes and romance. Michael Curtiz directed; John Wexley and Warren Duff wrote the screenplay, based on Rowland Brown's story. (It was followed the next year by "The Angels Wash Their Faces.") (Regency; Nov. 17-18.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Nov. 13.)

Bell' Antonio (1960)—Antonio (Marcello Mastroianni, in perhaps his most delicate, muted performance) is a Sicilian Don Juan whose life is destroyed by the conflict between sacred and profane love. He is expected to profess the Church's belief in purity while acting out his father's belief that sexual prowess is the measure of a man, but Antonio really believes in purity and love. And so, although he is a great ladies' man with "loose" women or with women of a lower social class, he is impotent with the pure, highborn girl whom he loves and marries. In Pier Paolo Pasolini's adaptation of Vitaliano Brancati's novel, Antonio, who is incapable of making love when he is in love, represents the whole pattern of social and religious decadence; he is the victim of the system. This proud, handsome hero is never for an instant comic; what is so often treated from the outside as a subject for comedy is here treated from the inside—from the point of view of the humiliated, desolate man. All his life, Antonio will long to possess the ideal, and the very intensity of his longing for idealized love will defeat him. Mauro Bolognini directed this gentle satirical study of virility and social position in a Catholic culture. With Pierre Brasseur as the strutting rooster of a father, Rina Morelli as the mother, Claudia Cardinale as the pure bride, and Tomas Milian as the cousin. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 15-16.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)—The Italian title is "I Soliti Ignoti," the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy is about a group of petty thieves eager to move up in status—to rob a safe in a loan office. The thieves are ambitious, good-natured, and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a shaggy "Rififi." With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and, as the leading safecracker in Italy (now near-senile), whom the small-time thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò—a stylized image of fatigue, sadness, decadence. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 15-16.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Manhattan, Waverly, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 20.)

Chac (1977)—A film about Mayans seeking rain in a drought. The subtitled speech—there is not much of it, as is usual in solemn ethnological films—is in Cariban, Mayan, and Tzeltal. Rolando Klein directed this extra-beautiful, subnormal-minded picture with a non-professional cast—apart from an extremely well-trained midget from Mexico City. (Thalia; Nov. 16.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, represented here, rather grandly, by Lindsay Anderson and John Gielgud, as a pair of gargoyles—masters at Cambridge. The devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure," and the film is structured so that its big crisis comes when Liddell's qualifying heat is scheduled for a Sunday and he refuses to take part. The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. One good scene: a charming flirtation between Abrahams and a young D'Oyly Carte singer-actress, played by Alice Krige, whose cooing, artificial style is a little reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's purring. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Night Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Cinema I.)

Come and Get It (1936)—Edward Arnold as the great lumber millionaire of Edna Ferber's story. Some moments of excitement, and even humor. With Joel McCrea and Frances Farmer, directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. (Thalia; Nov. 18.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusng black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 17.)

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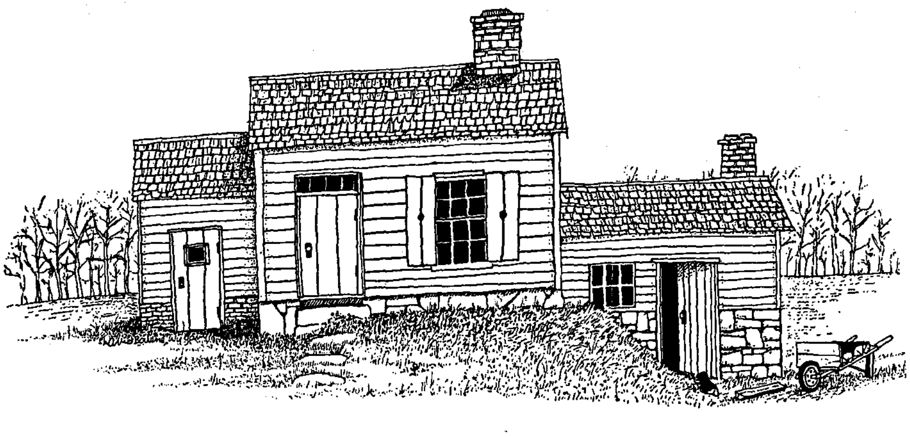
Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; Nov. 13-19.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once-celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girlfriend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Thalia; Nov. 18.)

The Europeans (1979)—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (Art; Nov. 13-15.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Bay Cinema, Festival, and Little Carnegie.)



La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand as Diego, a Spanish professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. The courier is like a weary commuter who has been through it all so many times that he can see what's coming; past and future are one. It's easy to satirize force of habit—as W. C. Fields demonstrated when he blew the head off an ice-cream soda. But Resnais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. His melancholy is glamorized, and when he goes to bed with his mistress (Ingrid Thulin) he has such high-quality sex that we actually hear the soprano vocalizing of a heavenly choir. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic, with an overexposed semi-abstract sex scene between Diego and a pouting kitten (Geneviève Bujold) and anticipatory flash-forwards. The political material has been subjected to the French equivalent of Hollywoodization; it's soaked in romantic defeatism, in existentialism used decoratively to make a hero of a numb, apathetic man. With Michel Piccoli and Jean Dasté. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 20-21.)

Illusion Travels by Streetcar (1953)—One of the most glittering of the great Luis Buñuel's often neglected Mexican films, made on a shoestring. Two tramway workers in Mexico City decide to take their old faithful, consigned to junk, on a last jaunt. The growing difficulty lies in getting the streetcar back to the depot without anyone's knowing. The car is boarded by an American woman tourist who is sure that because the ride is free it must be part of a Red plot; by butchers who hang sides of beef on the hand straps; and by a woman combing the hair of a cheap statuette of Christ, arousing the very Buñuel remark that "it's always us poor who have to buy miracles." A bitter, wistful fable of the longings of the poor for the unlikely to happen. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 17.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hadda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 11.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A satirical folk comedy about a young cellist with the Prague symphony who takes his big-city girlfriend with him when he goes to visit a friend from his days at the Conservatoire. The musician from Prague is to be the soloist at a concert of the small-town orchestra that the friend now conducts. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in tiny, match-flare-size details; he shows us lives that have become a negotiation of small irritants. Day-to-day living in the town is like a prolonged silent-movie comedy. (How is a man to carry a drunken friend through a divided door when he can't juggle his position to get the top and the bottom open at the same time?) The people are frustrated in petty ways, and they're so fidgety that it's no wonder they make a botch of the music; everything in their lives is the opposite of the music they try to play. You find yourself doing small double takes as you watch this movie. It builds to a freeze-frame closing gag that's so funny and so completely dotty that you're not likely to forget it. Cinematography by J. Ondricek and J. Strecha; written by V. Šašek, J. Papoušek, and Passer. In Czech. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 18-19.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. With Ernest Borgnine and John Carradine. Enjoyable. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 17-18.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his film début—Michael Redgrave. The heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford creating that often-to-be-repeated parody of the "jolly good show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 15-17.)

Looker—Pseudoscientific piffle about the machinations of the head of a conglomerate, played by James Coburn in the desiccated-amoral-old-bastard manner of John Huston; this old rascal's laboratories are developing computer-generated images to make hypnotic TV commercials for political as well as economic use. To the rescue of civilization as we know it comes Albert Finney, like a lame tortoise; boredom seems to have seeped into Finney's muscles and cells—he's sinking under the weight of it, and the only part of him still alert is his wiry hair. He plays an eminent plastic surgeon who has "perfected" several women models according to mathematically correct specifications supplied by Coburn's lab; a couple of them come to mystifying violent ends—which are, unfortunately, still mystifying when the picture is over. (We never learn why the models were marked for destruction.) Written and directed by Michael Crichton in his untouched-by-human-hands style, which seems ingenious at the start, but he can't write people, and he directs like a technocrat. This is the emptiest of his pictures to date. With Susan Dey, Dorian Harewood, Leigh Taylor-Young, Terri Welles, and Darryl Hickman. (11/9/81) (Murray Hill, Gemini, R.K.O. 86th St., and Movieland; through Nov. 12.)

Men in White (1934)—Clark Gable seldom suggests the high-strung and brilliant young surgeon-hero of the Sidney Kingsley Pulitzer Prize-winning play—the man whose idealism overrides any financial or romantic considerations. Nor is Myrna Loy exactly at her best when she is called upon to contemplate Humanity. The director, Richard Boleslavsky, is engrossed in the pictorial aspects of the wards and laboratories and internes' rooms; he loves the shadow of a microscope on a wall, the barred lights from venetian blinds across a sickbed, the glint of knives and pincers in the operating room. The characters don't fare so well, but then their problems are fearfully strained and high-flown anyway. With Jean Hersholt, Elizabeth Allan, Otto Kruger, and Wallace Ford. Adaptation by Waldemar Young; cinematography by George Folsey. (Regency; Nov. 15-16.)

Mogambo (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust," which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. (Gardner has never seemed happier.) The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife ("Red Dust" was faster and funnier), but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. John Lee Mahin revamped his earlier script; the color cinematography is by Robert Surtees and Freddie A. Young. With Donald Sinden, Dennis O'Dea, and Laurence Naismith. (Regency; Nov. 19-21.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Nov. 13-19. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Nov. 13.)

Ned Kelly (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of iron-mongery. (Sidney Nolan once did a series of epic paintings that made Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans.) Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but is a narrative mess. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 15-17.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 20-21.)

Pardon Mon Affaire (1977)—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 20-21.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw garish splendor. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 19.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 15-17.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York

City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 20.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rich and Famous—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. The bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense; she reads her puffed-up lines straight, and all with the same intonation. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy, this may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything he has her say. (Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent.) Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy; she's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon, who makes an uncredited appearance as the man who has sex with Bisset in an airplane washroom. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Loews New York, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; starting Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 20.)

Roseland (1977)—Three stories set inside the famous dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded, genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (Art; through Nov. 12.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun (1969)—As the Inca king, Christopher Plummer arrives carried on a litter and dressed in feathers, and he hisses and prances like a mad queen; Robert Shaw, trying to play Pizarro straight, is howlingly upstaged. (Shaw keeps staring at Plummer, and his pale-blue eyes get more and more bewildered.) No doubt Plummer should have been chastised, but he's so outlandishly entertaining—and the movie is a mess, anyway. Peter Shaffer's play is an exercise in the heroic style of historical confrontation: he trumps up reasons for the Inca king and Pizarro to be trapped together. This theatrical convention stops the film cold—people stand on rocks and make speeches. With Leonard Whiting as the boy-put-there-to-be-disillusioned. Directed by Irving Lerner, from Philip Yordan's script. Though Lerner was himself a highly respected editor (his last work was on "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," which is dedicated to him), the editing here is the kind that gives you the shot an instant before anything happens in it. (Thalia; Nov. 16.)

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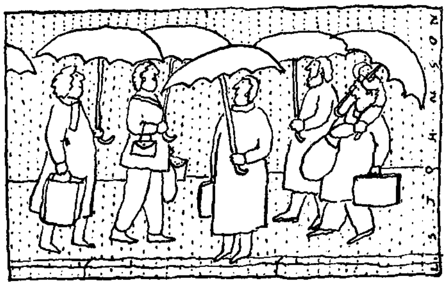
Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nag (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, Michael Redgrave, and Lilli Palmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20-21.)

Small Change (1976)—François Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Thalia; Nov. 13-14.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Film Forum; through Nov. 17.)

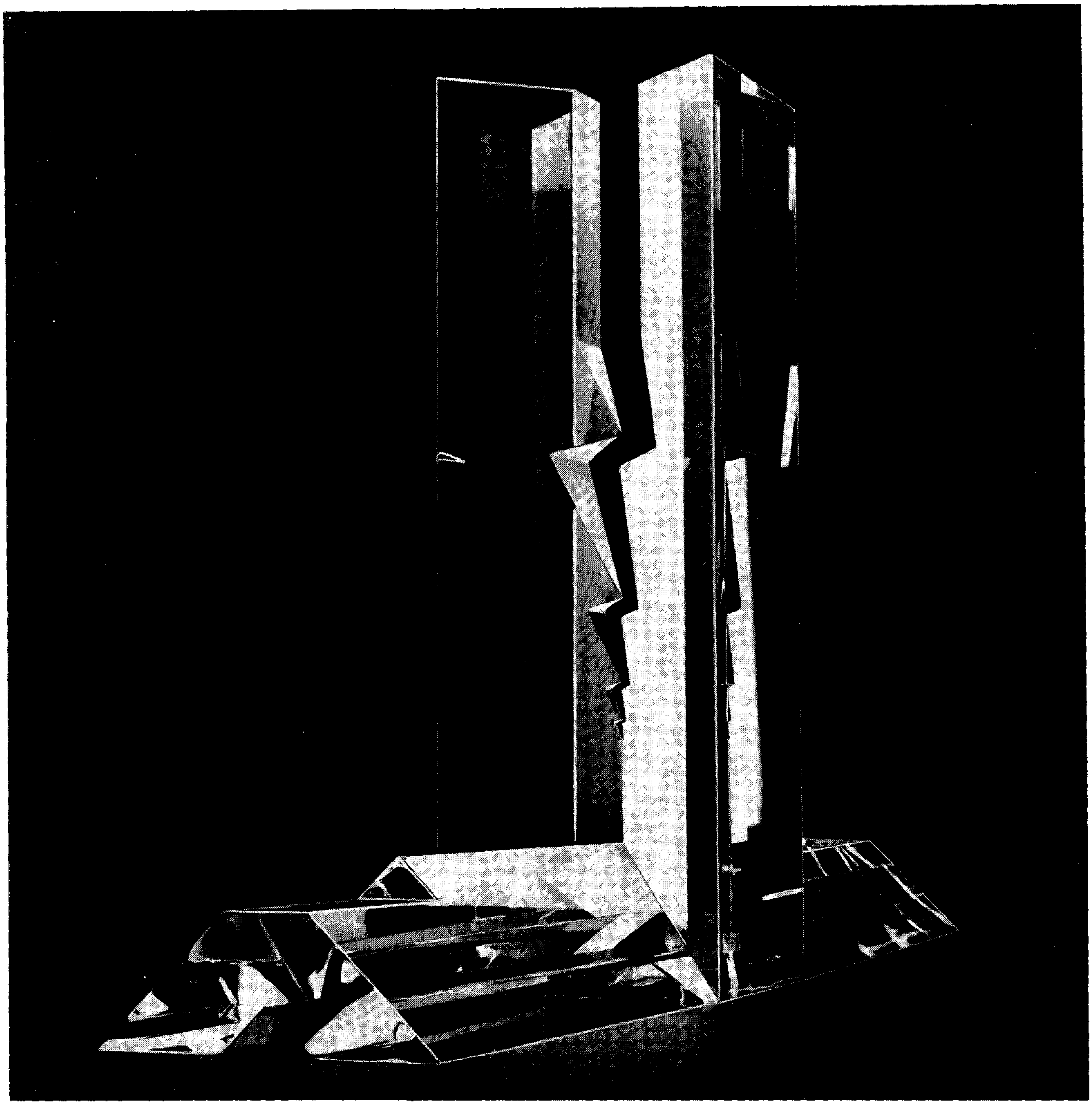
The 39 Steps (1935)—At the time, Alfred Hitchcock explained the point of view behind the picture: "I am out to give the public good, healthy, mental shake-ups. Civilization has become so screening and sheltering that we cannot experience sufficient thrills at first hand. Therefore, to prevent our becoming sluggish and jellified, we have to experience them artificially." What fun to make a movie in an era when people still needed a bit of a jolt! Even now, Hitchcock's little jolts are more surprising than most of the shocks engineered to stun modern audiences. This suave, amusing spy melodrama is directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit; it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock ever did. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: a performer with both personal warmth and professional skill. The heroine is Madeleine Carroll. Hitchcock paired them off by the mischievous use of a gimmick: a man and a woman who detest each other are handcuffed together; as day wears into night, they fall in love. The movie thus contains an extra—implicit, as it were—element of bathroom-humor suspense. Among Hitchcock's other pleasing perversities was the casting of Godfrey Tearle, who looked astonishingly like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as the chief enemy agent. The film also has one of his rare emotionally felt sequences: the brief, chilling scenes between Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie as a mismated couple joined together by real chains. John Buchan's novel was adapted by Charles Bennett, Ian Hay, and Alma Reville. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 15-17.)



To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 20-21.)

True Confessions—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Sutton. No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 13.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie and Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and even though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)



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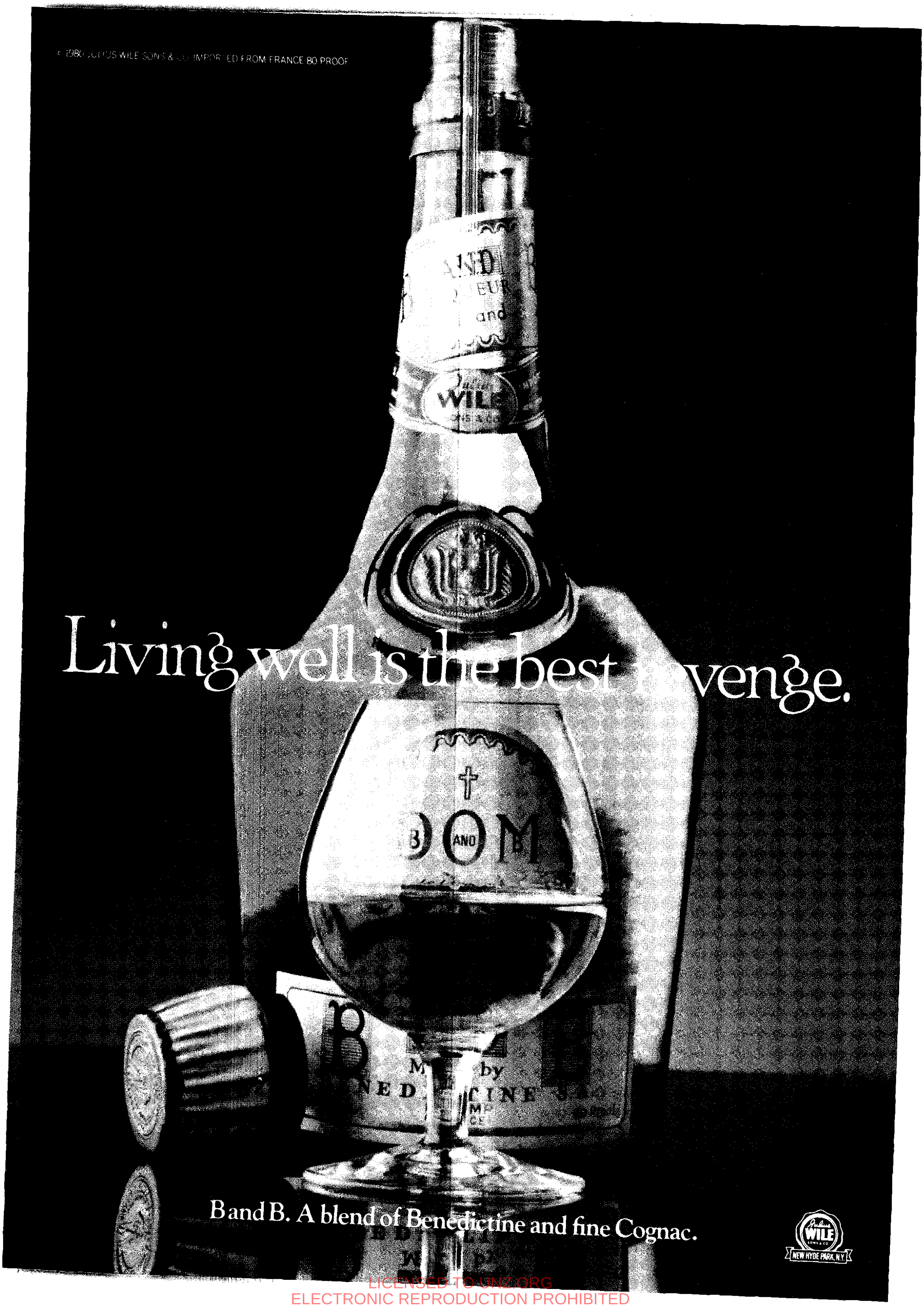
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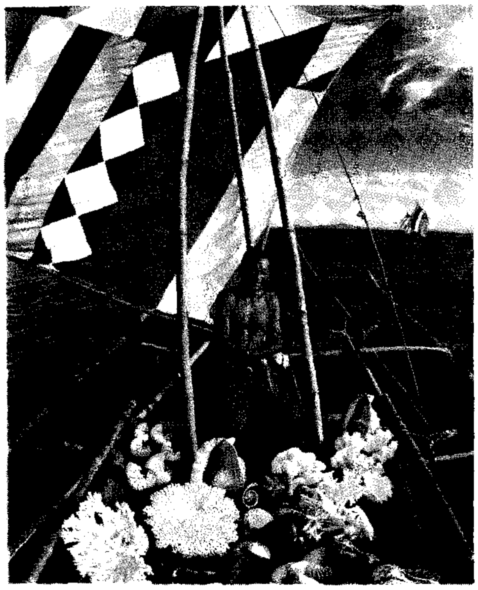

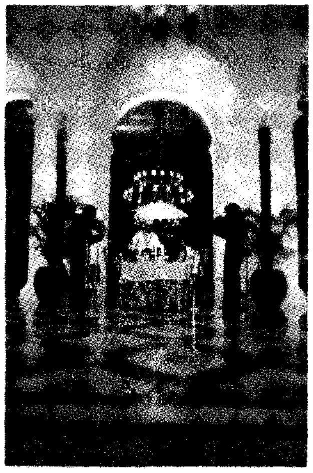

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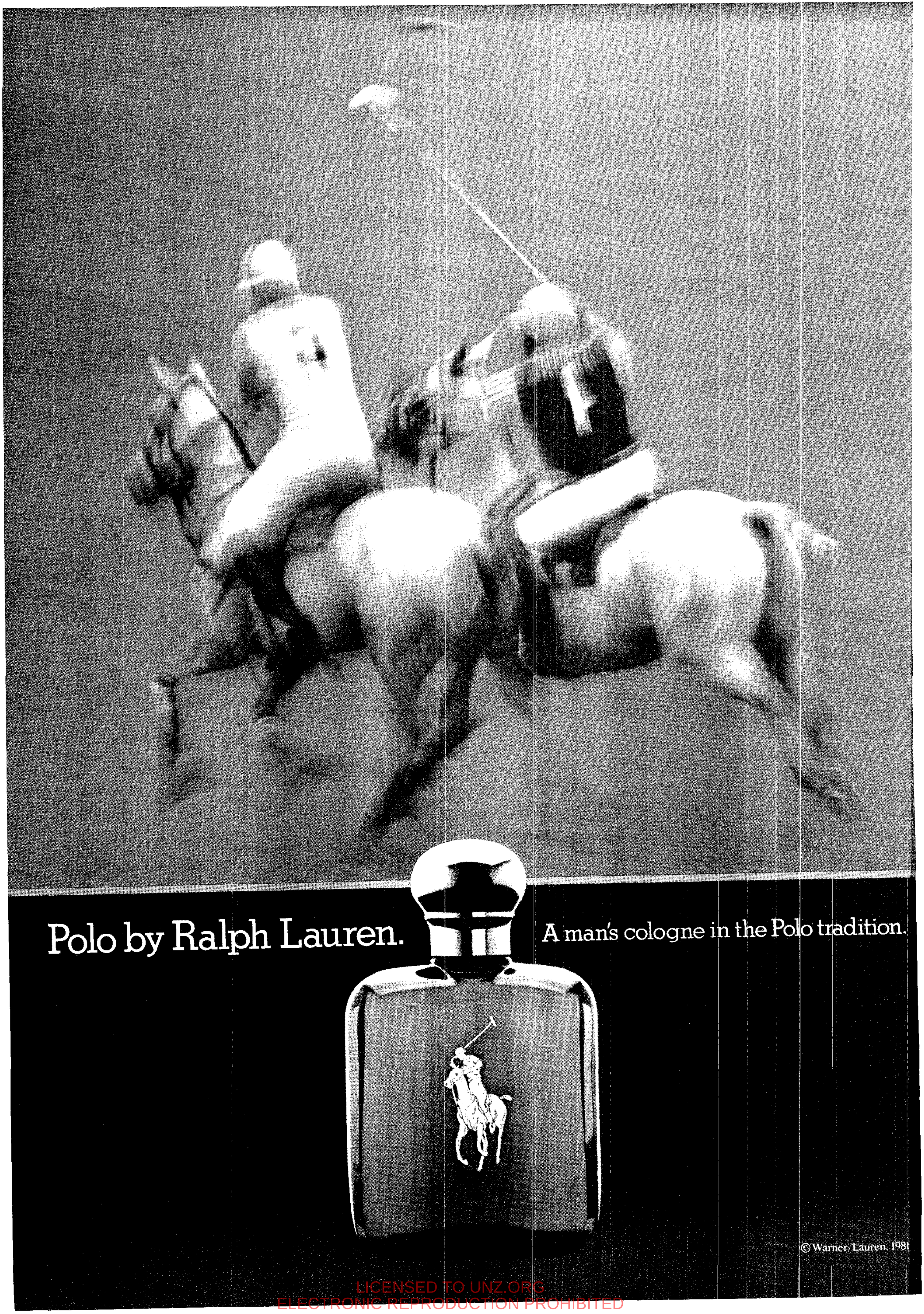
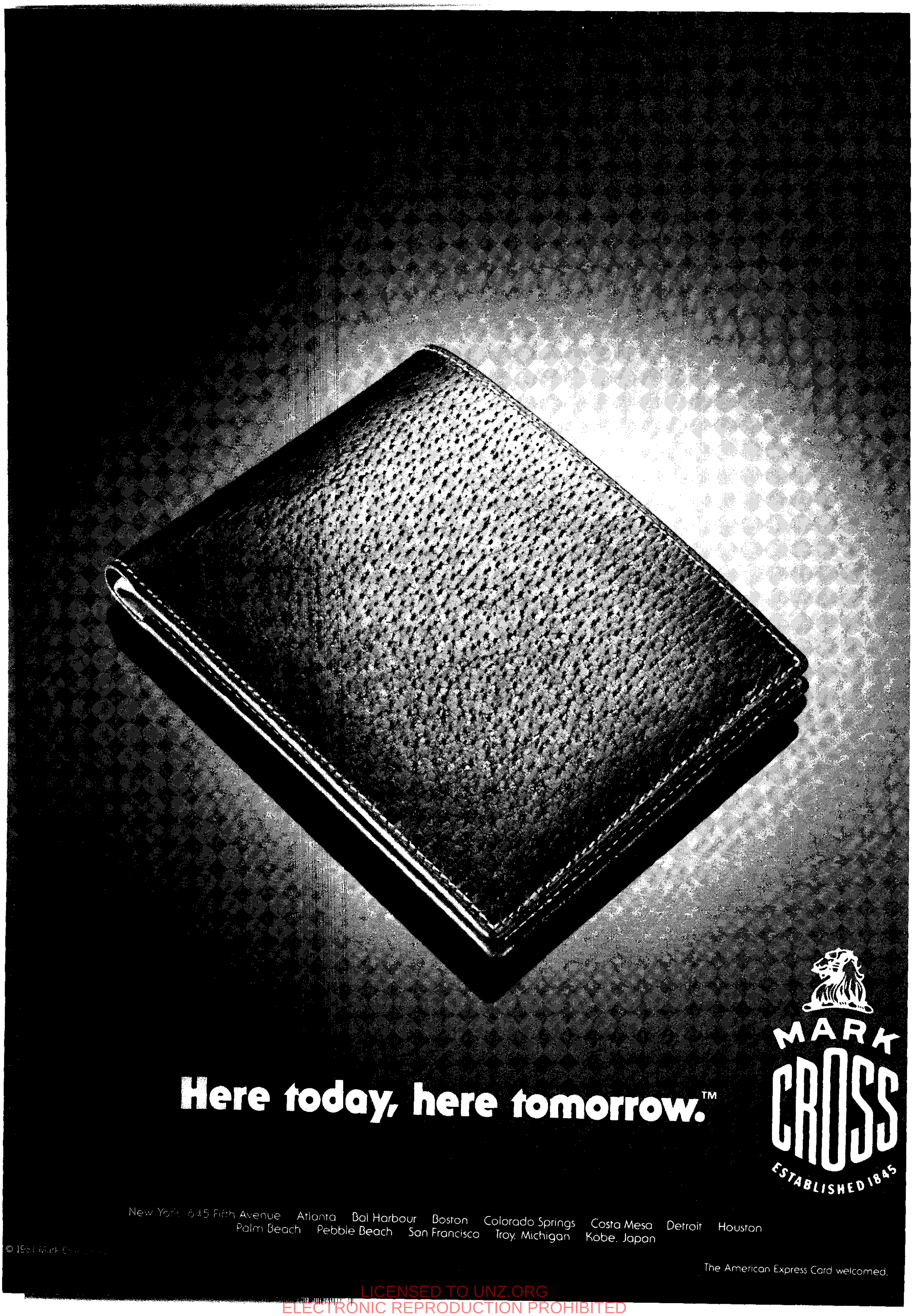
to the Philippines


Polo by Ralph Lauren.
A man's cologne in the Polo tradition.

© Warner/Lauren, 1981



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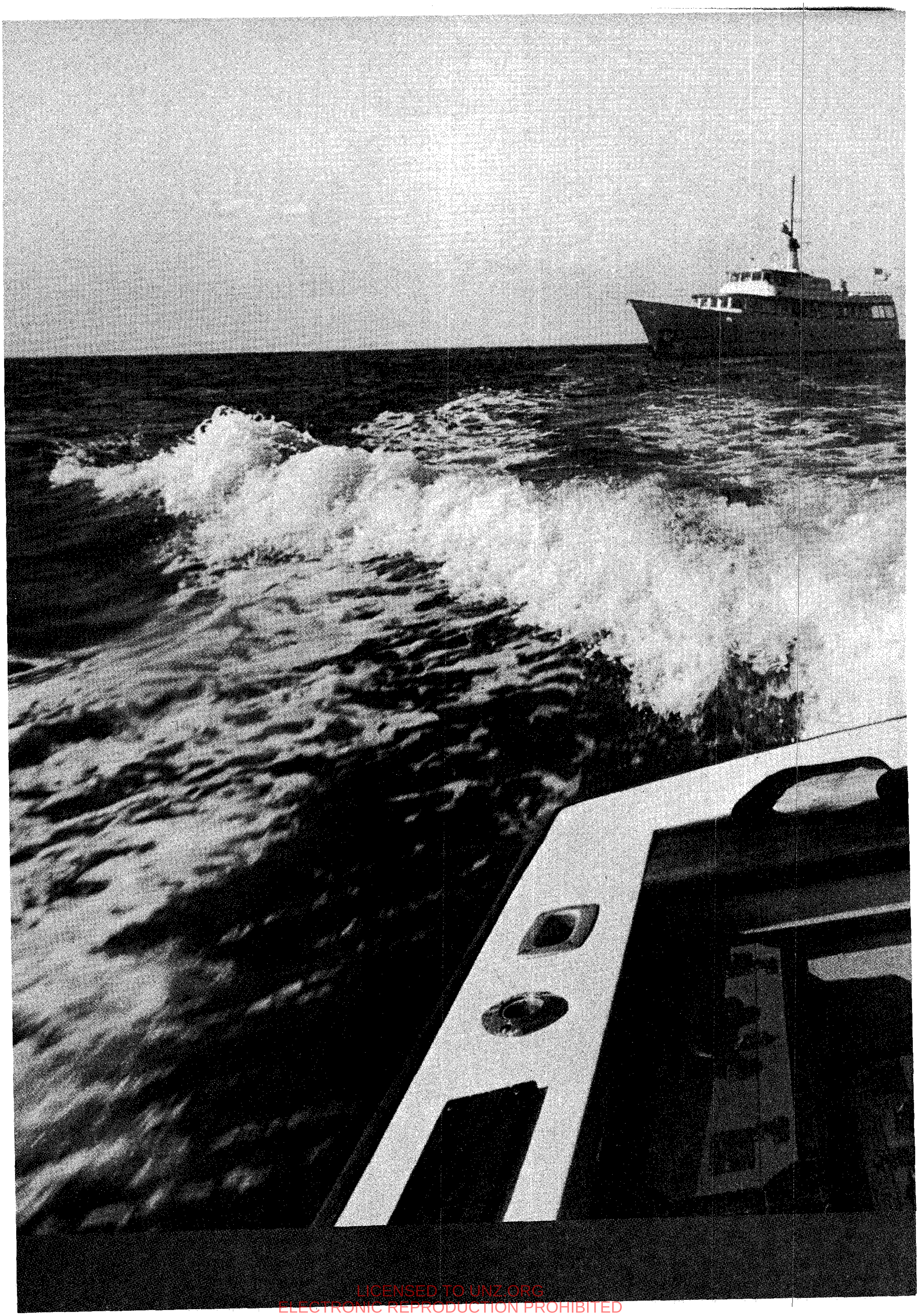

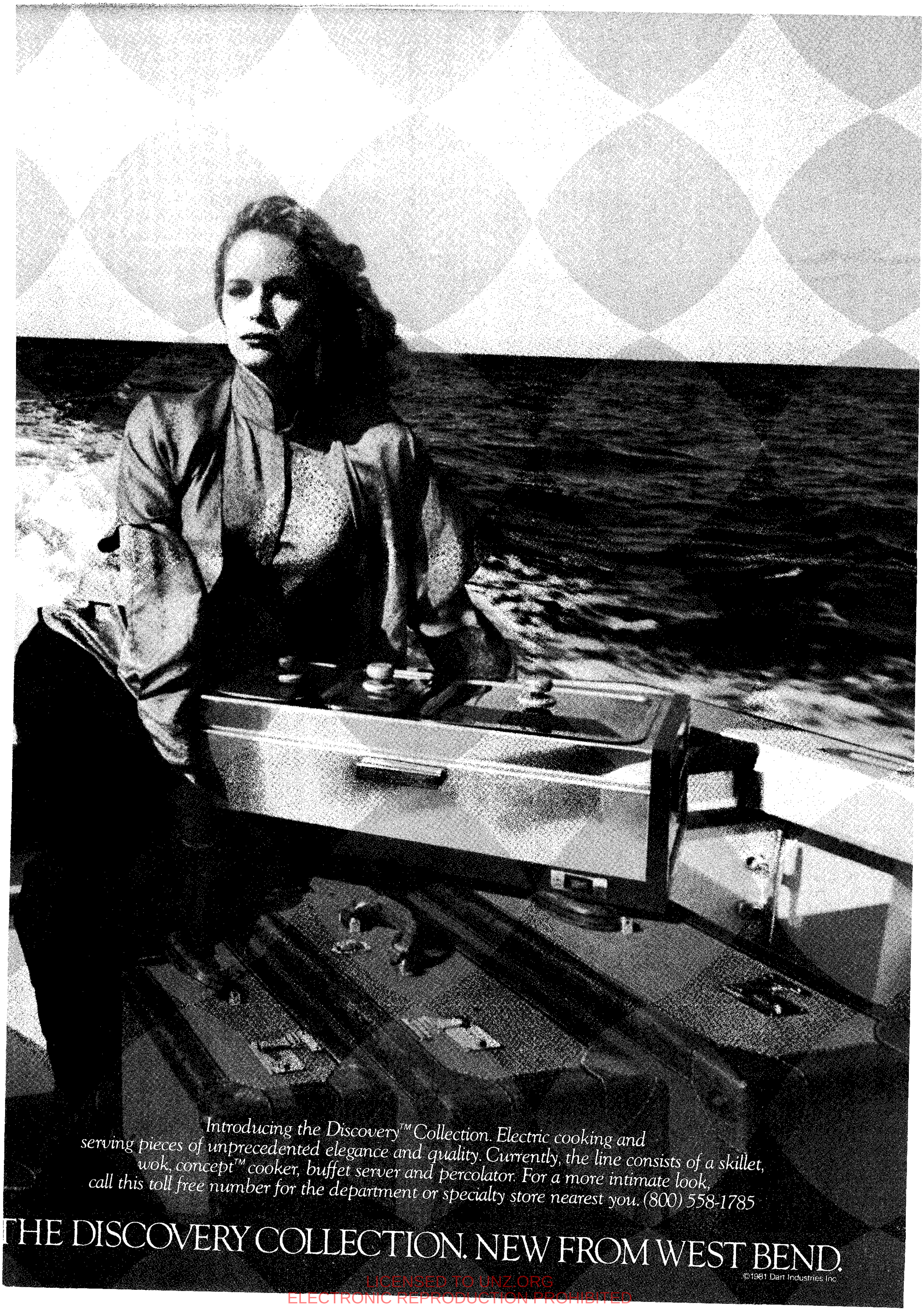

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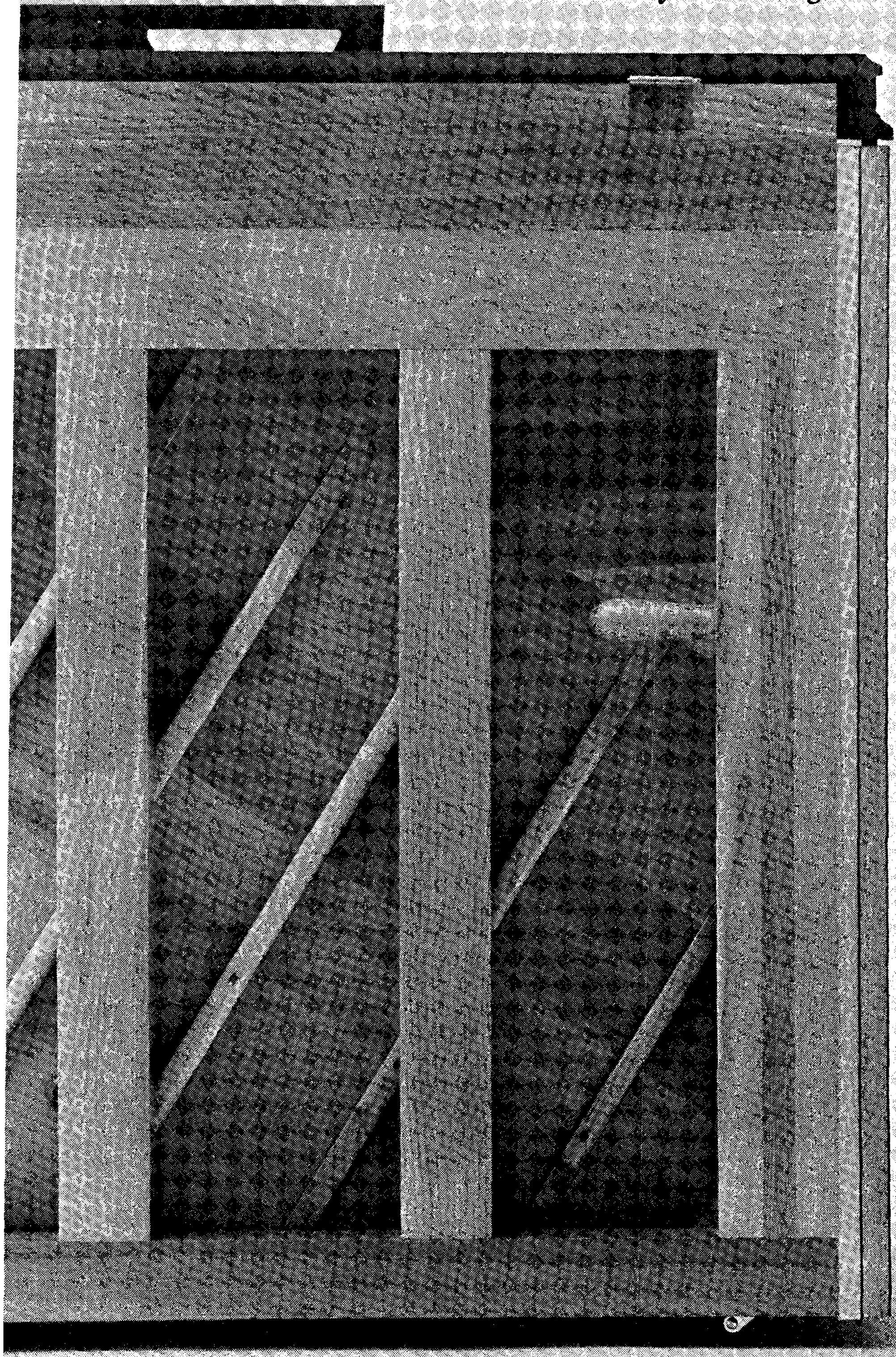

A Steinway vertical piano costs more than other verticals. As you might imagine, people considering a Steinway are curious to know just what makes it worth the extra money.

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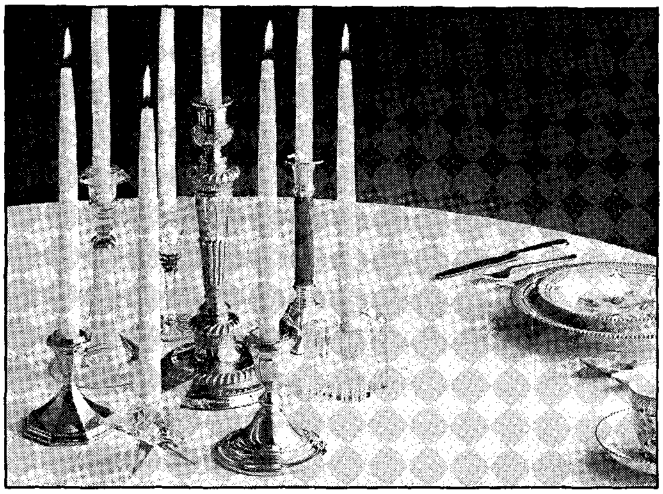
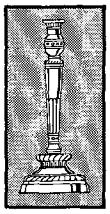
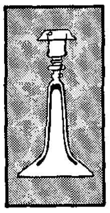
Each of these candlesticks represents an important phase in N-M's collecting history. One that reaches back almost a half-century. Using this group as one example of what The Galleries at N-M has to offer, let's review them chronologically:



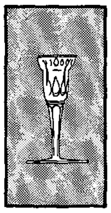
The centerpiece above is a distinguished grouping. But in N-M's history, each stands alone.



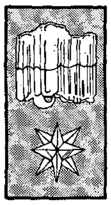
THE 30's — ANTIQUE SILVERPLATE. During the Depression our customers' desire for more affordable elegance led us to collecting silverplate as well as sterling silver. We found the best in Europe. Since then, N-M has searched all over the world to find the unusual, the interesting and most exemplary pieces of silverplate — whether it be an ornate Victorian candelabrum or a sleek Art Deco salt cellar.



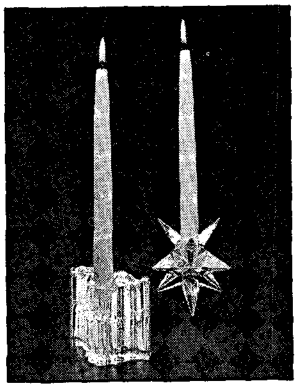
THE 40's — BACCARAT CRYSTAL. The spirit of Baccarat survived the war, when the factory was forced to make glass for miners' lamps just to stay open. In 1948, when they resumed their fine crystal operation, we were there! Perfect timing for our American customers who had been stationed in France and admired beautiful Baccarat crystal. And still do!

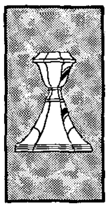


THE 50's — WATERFORD CRYSTAL. During the post-war resurgence of the Commonwealth, cutters, engravers and glass-blowing masters were brought to Ireland from all over Europe to re-establish a tradition that began in 1783. We've made it a tradition to carry Waterford ever since.

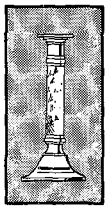


THE 60's — ROSENTHAL CRYSTAL. It changed our view in The Galleries. Although Rosenthal began hand-crafting their collections in 1879, it was in the late Fifties that the visionary Philip Rosenthal, Jr. recognized an emerging explosion of design, and commissioned artists like Salvador Dali, Emillio Pucci, Victor Vasarely, Henry Moore (and more!) to add their talents to the famed Rosenthal name. Fine art became fine crystal and fine china.





THE 70's — AMERICAN SILVERPLATE. The trend toward domestic pride in craftsmanship made the world take notice of American silverplate. It was an affirmation of what we believed in all along...the quality works already in The Galleries from companies like Gorham, Wallace and Reed & Barton.



THE 80's — AND THE FUTURE. Fifty years later we continue to seek the finest... a tradition Stanley Marcus has entitled "quest for the best." If a new piece meets our demanding standards of quality and beauty, there will always be a place for it at N-M. And whether you're looking for eight mismatched candlesticks or one illuminating idea for your home — you'll find it in The Galleries.

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

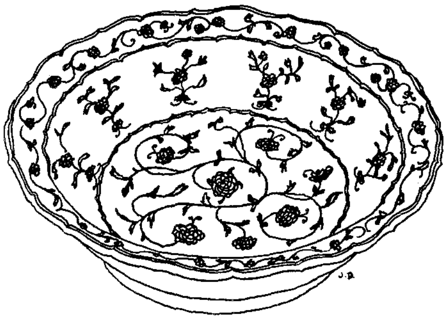
BROWSING through some recent issues of the Sunday *Times Magazine*, we were happy to see that among both the male and the female models the proportion of smiling ones to menacing ones is on the rise. The sex cheetah with the surly mouth (and the romance of a glacier), the macho hulk in hunting boots (whose only quarry is the reader) are giving way to what look like ordinary people having a good time. Warmed by this new trend, we were startled by a brochure that arrived in the mail from some place called FBS, in New Rochelle. An all-fashion affair—men's clothing and women's—its forty-eight page throwaway has the distinction of not using a single model who's unambiguously smiling. On page 5, the ghost of a grin flickers, but barely; on page 23, someone's aging analyst or grocer (not the model) is unconvincingly flashing a canine. The resulting radiance has the force of background music in an elevator. A smirk illuminates page 27, and the merest beginning of a sneer reflects the power of three watts on 35—we wouldn't want to read by the light of either. FBS, please! Are these really "Holiday Delights," as your cover title enticingly proclaims? What a holiday! *Questions:* Is advertising holding a mirror up to nature or merely inventing a version of its own? Is grimness supposed to suggest intelligence, a childish pout sex appeal? And is either one the desired look in barbecue pits across the land? If so, we're flying out of the country right after the last turkey giblet has been devoured.

A YOUNG woman we know who lives downtown writes the following:

Everybody has a story like this one. With some people it's an epiphany, and others never realize what they're talking about. Sometimes the story is only about how they were jarred awake by something and their life changed for the better, but sometimes the story is told by people so depressed that until whatever happened in the story happened they wanted to die.

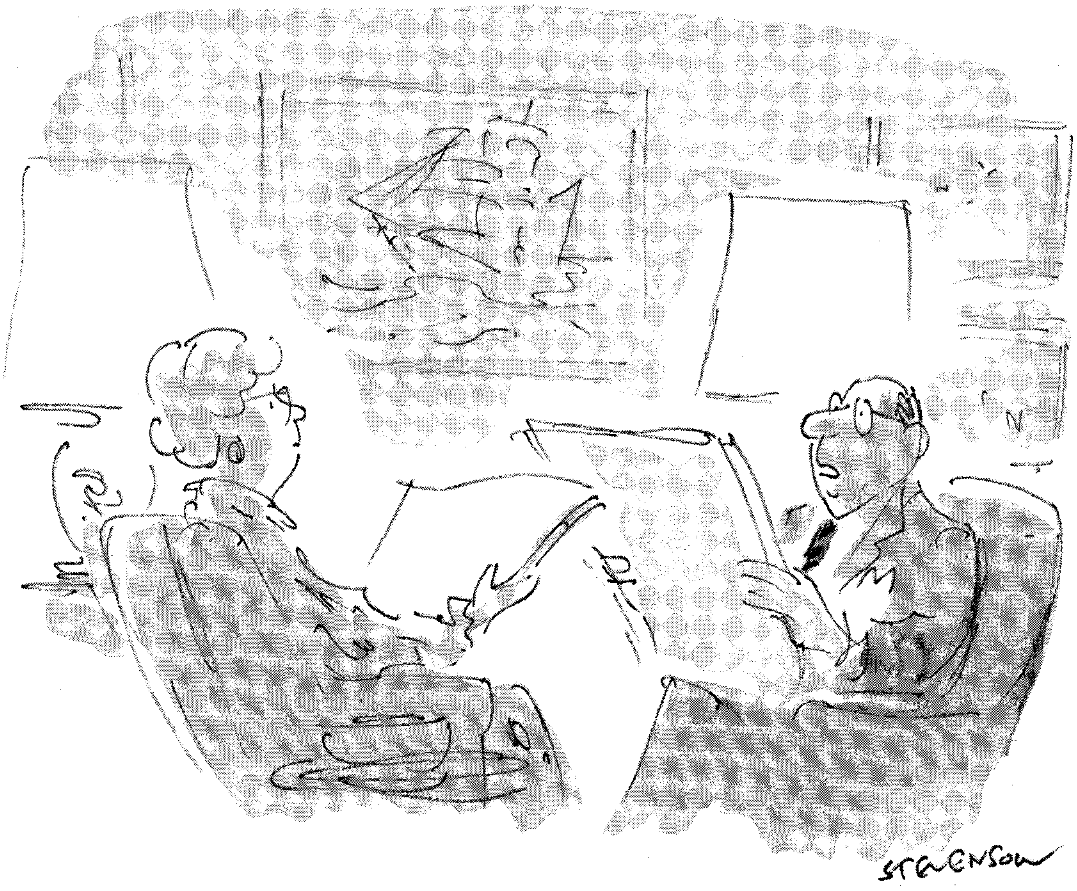
With my friend D.W., it was the time he was with a friend who was a photographer, and walked across a huge lawn to a metal table and chair that had not been taken in for the winter. Later, photographed so that the footprints didn't show on the newly fallen snow, he saw himself sitting in the chair, the wide span of lawn miraculously undisturbed by his footsteps. With Andy, it was the New Year's Eve he was eighteen, with nothing to do, when a girl he had a crush on suddenly called; they had such a good time that in the eighteen years that have followed he's spent every New Year's Eve alone, convinced that that night was perfect and nothing could come up to it. Max tells about the time he walked all night, waiting for a pathologist's report he'd hear the next morning, and how at dawn he passed an apartment building and saw a white curtain slowly rise over a windowsill and billow out, floating so lightly it would have made a cloud look heavy.

One night last week, I walked out of my apartment, depressed because earlier in the week I'd been robbed, wondering why I hassled so many things to live in the city. The dog and I went carefully down the front steps, scattered with wet leaves. The number of them attracted my attention: I looked up, and under the lamplight was a tall ginkgo tree, still with three-quarters of its leaves, the intense yellow of a child's crayon drawing of the sun, blowing in the mist against a slate-gray sky, and I thought that I had never seen anything so wonderful. I didn't know whom to talk to about it, because it's hard to get people excited about ginkgo trees. D.W. has joked that if I get married again it should probably be on a sidewalk (I love concrete, he thinks, because I look at it so much, as we all learn to do, to avoid looking into people's eyes), clutching a bouquet of ailanthus branches and ginkgo leaves.



That night, it was cool and wet, and everything looked a little too sharply in focus. The wet had intensified all the colors, from the stoplight and the garbage cans to the black iron gate of the seminary. I was almost dizzy, blinking at colors and shapes the way I blink in Fellini movies when there's too much to take in at once. I didn't pass another person until I got to the front of the seminary, on Ninth Avenue, where a woman of about fifty in a red quilted coat was having a conversation with a younger woman, who had stopped jogging to talk for a minute. Her body yearned to get back to jogging—there were a lot of little awkward, unexpected movements. I thought about my dog when he was a puppy: he'd obey a command like "Sit!" and after a few seconds, eager for praise but not wanting to do anything wrong, he would widen his eyes, the tip of his tail would begin to tap slightly, he'd flex one paw, almost imperceptibly.

It got a little colder as we walked. We



"I don't know who to root for—Allen, Meese, Weinberger, or Haig."

• •

went across Twenty-third Street, and I dodged puddles—rain that had collected in the dirt where there had once been a sidewalk before construction began. The dog splashed through the water. When we got home, the tree was still dazzling, but now the breeze was blowing leaves in crazy patterns, and a stronger wind had knocked more leaves to the ground. The limbs were getting barer as we stood there. On the sidewalk, the leaves looked like pieces, all the same color, from a smashed kaleidoscope. It was the chaos before the bareness of winter. It reminded me that when I lived in the country, and my husband took the train in to work in New York, I had bought little things to put in the deep pockets of his long black coat—creeping downstairs, when he was showering or playing the guitar, to drop in little plastic bags of sunflower seeds, or a false nose, or some other odd thing he'd eventually find that would make him smile. I had a squirrel's store of pocket presents, but somehow, as time went on, I forgot about doing it, and when I moved I found them hidden behind a radio on my desk—carob bars from the health-food store and some small toys, a tiny kaleidoscope among them.

• •

Halloween on a Triple: Forty-five Points

IN prospect, on paper, this Halloween bristled with events, and the day itself felt like suède, with a mellow sun suitable for sauntering in. We passed up innumerable events—Tricks and Treats at the Wax Musée, the Tenth Pumpkin Festival at the South Street Seaport, Frankenstein at the Frick—and took ourself to the first-ever multi-language Scrabble tournament, which was being held during a fair stretch of the day in the Atrium of the Citicorp Building, on East Fifty-third Street. We came into the building from the street level, and saw below us, over the balcony rail, twenty-odd round tables, pools of attention, each with a pair of heads bent over what turned out to be the second of the day's three games. We made our way down to game level and found Miss Kathleen Nolan, of Brouillard Communications, who had thought up the occasion earlier this fall and had approached UNICEF, for whose benefit the tournament was held.

Miss Nolan, a slim and graceful woman, was keeping a crisp eye on the buzzing event, sorting entry forms, consulting the judges, and making occasional notes from score sheets on a row of easels along one edge of the Atrium—score sheets for English, French, Russian, German, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew. "We've had games going in every one of the languages except Hebrew, but then it is the Sabbath," she said to us. "The pairings have given us some trouble—you can hardly expect speakers of the different languages to turn up in even numbers, after all. But we have some entrants who are prepared to play Scrabble in any of three languages, so we've managed to get all the entrants matched up."

A few word-hungry spectators craned their necks from the edges of the Atrium and from the balcony above, reading the Scrabble boards sidewise and upside down. We fell into conversation with Mr. James Houle, the president of Scrabble Crossword Game Players, Inc., who was conducting the tournament. "I was once a chemical engineer, but now all my time is devoted to Scrabble," he told us. "I run tournaments all over the country—serious tournaments, with timers, strict rules, and a much sterner concentration than you see here. Today is a kind of festive Scrabble, and although I had a little trouble unbending at the beginning, I'm really thrilled to be seeing Scrabble played in several languages at once. It hasn't happened before, although Brouillard Communications, which handles public relations for the makers of Scrabble, staged a very successful tournament in Miami last May in Spanish."

Looking at the competitors, we could only conclude that Scrabble players share no outward characteristics, for they were as varied in every human way as the riders in any subway car. Miss Nolan was riffling through her entry forms. "Our youngest competitor has been Nicolas Hubert, an eighth grader at the Lycée Français," she said. "Playing in French, he beat his grandmother, but he could not stay for his second game, because he had to go to a costume party. Meanwhile, his mother was playing in Russian, his father in English."

Mr. Houle gave a ten-minute warning to the players, and we paused by the tables manned by the judges, some of whom had been recruited into linguistic vigilance from the translation services of the United Nations. If in the course of play any doubt arose over the validity of a word, the doubter wrote the word on a challenge slip, which was brought to the judges, and they either accepted or rejected it by a tick in the appropriate box. We watched some words come under the judicial eye, to be verified in the "Official Scrabble Players Dictionary"—a work concerned less with imparting knowledge than with keeping Scrabble players from one another's throats. Before our eyes, "jugal" (pertaining to the cheek or cheekbone), "whelmed" (covered with water), and "bereaver" were ticked approvingly, although "bereaver" did seem to us a word we might never have occasion to use. "What if somebody comes up with 'UNICEF' as a word—can we allow it today?" one of the judges asked Mr. Houle. He started to shake his head, then smiled and nodded before going to the microphone to call time.

The players rose, stretched, cleared their boards, and went over to enter their score sheets on the easels—winners in black, losers in red. The higher scores hovered above four hundred, but there had been one shining six hundred, scored in the first round by Miss Barbara Williams. We talked to her as she entered her second-round score—in red. "Imagine! I had 'damsels,' a big scorer, and still I lost," she told us, cheerfully rueful. "I play in the serious tournaments at times, but I'm really enjoying this. It's a lot looser."

What had been her best word so far, we asked her.

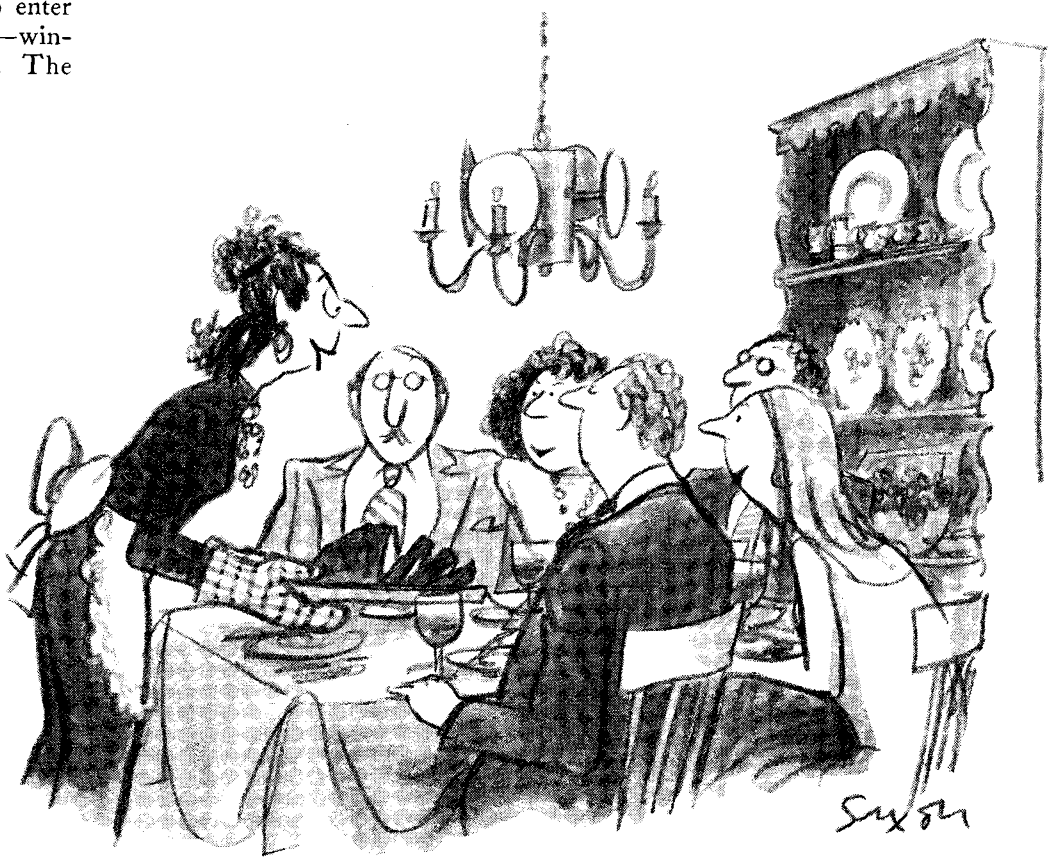
" 'Shocking.' On a triple and a double. A hundred and eight points."

We were presented to the oldest competitor. He was Mr. Edgar Lindner, a retired engineer, who came to this country from Germany twenty-five years ago. A small, neat, bald, bright-eyed man with an affecting courtesy of manner, he told us, "I've played Scrabble for the last twenty-five years quite regularly, but strictly for pleasure, and always in English. It is not appealing to me to play in German. English has more possibilities on the board. You may add 's' plurals, for example, which in German—*haus*, *häuser*—you can't do. I'm eighty-six now, and yet my Scrabble game is still improving. I run and swim quite a bit as well." He looked at us with his head on one side. "You know, I do not think that writers necessarily make good Scrabble players. In Scrabble, you must look not for the *mot juste* but for the *mot possible*."

The players were mingling, playing back their games to one another or unscrabbling their minds with ordinary conversation. Soon, however, Mr. Houle was calling them to order and announcing the pairings for the third game. We had a word with Julia Hodes, a pretty, dark-haired young woman, who told us she had been having a bad Scrabble afternoon but a very good time. "I think there are three definite kinds of Scrabble," she said firmly. "There's Serious Scrabble—tournaments, fierce concentration, winning. That's too grim for me. Then, there's Weekly Scrabble, within the same circle of friends—that's how I like to play. Then, there are the freaky, odd occasions like this one, where you meet miscellaneous Scrabblers. Scrabblers, in the main, are very *likable* people. I hope this round picks up for me. 'Votee' is about the best I've done all day."

One Hebrew-language contestant had presented himself, but not even appeals by Mr. Houle to the building at large brought forth an adversary. The Italian game was late in starting; otherwise, across the separate boards, words were beginning to snake out, in Russian, in Spanish. Mr. Lindner, we noticed, was playing in German, to even the numbers. Some of the competitors chatted companionably, except with their eyes; others elected a fixed, gazing silence. Around the Atrium, people shopped, kibitzed, ate, and dawdled, and on the balcony above we caught sight of two spectators wearing gorilla heads.

Just after four o'clock, Mr. Houle called time for the last game, and the competitors entered their final scores, then returned to their tables to clear away the tumbled alphabets and collect their belongings. The two Italian players were still bent over their board, oblivious of the attendants tidying up around them. The others gathered in a clump to hear Mr. Houle announce the prizewinners. There was a first and second prize in each language, with a prize for the over-all high



"And now, the same bread with herbs!"

scorer—won, we were pleased to see, by Miss Williams, who collected a Scrabble mirror, which makes a Scrabble board of the face, and an electronic word game that apparently serves as a kind of mind gymnasium for Scrabble players. Mr. Lindner won second prize in German and was rewarded with a German Scrabble set. He beamed, notwithstanding. Two other winners, a husband and wife—Robert and Alice Sulzer, who took prizes in English—had met, Mr. Houle told us later, at a Scrabble tournament. Both the second prize in French and the first prize in Spanish went to Mr. Ebenezer First-Quao, from Ghana, a translator at the United Nations, who on his entry form, Miss Nolan informed us, had put down his native language as Ga. Well-rewarded with all forms of Scrabble equipment, he looked linguistically satisfied.

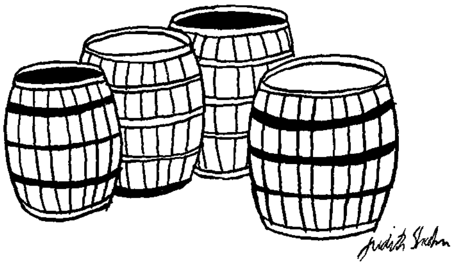
We said our goodbyes, and stopped on our way out for a word with Mr. Lindner. "I'll be back here tomorrow afternoon—I always come to the Sunday concerts," he told us. "Very intelligent woman I played with earlier—she's a Braille transcriber. You know, I will sometimes recall odd words from Scrabble games I played years ago. But I don't have Scrabble dreams, I'm happy to say. That was a pleasant afternoon, no?"

Highway

ON the abandoned portion of the West Side Highway which is still standing—a stretch of six-lane that extends from Jane Street to the Battery, slightly less than two miles—there are enough poplars and ailanthus trees growing to fuel a bonfire. The trees began to take root sometime after the elevated highway was closed to traffic, eight years ago. They grow from cracks along the roadway's edges, twenty-five feet above street level, and—along with all sorts of grasses and ferns that have flourished on the highway, including, in recent weeks, wild daisies and goldenrod—they have led some people to regard this as the worthiest piece of Manhattan parkland south of Fifty-ninth Street. Now, however, its irreversible destruction has begun. The highway has already been dismantled north of Jane Street all the way to Forty-second; two companies—one from Yonkers and the other from Staten Island—have contracts to finish the job. When they complete their work, they will have demolished not only the botanical life but also several other treasures, among them a huge mural, three blocks long, and best viewed from above, which was painted on the road surface opposite the World Trade Center (it is a field of circles and other geometric shapes that have been abstracted into arcs and angles of varying lengths and degrees); a school of brightly painted dolphins and humpback whales and other aquatic creatures, who begin swimming south of the mural and swim right on downtown; silhouettes of three flappers in high-heeled dancing shoes, at the north end of the mural; four low-angled silhouettes, about a mile uptown, near Canal Street, among them a stirring rendering of a windblown bicyclist; an arched steel-girder superstructure that passes over Canal Street and has been painted in hideous tones of pink and purple; a glut of graffiti on the pavement (an impenetrable poem at Tenth Street, "KEK SPACE AND TOY CO" stencilled here and there, production credits of a film called "Kabong!" between Leroy and Clarkson, "Goodbye New York John and Jeanne Are Gone" a few yards south of that); and a regulation-height basketball goal that someone has erected on the median strip near Chambers Street.

In its car-free state, the highway has attracted the usual quota of cyclists and runners, and also a joggler (a young man who regularly jogs while juggling three lacrosse balls); musicians (the best: a saxophonist who hangs out near Beach Street); kite fliers; dog walkers (including, one day last spring, a gray-haired lady whose Weimaraner was carrying a loaf of French bread in his mouth); landscape artists with easels; cross-country skiers; roller skaters; skateboarders; motorized-skateboarders; photographers; the video crowd; office workers on lunch breaks; lovers; students of New Jersey admiring the view from the highway; sun worshippers; sunset addicts; an occasional nudist; and a derelict whose home for the past several months has been the Canal Street entrance ramp.

After the West Side Highway is demolished, the construction of Westway will begin. Westway is the six-lane chunk of interstate that has been in and out of the news during the past ten years. It is deemed desirable by certain public officials and trade unionists and deemed undesirable by anyone who lives near its path or would choose to rehabilitate New York City's mass-transit system rather than build a new highway. Westway will cost at least two billion three hundred million dollars. When it is completed, it will enable trucks and cars to travel four and two-tenths miles, from the Battery to Forty-second Street—something that they have been doing along West Street and Twelfth Avenue ever since the old highway was closed. The designs call for a portion of Westway to be sunk underground and covered by parkland. It is being planned with far greater attention to detail than the park on the abandoned highway. The present park wasn't planned at all, of course; it just happened. Westway, it is said, will take at least ten years to build. Until it's finished, the nudist and the saxophonist and the Weimaraner with the loaf of bread, like the poplars and ailanthus trees, will have to find a different unlikely place to thrive.



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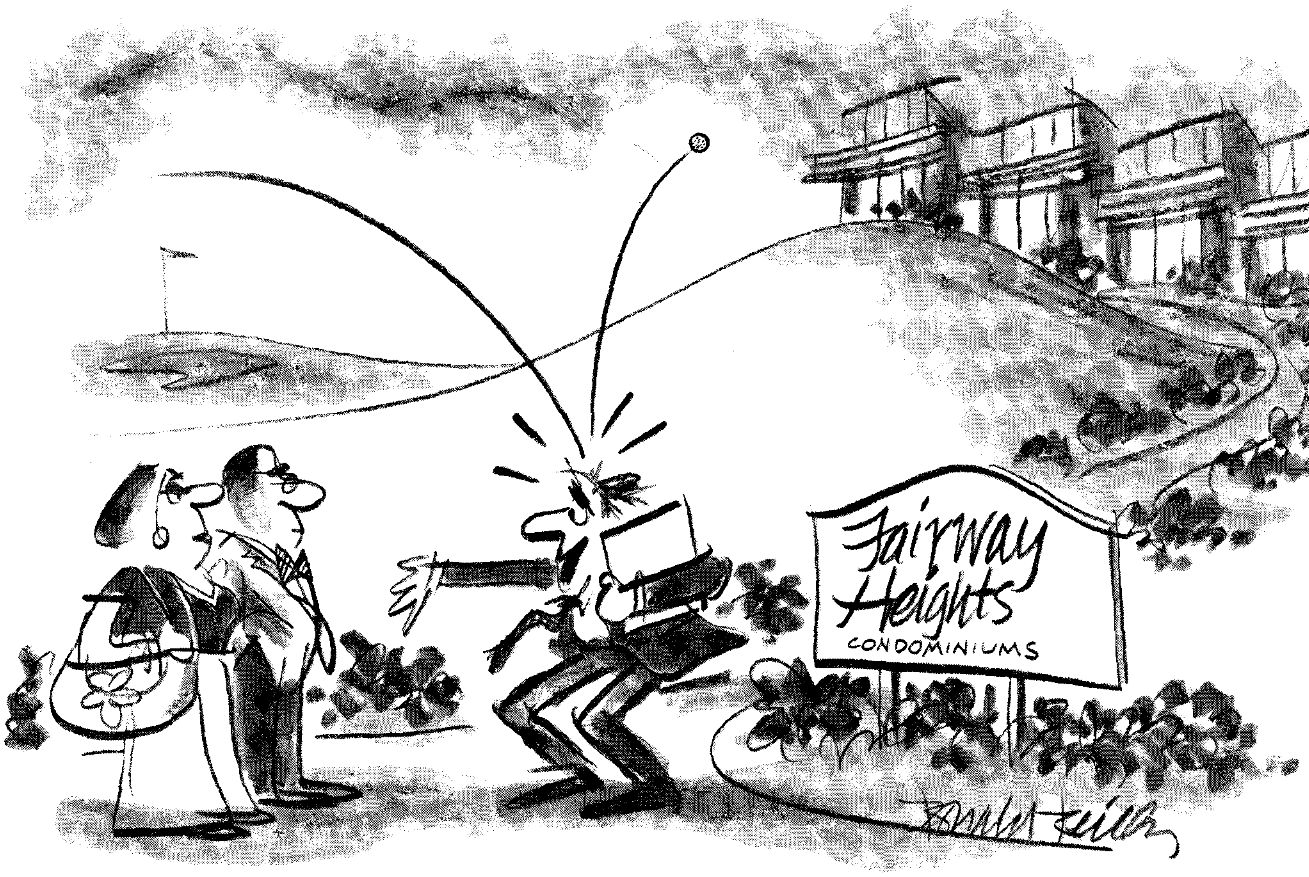
THE West Side Highway cultivated certain rituals. Two or three times a week, in the early evening, a group of about twenty people would gather on the uptown lanes just south of the Canal Street entrance ramp. There were a few women in the group but mostly men. They were young—a couple of teen-agers, nobody past forty. They looked like fellow-passengers in sweatclothes. For an hour or so, until the daylight faded, they synchronized their movements. The result resembled ballet. Some of the sounds they made resembled scream therapy. They were martial artists. Ron Taganashi had lured them to the highway. At each session, as Ron Taganashi arrived his students bowed deeply and, in unison, made a sound like "oosh"—like a revolving door. They addressed him as "Sensei"—an honorific accorded a teacher of either Okinawan or Japanese karate. Sensei Ron has mastered styles of Okinawan and Japanese karate and several other martial arts as well. In goju-ryu, an Okinawan style, his black belt is of the fifth degree. There are ten degrees, but he has declined promotion to a higher one. "If I'm promoted any higher, then I'm a practicing magi-



". . . and, of course, the fairways are—eee-yi!—right at your doorstep."

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cian," Sensei Ron says. "Then I can get larger or smaller before people's eyes. Then I can't just hang out."

Sensei Ron wants to be able to hang out, to teach, to make an occasional feature-length-film appearance. (His most recent film, "The Warrior Within," won a prize at the Virgin Islands International Film Festival and also won an Iron Fist Award, the Oscar of the martial-arts cinema.) Anyway, Sensei Ron has no desire to get either larger or smaller. He is small to begin with, but he looks imposing. He is thirty-seven years old, and he is part Japanese, part West Indian, part American Indian. He is built like several smooth stones neatly stacked. Fortunately, Sensei Ron is basically a pacifist. A neighbor once insulted his wife, Bonnie. "What I wanted to do was hospitalize him, but it wouldn't have taught him anything," Sensei Ron has said. "It's easy to be negative and I prefer to be positive. Now if I see him on the street I say hello, but I'm not going to rush to help wax his floors or his car." Sensei Ron describes his style of fighting as a mixture of goju-ryu and nisei goju—a Japanese form of karate—with elements of kung fu, jujitsu, aikido, kenpo, North Korean dung soo-do, South Korean tang so-do, and whatever else comes to mind. You will not catch Sensei Ron trying to do demolition work with his forehead, like some of the other senseis. Bonnie can break two-by-fours, bricks, and cinder blocks with her bare hands, but she, too, has no real respect for that sort of gimmickry. For a long time, Bonnie was Sensei Ron's assistant in his *dojo*, or school. "She's fought many people," Sensei Ron explains. "If a guy from another *dojo* wanted to fight me, he would have to fight Bonnie first. And once they've fought her, they don't want to fight me."

One of the last sessions on the highway: Sensei Ron and Bonnie arrive on bicycles. Everyone bows and goes "oosh." It is important to bear in mind that if Sensei Ron is attacked he will defend himself. Sensei Ron demonstrates what will happen if someone attacks him from behind, what will happen if he is attacked while riding a bicycle, what will happen if he is grabbed by the hair, what will happen if someone tries to get him in a full nelson, what will happen if he is approached with a knife. In each instance, he demonstrates a crippling act of self-defense. He says, "You got an arm, you got a leg, you got some head. Bing bang bang boom boom whup whup. *There.* That's the spine. Paralysis. Paralysis." Now Sensei Ron requests a volunteer. "Who's got a quick smother and choke? I'm looking at the black belts. All right, Kevin, come over here." Kevin, a student, comes forward, bows, steps back, approaches Sensei Ron from behind, tries to smother and choke him. Crouching, pivoting, attacking, Sensei Ron says, "Bing bang whup whup. Ribs, elbow, shoulder." It is Sensei Ron's opinion that no one can successfully defend against bullets.

The students of Sensei Ron do dances of death and then they practice making cat noises. One noise is supposed to sound like a lion. It sounds like a car engine that won't turn over on a cold morning. In Japanese, Sensei Ron gives a series of commands that mean "Tension," "Meditation," "Ready," "Start," and "Stop." It is time to practice a certain dance of death. The sun is setting over Hoboken. Sensei Ron tells his students, "O.K. Face Jersey."

LARRY

SOME men give their children sound advice about property and investment. The elder Pugh had the nerve to give advice about marriage—this to the son of a wife he had deserted. He was in Paris on a visit and had come round to see what Larry was up to. It was during the hot, quiet summer of 1954.

Larry was caretaking for July and August. He had the run of sixteen dust-sheeted rooms, some overlooking the Parc de Monceau, some looking straight onto the shuttered windows of other stone houses. Twice a week a woman arrived to clean and, Larry supposed, to make sure he hadn't stolen anything.

He was not a thief—only a planner. His plans required the knowledge of where things were kept and what they amounted to. After a false start as a sculptor he was trying to find an open road. He went through the drawers and closets left unlocked and came across a number of towels and bathmats and blankets stolen from hotels; pilfering of that sort was one of the perks of the rich. A stack of hotel writing paper gave him a new idea for teasing Maggie, his half sister, who also lived in Paris—near the Trocadéro, about eight Métro stops away.

The distance between Larry and Maggie was greater than any stretch of city blocks. He saw it as a treeless plain. It was she who kept the terrain bare, so that she could see Larry coming. He had to surmise, because it would be senseless to do anything else, that Maggie failed to trust him. He wondered why. Total strangers, with even more reason to feel suspicious, gave him the keys to their house. When he looked in a mirror, he felt he could trust himself. A French law obliges children to support indigent parents and, in one or two rare cases Larry had heard of, siblings—a sister or brother. Maggie probably lived with the fear of seeing Larry shuffling up to the front door, palm up. Or carrying a briefcase stuffed with claims and final warnings. Or ringing the bell, in a tearing hurry, with a lawyer waiting in a taxi. Or that she would be called to his bedside at the American Hospital in Neuilly, with an itemized statement for intensive care prepared at checkout. She might even be afraid she would have to bury him, in the unlikely event of his dying first. Maggie's mother, but not Larry's, had been crowningly rich. Larry's generation would have said that he and Maggie had different genes; Maggie's would have taken it for granted they had different prospects.

Fiddling around with the hotel stationery, he sent Maggie letters from Le Palais in Biarritz, the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo, Le Royal at Évian-les-Bains, Le Golf at Deauville. Some carried the terrifying P.S. "See you soon!" From the Paris Ritz he counselled her not to mind the number of bills he was having referred to her from Biarritz and those other places: he had made a killing in Portuguese oysters and would settle up with her before long.

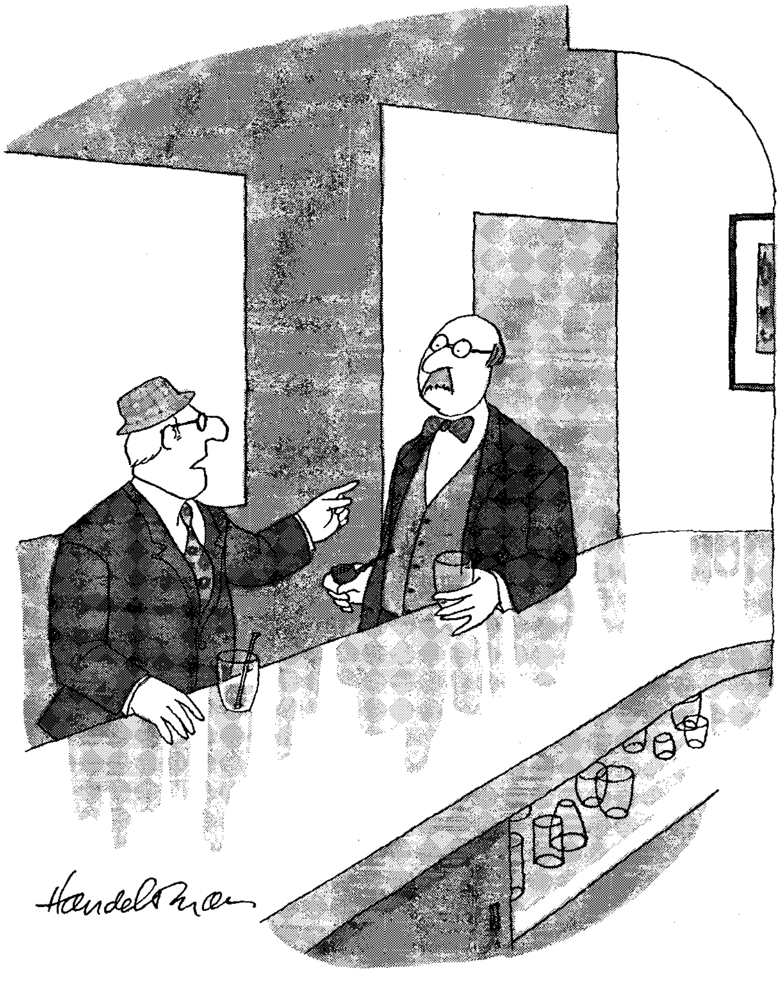
He wondered if the tease had worked, and if she had bothered to look at the postmarks. He had sent all the letters from the same post office, on Boulevard Malesherbes. The postmarks should have shown Maggie that it was just a prank, not an operation. But then she probably thought him too old for practical jokes and wholly unsuited for operations. A true trickster needed to have the elder Pugh's clear conscience—his perfect innocence.

Paris was hushed, eerie, Larry's father said. That was what he noticed after so many years. He'd gone back to America long before the war. For some time now Maggie had been paying him an allowance to keep away. She lived in Paris because she always had; it did not mean that she kept open house. Larry was here for a different reason: he had been at the Beaux Arts for as long as he could stretch the G.I. Bill. He was just wavering at present: stay or go.

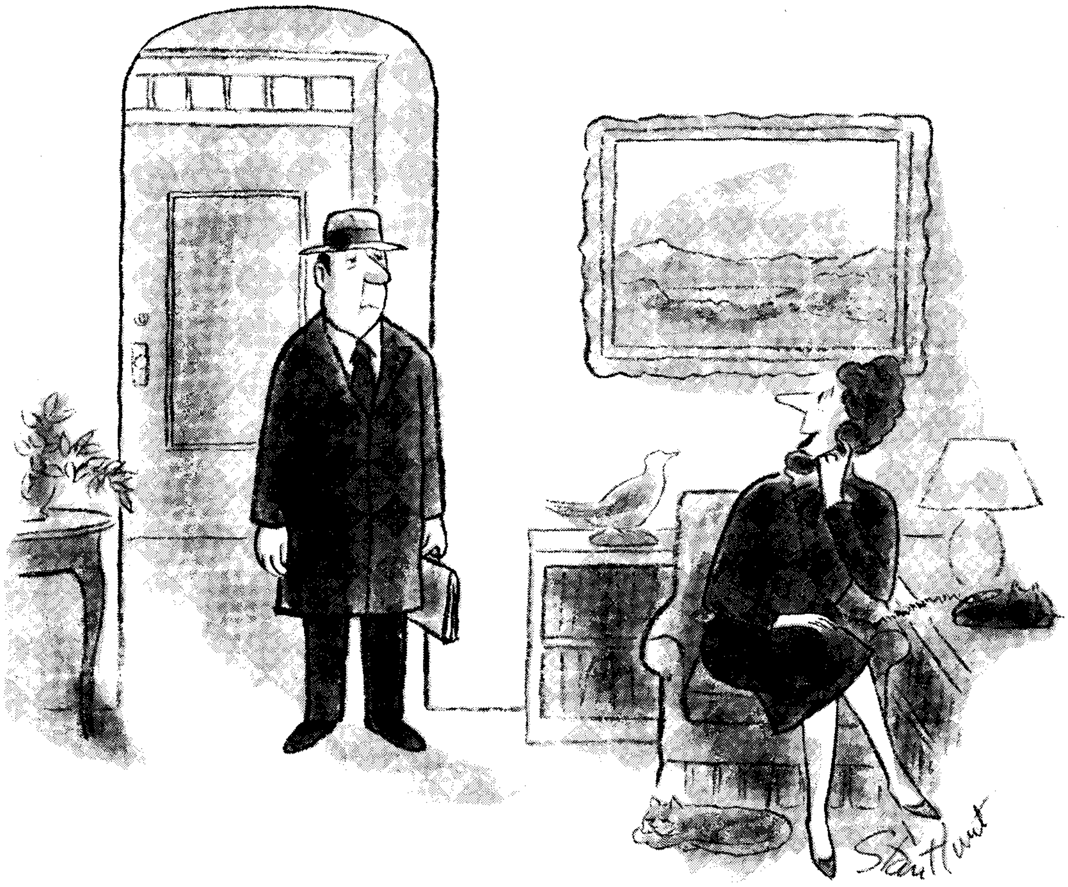
He told his father why Paris was silent. There was a new law about traffic horns. His father said he didn't believe it.

Here, near the park, in midsummer, there was no traffic to speak of. In the still of the afternoon they heard the braking of a bus across the empty streets. Shutters were bolted, curtains drawn on the streets with art names: Murillo, Rembrandt, Van Dyck.

Larry's father said, "I suppose you found out there wasn't much



"I'm still a sucker for Reagan's rhetoric, but—you mark my words, Harry—one of these days I'll see right through him."



"Well, I guess I'll have to hang up for now, Edith. My husband has just burst upon the scene."

to art in the long run." From anyone else it would have been wounding. His father meant only that there were better things in life, not that anyone had failed him.

Larry took the dust sheets off an inlaid table and two pink easy chairs. The liquor cabinet was easy to pry open; he managed with a fork and spoon. They pushed their chairs over to a window. It was curious, his father remarked, how the French never wanted to look *out*. Notice the way salon furniture is placed—those stiff little circles. People always sat as if they weren't sure what to do with their ankles and knees.

The drawing room was pale in color, and yet it soaked up the light. Larry was about to ask if his father had ever seen a total eclipse, when the old man said, "Who lives around here? It was a good address before the war."

Before the other war, he meant—before 1914. He was fine-looking—high-bridged nose, only slightly veined; tough, kindly blue eyes. He seemed brainless to Larry, like Maggie, but a stranger might not have noticed. His gaze was alert as a wren's, his expression one of narrow sincerity. If there were such a thing as artistic truth, his face would have been more ingratiating; about half his plots and schemes had always died on the branch. He must have seen the other half as enough. Unlike most con men, Larry's father acted on sudden inclinations. It was a wonder anything bloomed at all.

Larry did not think of himself as brainless. He did not even consider himself unlucky, which proved he was smart. He was not sure whether his face said anything useful. It was almost too late to decide. He had stopped being young.

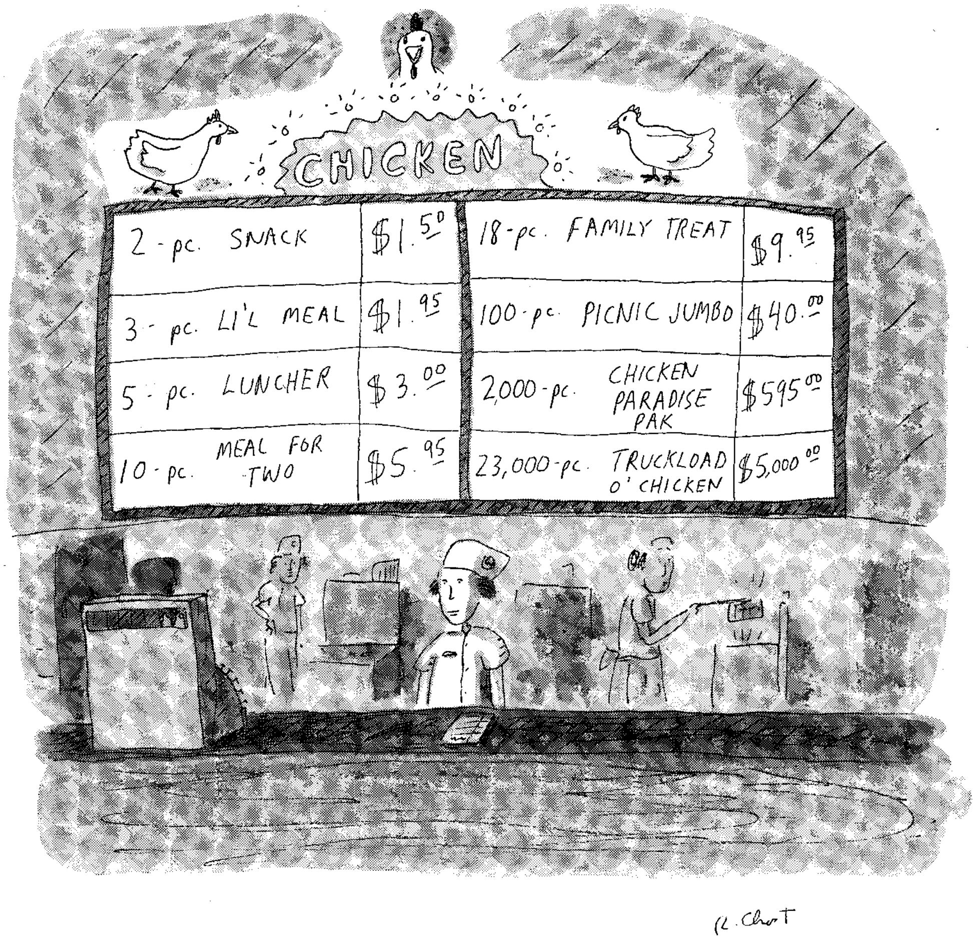
His father had no real age; certainly none in his own mind. He sat, comfortable and alert, drinking Larry's patron's best Scotch, telling Larry about a wonderful young woman who was dying to marry him. But, he said, probably having quite correctly guessed that Maggie would cut his funds at the very glimmer of a new wedding, he thought he'd keep the dew on the rose; stick to untrammelled romance; maintain the constant delight and astonishment reserved for unattached lovers. She was attractive, warmhearted, and intelligent; made all her own clothes.

Larry refrained from asking questions, partly out of loyalty to his late, put-upon mother. Dead or alive, she had heard enough.

"Marriage is sex," said his father. "But money is not necessarily anything along that line." In spite of his wish not to be drawn, Larry could not help mulling this over. His father was always at his most dangerous, morally speaking, when he made no sense. "The richer she is, the lower the class of her lovers. If you marry a rich woman, keep an eye on the chauffeur. Watch out for unemployed actors, sailors, tailors. *Customs* officers," he said, as though suddenly remembering. He may have been recalling Maggie's mother. He sighed, though not out of discontent or sorrow, and lifted his firm blue gaze to an oil portrait of a woman wearing pearls Maggie's mother would have swum the Amazon for. "I was never really excited by rich women," he said calmly. "Actually, I think only homosexuals are. Well, it is all a part of God's good plan, laid out for our pleasure, like the flower beds down there in the park."

Larry's father was a pagan who regularly prayed for guidance. He thought nothing of summoning God to smile on His unenlightened creations. Maggie, another object of close celestial attention, believed something should be done about the nature of the universe—some tidying-up job. She was ready to take it on and was only waiting to be asked. Larry lived at about eye level. He tried the Catholics, who said, "What would you like? Jam for breakfast? Eternal life? They're yours, but there's a catch." The Protestants greeted his return with "Shut up. Sit down. Think it over." It was like swimming back and forth between two crowded rafts.

"I met *your* mother just before I lost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R. Chast

most of my money," his father said, which was a whitewashed way of explaining he had been involved in a mining-stock scandal of great proportions. "Never make the mistake of imagining a dumb woman is going to be more restful than a smart one. Most men crack up on that. They think 'dumb' *means* 'silent.' They think it's going to be like the baaing of a lamb and the cooing of a dove, and they won't need to answer. But soon it's 'Do you still love me?,' and that can't be left in the air. Then it turns into 'Did you love me when we got married? Did you love me when I was pregnant? Did you love me last week? Do you love me now?' "

Larry said, "I saw Maggie about a year ago. She says she's leaving everything to an arts foundation."

"She can't," said his father.

"She thinks she can, and she's got lawyers. It's her way of wanting to be remembered. But it's the wrong way. The French never remember anything except their own wars. She won't even have her name on a birdbath."

"Now, that's where you're wrong," his father said. "There'll be a memorial birdbath and Maggie's name—which, incidentally is yours and mine; I'm leaving you both a good name—and in the bowl of the birdbath there'll be the Stars and Stripes in red-white-and-blue mosaic. That is exactly what they'll give Maggie's memory. Where they will choose to put the monument I can't predict. No sane man wants to survive his own children, so I won't say I'd like to see the inaugural ceremony. You'll be there, though—well dressed and smiling. Life has been good to me. I hope it's just as good to you."

It was true that life had treated the old man gently; it had kept him out of jail and in cheerful company.

"I haven't made a formal will yet," he said, quite as though he had anything to leave. "But there's one particular thing I want *you* to have. It's a painting of me. I sat for it here, in Paris, before the war. Around 1912. I don't remember the artist's name, but he was big in those days. If you ever have a son, I want him to have the picture. Promise me you'll come and get it no matter where you happen to be when I go."

He helped himself to a drink and, as though no answer from Larry were needed, began to talk about something else he owned—an ancient hookah, a museum piece. Maggie would appreciate having it, he thought.

Larry noticed that their drinks were leaving rings on the inlaid table. He rubbed them with a corner of a dust sheet, but it was too late.

THE next day, while he was trying to sandpaper the stains, Larry remembered the portrait. It showed his father wearing a hat at a jaunty angle, his hands clasped on a walking stick. He appeared to be elegant and reliable, the way things and people are always said to have been when one looks back at them across a war.

When Larry's father left Larry and his mother, he took the portrait with him. It must have been hanging in a dining room, because Larry saw him taking it down, and then tossing a bundle of money, cash, on a polished table. His mother sat in profile, turned away, arms folded. She looked toward, but not at, the little glass shelves at the window, where she kept her collection of miniature cacti in pottery dishes. She wore the look of dark grieving no child can enter. When he saw that she was not going to turn back his way or say something to him, Larry's father secured the portrait under his arm and walked out. There was a blank place on the wall, and on the table, deeply reflected, a packet of bills that seemed a lot but that never was or could be enough.

Over the next few days and until the end of August, when it was time for Larry to move on, he continued to work on the inlaid table, repeating the operation of sandpaper and wax until the rings showed but palely, and only under direct, strong light. Except for those faint circles, and a few sheets of hotel stationery and a few ounces of whiskey gone, he left no other trace behind him of loss or mischief.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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"Fifty Years of Psychoanalysis in Chicago," a conference sponsored by the Chicago Psychoanalysis Society and the Institute for Psychoanalysis, will be held on November 6-8 at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Some of the issues that will be discussed include how Beethoven's death affected him as he composed his last five string quartets.—*Chicago Illini, newspaper of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle.*

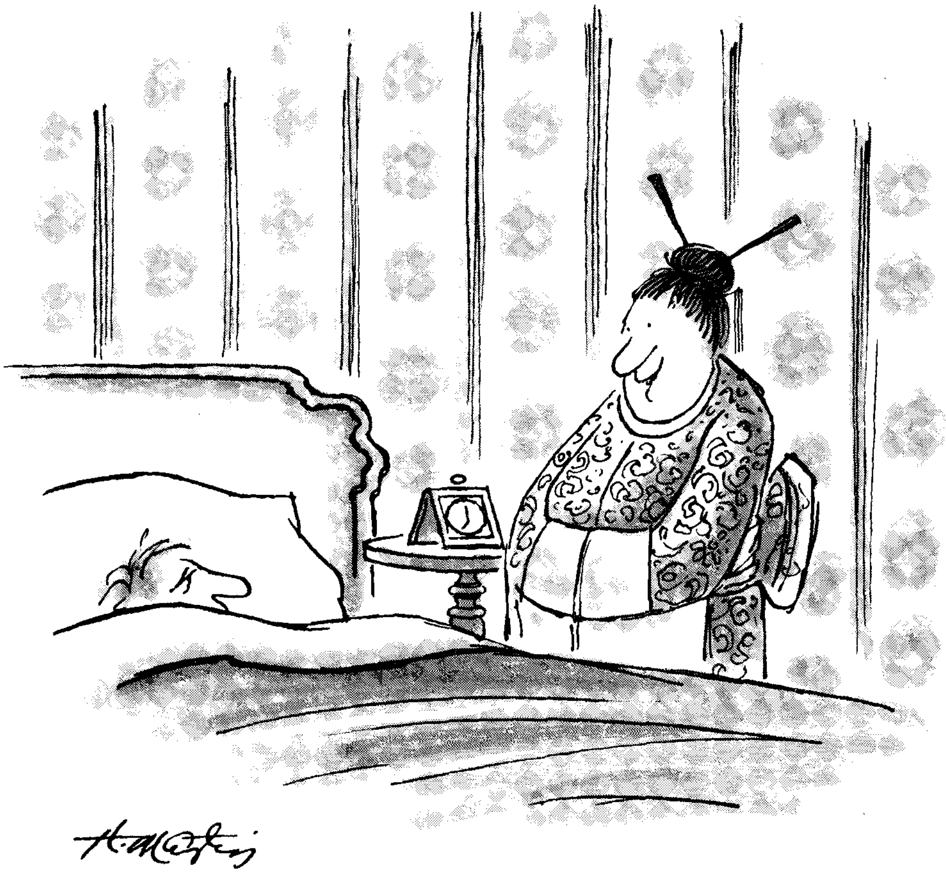
We already know. Badly.

THE CITY

HIS stomach began to hurt on the airplane, as the engines changed pitch to descend into the city. Carson at first blamed his pain upon the freeze-dried salted peanuts that had come in a little silver-foil packet with the Whiskey Sour he had let the stewardess bring him at ten o'clock that morning. Fifty, he did not think of himself as much of a drinker, but the younger men in kindred gray business suits who flanked him in the three-across row of seats had both ordered drinks, and it seemed a way of keeping status with the stewardess. Unusually for these days, she was young and pretty. So many stewardesses seemed, like Carson himself, on second careers, victims of middle-aged restlessness. A long-divorced former mathematics teacher, he worked as a sales representative for a New Jersey manufacturer of microcomputers and information-processing systems. Late in life, after twenty years of driving the same suburban streets from home to school and back again, he had become a connoisseur of cities—their reviving old downtowns and grassy industrial belts, their rusting railroad spurs and new glass buildings, their orange-carpeted hotels and bars imitating the interiors of English cottages. But always there was an individual accent, a style of local girl and historic district, an odd-shaped skyscraper or a museum holding a Cézanne or a medieval altarpiece that you could not see in any other city. Carson had never before visited the city into which he was now descending, and perhaps a nervous apprehension of the new contacts he must forge and the persuasions he must deliver formed the seed of the pain that had taken root in the center of his stomach, just above the navel.

He kept blaming the peanuts. The tempting young stewardess, tanned from West Coast layovers, had given him not one but two packets in silver foil, and he had eaten both—the nuts tasting tartly of acid, the near engine of the 747 haloed by a rainbow of furious vapor in a backwash of sunlight from the east as the great plane droned west. This drone, too, had eaten into his stomach. Then there was the Whiskey Sour itself, and the time-squeeze of his departure, and the pressure of elbows on the armrests on both sides of him. He had arrived too late to get an aisle or window seat. Young men now, it seemed to him, were so corpulent and broad, with the mixture of exercise and beer the culture kept pushing. Both of these wore silk handkerchiefs in their breast pockets and modified bandit mustaches above their prim, pale, satisfied mouths. When you exchanged a few words with them, you heard voices that knew nothing, that were tinny. They were gods but without timbre. Carson put away the papers on which he had been flow-charting a system—computer, terminals, daisy-wheel printer, dual-drive disks, optional but irresistible color-graphics generator with appropriate interfaces—for a prospering little manufacturer of electric reducing aids, and ran a final check on what could be ailing his own system. Peanuts. Whiskey. Being crowded. In addition to everything else, he was tired, he realized: tired of numbers, tired of travel, of food, of competing, even of shaving in the morning and putting himself into clothes and then, sixteen hours later, taking himself out of them. The pain slightly intensified, as if a chemical jot more had been added to its tarry compound. He pictured the pain as spherical, a hot bubble that would break if only he could focus upon it the laser of the right thought.

In the taxi line, Carson felt more comfortable if he stood with a slight hunch. He must look sick, he was attracting the glances of his fellow-visitors to the city. The two young men whose shoulders had squeezed him for three hours had melted into the many similar others with their attaché cases and polished shoes. Carson gave the cabdriver not the address of the manufacturer of reducing and exercise apparatus but that of the hotel where he had a reservation. A sudden transparent wave of nausea, like a dip in the flight of the 747, decided him. The cool autumnal air beat through his suit upon his skin. As he followed the maroon-clad bellhop down the orange-carpeted corridor, not only were the colors nauseating but the planes of wall and floor looked warped, as if the pain that would not break up were transposing him to a set of new coördinates, by the touch of someone's finger on a terminal keyboard. He telephoned the exercise



"Lyman, dear, I want to start off your day with a song—'Un bel di,' from Puccini's 'Madame Butterfly.'"

company from the room, explaining his case to an answering female and making a new appointment for tomorrow morning, just before he was scheduled to see the head accountant of another booming little firm, makers of devices that produced "white noise" to shelter city sleep. The appointment-squeeze bothered Carson, but abstractly, for it would all be taken care of by quite another person—his recovered, risen self. The secretary he had talked to had been sympathetic, speaking in the strangely comforting accent of the region—languid in some syllables, quite clipped in others—and had recommended Maalox. In the motion pictures that had flooded Carson's childhood with images of the ideal life, people had "sent down" for such things, but during all the travelling of his recent years he had never come to believe that this could be done; he went down himself to the hotel pharmacy. A lobby mirror shocked him with the image of a thin-limbed man in shirtsleeves, with a pot belly and a colorless mouth tugged down on one side.

The medicine tasted chalky and gritty and gave the pain, after a moment's hesitation, an extra edge, as of tiny sandy teeth. His hotel room also was orange-carpeted, with maroon drapes that Carson closed, after peeking out at a bare brown patch of park where amid the fallen leaves some boys were playing soccer; their shouts jarred his membranes. He turned on the television set, but it, too, jarred. Lying on one of the room's double beds, studying the ceiling between trips to the bathroom, he let the afternoon burn down into evening and thought how misery itself becomes a kind of home. The ceiling had been plastered in overlapping loops, like the scales of a large white fish. For variation, Carson stretched himself out upon the cool bathroom floor, marvelling at the complex, thick-lipped undersides of the porcelain fixtures, at the distant bright lozenge of mirror. Repeated violent purgations had left the essential intruder, the hot tarry thing no longer simply spherical in shape but elongating, undissolved. When vomiting began, Carson had been hopeful. The hope faded like the light. In the room's shadowy spaces his pain had become a companion whom his constant interrogations left unmoved; from minute to minute it did not grow perceptibly worse, nor did it leave him. He reflected that his situation was a perfect one for prayer, but Carson had never been at all religious, and so could spare himself that additional torment.

The day's light, in farewell, placed feathery gray rims upon all the curved surfaces of the room's furniture—the table legs, the lamp bowls. Carson imagined that if only the telephone would ring his condition would be shattered. Curled on his side, he fell asleep briefly; awakening to pain, he found the room dark, with but a sallow splinter of street light at the window. The soccer players had gone. He wondered who was out there beyond the dark whom he could call. His ex-wife had remarried; of his children, one, the boy, was travelling in Mexico and the other, the girl, had disowned her father. When he received her letter of repudiation Carson had telephoned and been told, by the young lawyer she had been living with, that she had moved out and joined a feminist commune.

He called the hotel desk and asked for advice. The emergency clinic at the city hospital was suggested, by a male voice that to judge from its briskness had just come on duty. Shaking, lacing his shoes with difficulty, smiling to find himself the hero of a drama without an audience, Carson dressed and delicately took his sore body out into the air. A row of taxis waited beneath the corrosive yellow glare of a sodium-vapor street light. Neon advertisements, stacked cubes of fluorescent offices, red and green traffic lights scratched at the taxi windows, glimpses of the city that now, normally, with his day's business done, he would be roving, looking for a restaurant, a bar, a stray conversation, a

NOVEMBER WEDDING

The determiner of the cold sundial
Quivers like a baby shark's fin
In rippling shadow. Near the window
My daughter is dressing by the oak armoire.
A silence divides us, like the space
Between two names in an autograph.
She is dressing for marriage.
The slim folds of her satin fall into
A white train. In the distance now
I can hear the slap of wings
Like maids popping sheets in other bedrooms.
The geese returned this morning.
They were my husband's playthings.
He brought them in with scattered corn
On nights so cold his vision watered.
Inside his cheeks were stinging roses.
My daughter was five then, a blond
Little broncobuster in need of a mount.
He never denied her. On hands and knees,
He lurched when she gave him the spur,
Her ankles sharp as a doctor's rubber hammer.
I remember those nights, and many others:
Nights of debt, oaths,
And lipstick slashes on his flask of whiskey
When he tried to hold the line on losing.
The sundial darkens its wedge of day.
Now my daughter drifts unattended
Down festooned stairs.
His geese blow in, wings down, hungry.

—Andrew Baird

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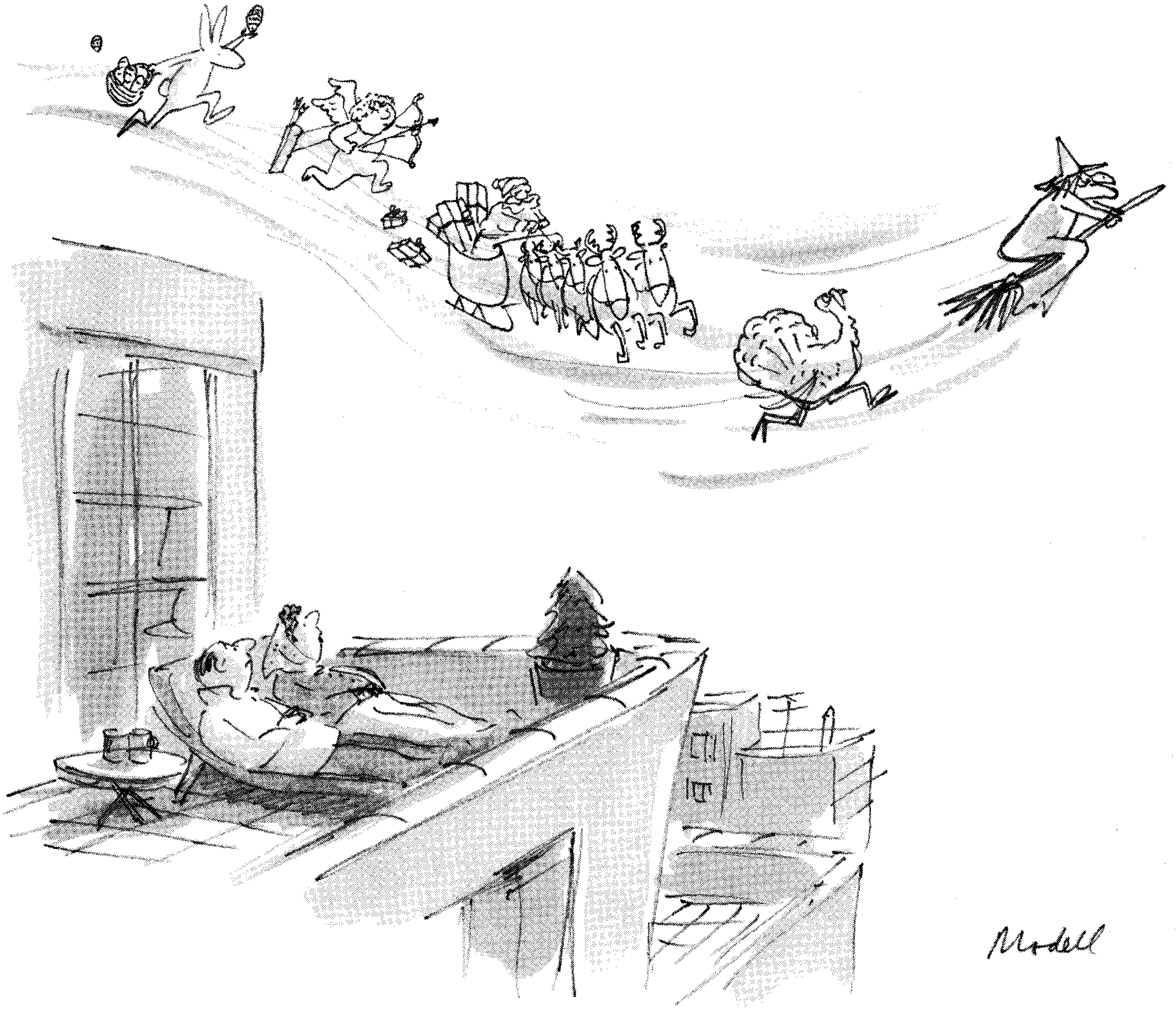

"The seasons fly by so fast, don't they?"

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possibility of contact with one of the city's unofficial hostesses.

THE hospital was a surprising distance from the hotel. A vast and glowing pile with many increasingly modern additions, it waited at the end of a swerving drive through a dark park and a neighborhood of low houses. Carson expected to surrender the burden of his body utterly, but instead found himself obliged to carry it through a series of fresh efforts—forms to be filled out, proofs to be supplied of his financial fitness to be ill, a series of waits to be endured, on crowded benches and padded chairs, while his eye measured the distance to the men's-room door and calculated the time it would take him to hobble across it, open the door to a stall, kneel, and heave vainly away at the angry visitor to his own insides.

The first doctor he at last was permitted to see seemed to Carson as young and mild and elusive as his half-forgotten, travelling son. The doctor's wife, it somehow came out, was giving a dinner party, for which he was already late, in another sector of the city. Nevertheless the young man politely, circumspectly gave him time. Carson was, he confessed, something of a puzzle. His pain didn't seem localized enough for appendicitis, which furthermore was quite unusual in a man his age.

"Maybe I'm a slow bloomer," Carson suggested, each syllable, in his agony, a soft, self-deprecatory grunt. There ensued a further miasma of postponement, livened with the stabs of blood tests and the banter of hardened nurses. He found himself undressing in front of a locker so that he could wait with a number of other men in threadbare, backwards hospital gowns to be X-rayed. The robust technician, with his standard bandit mustache, had the cheerful aura of a weight lifter and a great ladies' (or men's) man. "Chin here," he said. "Shoulders forward. Deep breath: hold it. Good boy." Slowly Carson dressed again, though the clothes looked, item by item, so shabby as to be hardly his. One could die, he saw, in the interstices of these procedures. All around him, on the benches and in the bright, bald holding areas of the hospital's innumerable floors, other suppliants, residents of the city and mostly black, served as models of stoic calm, which he tried to imitate, though it hurt to sit up straight and his throat ached with gagging. The results of his tests were trickling along through their channels. The young doctor must be at his party by now; Carson imagined the clash of silver, the candlelight, the bare-shouldered women—a festive domestic world from which he had long fallen.

Toward midnight, he was permitted to undress himself again and to get into a bed, in a kind of emergency holding area. White curtains surrounded him, but not silence. On either side of him, from the flanking beds, two men, apparently with much in common, moaned and crooned a kind of blues, and when doctors visited them pleaded to get out, promised to be good henceforth. From one side came a sound of tidy retching, like that of a cat who has eaten a bird bones and all; on the other side, internes seemed to be cajoling a tube up through a man's nose. Carson was comforted by these evidences that at least he had penetrated into a circle of acknowledged ruin. He was inspected at wide intervals. Another young doctor, who reminded him less of his son than of the legal-aid lawyer who had lived with his daughter and whom Carson suspected of inspiring and even dictating the eerily formal letter she had mailed her father, shambled in and, after some palpating of Carson's abdomen, sheepishly shrugged. Then a female doctor, dark-haired and fortyish, with a Slavic accent, came and gazed with sharp amusement down into Carson's face and said, "You don't protect enough."

"Protect?" he croaked. He saw why slaves had taken to clowning.

She thrust her thumb deep into his belly, in several places. "I shouldn't be able to do that," she said. "You should go through the ceiling." The idiom went strangely with her accent.

"It did hurt," he told her.

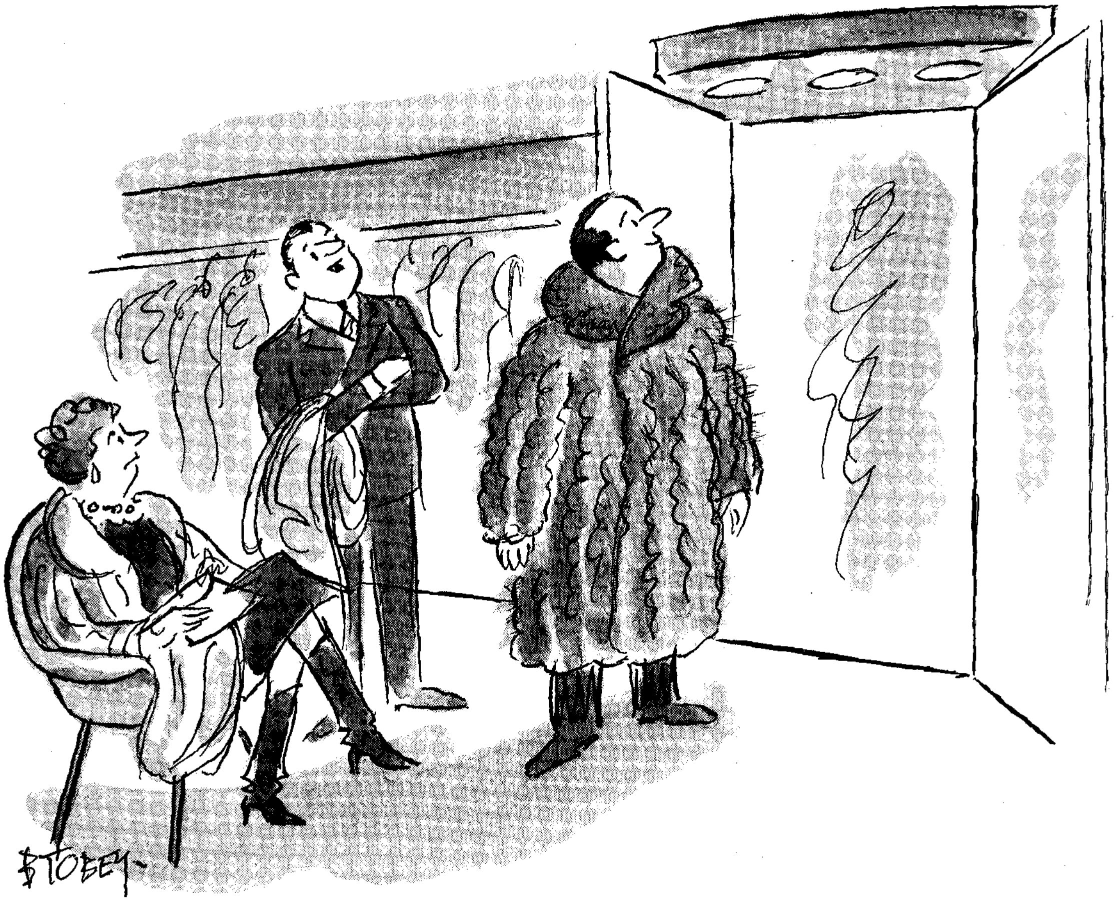
"Not enough," she said. She gazed sharply down into his eyes; her own eyes were green. "I think we shall take more blood tests."

Yet Carson felt she was stalling. There was a sense, from beyond the white curtains, percolating through the voices of nurses and policemen and delirious kin in this emergency room, of something impending in his case, a significant visitation. He closed his eyes a second. When he opened them a new man was leaning above him—a tall tutorial man wearing a tweed jacket with elbow patches, a button-down shirt, and rimless glasses that seemed less attachments to his face than intensifications of a general benign radiance. His hair was combed and grayed exactly right, and cut in the high-parted and close-cropped style of the Camelot years. Unlike the previous doctors, he sat on the edge of Carson's narrow bed. His voice and touch were gentle; he explained, palpating, that some appendixes were retrocecal; that is, placed behind the large intestine, so that one could be quite inflamed without the surface sensitivity and protective reflex usual with appendicitis.

Carson wondered what dinner party the doctor had arrived from, at this post-midnight hour, in his timeless jacket and tie. He wished to make social amends but was in a poor position to, flat on his back and nearly naked. With a slight smile, the doctor pondered his face, as if to unriddle it, and Carson stared back with pleading helpless hopefulness. He was as weary of pain and a state of emergency as he had been, twelve hours before, of his normal life. "I'd like to operate," the doctor said softly, as if putting a suggestion that Carson might reject.

"Oh yes, *please*," Carson said. "Great. When, do you think?" He was very aware that, though the debauched hour and disreputable surroundings had become his own proper habitat, the doctor was healthy, and must have a home, a family, a routine to return to.

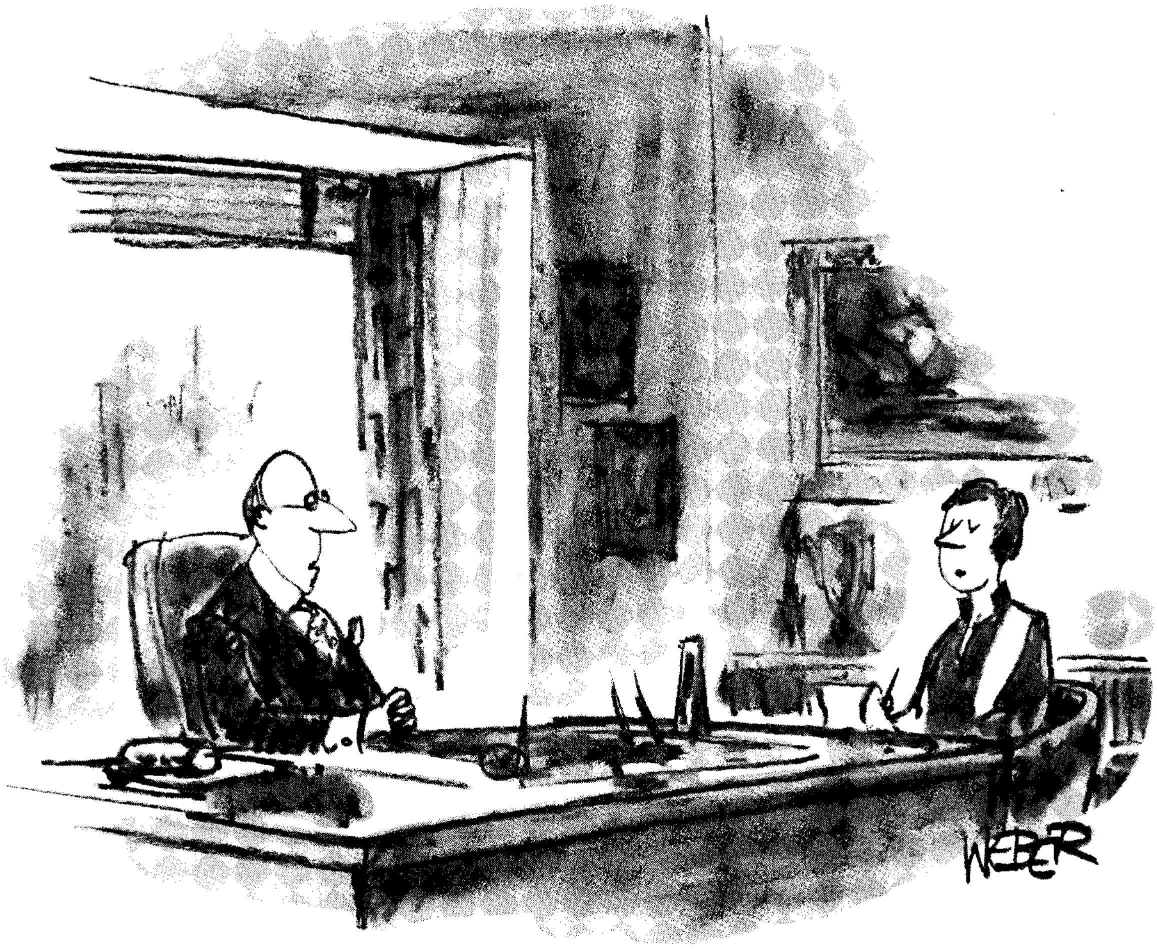
"Why, right *now*" was the answer, in a tone of surprise, and this doctor stood and seemed to begin to take off his coat, as if to join Carson in some sudden,



"Sir, it's warm, cuddly, and macho."

cheerfully concocted athletic event.

Perhaps Carson merely imagined the surgeon's gesture. Things moved rapidly. The sheepish legal-aid look-alike returned, more comradely now that Carson had received a promotion in status, and asked him to turn on one side, and thrust a needle into his buttock. Then a biracial pair of orderlies coaxed his body from the bed to a long trolley on soft swift wheels; the white curtains were barrelled through; faces, lights, steel door lintels streamed by. Carson floated, feet first, into a room that he recognized, from having seen its blazing counterpart so often dramatized on film, as an operating room. A masked and youthful population was already there, making chatter, having a party. "There are so many of you!" Carson exclaimed; he was immensely happy. His pain had already ceased. He was transferred from the trolley to a very narrow, high, padded table. His arms were spread out on wooden extensions and strapped tight to them. His wrists were pricked. Swollen rubber was pressed to his face as if to test the fit. He tried to say, to reassure the masked crew that he was not frightened and to impress them with what a "good guy" he was, that somebody should cancel his appointments for tomorrow.



"... comma, then an expletive of your choice, for emphasis."

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At a point and place in the fog as it fitfully lifted, the surgeon himself appeared, no longer in a tweed jacket but in a pale-green hospital garment, and now jubilant, bending close. He held up the crooked little finger of one hand before Carson's eyes, which could not focus. "Fat as that," he called through a kind of wind.

"What size should it have been?" Carson asked, knowing they were discussing his appendix.

"No thicker than a pencil," came the answer, tugged by the bright tides of contagious relief.

"But when did you sleep?" Carson asked, and was not answered, having overstepped.

Earlier, he had found himself in an underground room full of stalactites. His name was being shouted by a big gruff youth. "Hey Bob come on Bob wake up give us a little smile that's the boy Bob." There were others besides him stretched out in this catacomb, whose ceiling was festooned with drooping transparent tubes; these were the stalactites. Within an arm's length of him, another man was lying motionless as a limestone knight carved on a tomb. Carson realized that he had been squeezed through a tunnel—the arm straps, the swollen rubber—and had come out the other side. "Hey Bob, come on, give us a smile. *Thaaat's it.*" He had a tremendous need to urinate; liquid was being dripped into his arm.

Later, after the windy, glittering exchange with the surgeon, Carson awoke in an ordinary hospital room. In a bed next to him, a man with a short man's sour, pinched profile was lying and smoking and staring up at a television set. Though the picture flickered, no noise seemed to be coming from the box. "Hi," Carson said, feeling wary, as if in his sleep he had been married to this man.

"Hi," the other said, without taking his eyes from the television set and exhaling smoke with a loudness, simultaneously complacent and fed-up, that had been one of Carson's former wife's most irritating mannerisms.

When Carson awoke again, it was twilight, and he was in yet another room, a private room, alone, with a sore abdomen and a clearer head. A quarter-moon leaned small and cold in the sky above the glowing square windows of another wing of the hospital, and his position in the world and the universe seemed clear enough. His convalescence had begun.

In the five days that followed, he

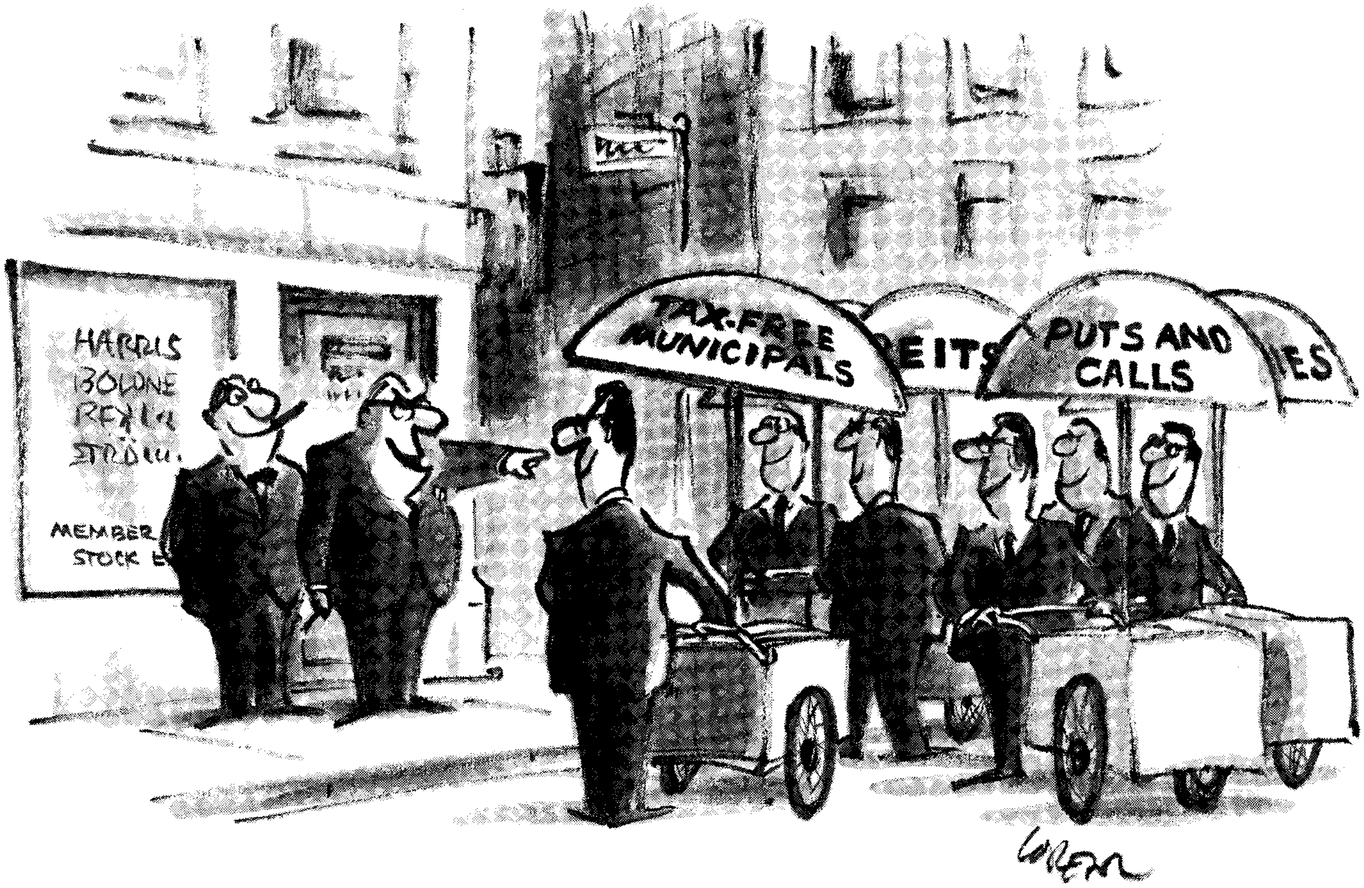
often wondered why he was so happy. Ever since childhood, after several of his classmates had been whisked away to hospitals and returned to school with proud scars on their lower abdomens, Carson had been afraid of appendicitis. At last, in his sixth decade, the dread enemy had struck, and he had comported himself, he felt, with passable courage and calm. His scar was not the little lateral slit his classmates had boasted but a rather gory central incision from navel down; he had been opened up wide, it was explained to him, on the premise that at his age his malady might have been anything from ulcers to cancer. The depth of the gulf that he had, unconscious, floated above thrilled him. There had been, too, a certain unthinkable intimacy. His bowels had been "handled," the surgeon gently reminded him, in explaining a phase of his recuperation. Carson tried to picture the handling: clamps and white rubber gloves and something glistening and heavy and purplish that was his. His appendix indeed had been retrocecal—one of a mere ten per cent so favored. It had even begun, microscopic investigation revealed, to rupture. All of this retrospective clarification, reducing to facts the burning, undiscouragable demon he had carried, vindicated Carson. For the sick feel as shamed as the sinful, as fallen.

The surgeon, with his Ivy League bearing, receded from that moment of extreme closeness when he bent above Carson's agony and decided to handle his bowels. He dropped by in the course of his rounds only for brief tutorial sessions about eating and walking and going to the bathroom—all things that needed to be learned again. Others came forward. The slightly amused dark Slavic woman returned, in her white smock, to change his dressing, yanking the tapes with an, he felt, unnecessary sharpness. "You were too brave," she admonished him, blaming him for the night when she had wanted to inflict more blood tests upon him. The shambling young doctor of that same night returned, no longer in the slightest resembling the lawyer Carson's daughter had spurned in favor of her own sex, and there appeared a host of specialists in one department of Carson's anatomy or another, so that he felt huge, like Gulliver pegged down in Lilliput. All of them paid their calls so casually and pleasantly that Carson was amazed, months later, to find each visit listed by date and hour on the sheets of hospital services billed to him in computer printout—an Apple II Plus interfaced with an old Centronics 739 dot-matrix printer, from the look of it.

Hospital life itself, the details of it, made him happy. The taut white bed had hand controls that lifted and bent the mattress in a number of comforting ways. A television set had been mounted high on the wall opposite him and was obedient to a panel of buttons that nestled in his palm like an innocent, ethereal gun. Effortlessly he flicked his way back and forth among morning news shows, midmorning quiz shows, noon updates, and afternoon soap operas and talk shows and reruns of classics such as Carol Burnett and "Hogan's Heroes." At night, when the visitors left the halls and the hospital settled in upon itself, the television set became an even intenser and warmer companion, with its dancing colors and fluctuant glow. His first evening in this precious room, while he was still groggy from anesthesia, Carson had watched a tiny white figure as if taking a sudden great stitch hit a high-arching home run into the second deck of Yankee Stadium; the penetration of the ball seemed delicious, and to be happening deep within the tiers of himself. He pressed the off button on the little control, used another button to adjust the tilt of his bed, and fell asleep as simply as a child.

Normally, he liked lots of cover; here, a light blanket was enough. Normally, he could never sleep on his back; here, of necessity, he could sleep no other way, his body slightly turned to ease the vertical ache in his abdomen, his left arm at his side receiving all night long the nurturing liquids of the I.V. tube. Lights always burned; voices always murmured in the hall; this world no more rested than the world beyond the sides of an infant's crib. In the depths of the same night when the home run was struck, a touch on his upper right arm woke Carson. He opened his eyes and there, in the quadrant of space where the rectangle of television had been, a queenly young black face smiled down upon him, a nurse taking his blood pressure. She had not switched on the overhead light in his room and so the oval of her face was illumined only indirectly, from afar, as had been the pieces of furniture in his hotel room. Without looking at the luminous dial of his wristwatch on the bedside table he knew this was one of those abysmal hours when despair visits men, when insomniacs writhe in an ocean of silence, when the jobless and the bankrupt want to scream in order to break their circular calculations, when spurned lovers roll from a soft dream

The Duenna



"All right, men. Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!"

• •

onto cold sheets, and soldiers awake to the taste of coming battle. In this hour, she had awakened him with her touch. No more than a thin blanket covered his body in the warm dim room. She pumped up the balloon around his arm, relaxed it, pumped it up again. She put into Carson's mouth one of those rocket-shaped instruments of textured plastic that have come to replace glass thermometers, and while waiting for his temperature to register in electronic numbers on a gadget at her waist she hummed a little tune, as if humorously to disavow her beauty, that beauty which women have now come to regard as an enemy, a burden and cause for harassment placed upon them. He thought of his daughter.

Though many nurses administered to him, and as he strengthened he came to develop small talk with them even at four in the morning, this particular one, her perfectly black and symmetrical face outlined in light like an eclipsed sun, never came again.

"WALK," the surgeon urged Carson. "Get up and walk as soon as you can. Get that body moving. It turns out it wasn't the disease used to kill a lot of people in hospitals, it was lying in bed and letting the lungs fill up with fluid."

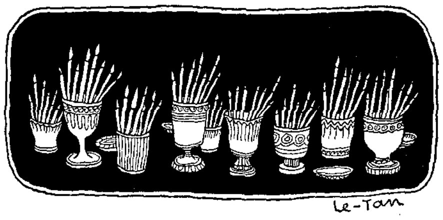
Walking meant, at first, pushing the spindly, rattling I.V. pole along with him. There was a certain jaunty knack to it—easing the wheels over the raised metal sills here and there in the linoleum corridor, placing the left hand at the balance point he thought of as the pole's waist, swinging "her" out of the way of another patient promenading with his own gangling chrome partner. From observing other patients Carson learned the trick of removing the I.V. bag and threading it through his bathrobe sleeve and rehanging it, so he could close his bathrobe neatly. His first steps, in the moss-green sponge slippers the hospital provided, were timid and brittle, but as the days passed the length of his walks increased: to the end of the corridor, where the windows of a waiting room overlooked the distant center of the city; around the corner past a rarely open snack bar and into an area of children's diseases; still further to an elevator bank and a carpeted lounge where pregnant women and young husbands drank Tab and held hands. The attendants at various desks in the halls came to know him, and to nod as he passed, with his lengthening stride and more erect posture, his handling of the I.V. pole soon so expert as to be comically debonair.

His curiosity about the city revived. What he saw from the window of his own room was merely the wall of another wing of the hospital, with gift plants on the windowsills and here and there thoughtful bathrobed figures gazing outward toward the wall of which his own bathrobed figure was a part. From the windows of the waiting room, the heart of the city, with its clump of brown and blue skyscrapers and ribbonlike swirls of highway, seemed often to be in sunlight while clouds shadowed the hospital grounds and parking lots and the snarl of taxis always around the entrance. Carson was unable to spot the hotel where he had stayed, or the industrial district where he had hoped to sell his systems, or the art museum that contained, he remembered reading, some exemplary Renoirs and a priceless Hieronymus

Bosch. He could see at the base of the blue-brown mass of far buildings a pale-green bridge, and imagined the dirty river it must cross, and the eighteenth-century fort that had been built here to hold the river against the Indians, and the nineteenth-century barge traffic that had fed the settlement and then its industries, which attracted immigrants, who thrust the grid of city streets deep into the surrounding farmland. This was still a region of farmland; thick, slow, patient, pious voices drawled and twanged around Carson as he stood there gazing outward and eavesdropping. Laconic phrases of resignation fell into place amid the standardized furniture and slippered feet and pieces of jigsaw puzzles half assembled on card tables here. Fat women in styleless print dresses and low-heeled shoes had been called in from their kitchens, and in from the fields men with crosshatched necks and hands that had the lumpy rounded look of used tools.

Sickness is a great democrat, and had achieved a colorful cross-section. Carson came to know by sight a lean man with regally dark Negro skin and taut Oriental features; his glossy shaved head had been split by a Y-shaped gash now held together by stitches. He sat in a luxurious light-brown, almost golden robe, his wounded head propped by a hand heavy with rings, in the room with the pregnant women and the silver elevator doors. When Carson nodded once in cautious greeting, this apparition said loudly, "Hey, man," as if they shared a surprising secret. Through the open doorways of the rooms along the corridors, Carson glimpsed prodigies—men with beaks of white bandage and plastic tubing, like those drinking birds many fads ago; old ladies shrivelling to nothing in a forest of flowers and giant facetious get-well cards; an immensely plump mocha-colored woman wearing silk pantaloons and a scarlet Hindu dot in the center of her forehead. She entertained streams of visitors, thin dusky delicate men and great-eyed children; like Carson, she was an honorary member of the city, and she would acknowledge his passing with a languid lifting of her fat fingers, tapered as decidedly as cones.

On the third day, Carson was put on solid food and disconnected from the intravenous tubing. With his faithful, docile pole removed from the room, he was free to wave both arms and to climb stairs. His surgeon at his last appearance (dressed in lumberjack shirt and chinos, about to "take off," for it had become the weekend) had urged stair climbing upon his patient as the best possible exercise. There was, at the end of the corridor in the other direction from the waiting room, from whose windows the heart of the city could be viewed, an exit giving on a cement-and-steel staircase almost never used. Here, down four flights to the basement, then up six to the locked rooftop door, and back down two to his own floor, Carson obediently trod in his bathrobe and by now disintegrating green sponge slippers.



His happiness was most intense out here, in this deserted and echoing sector, where he was invisible and anonymous. In his room, the telephone had

AT THE CLOISTERS

This is the herb garden of Bonnefont
shipped stone by stone and rejoined at this sun-
rich southwest corner to other medieval ideas
of solitude. No monk walks these paths between

quince trees and planted beds that radiate
from the marble wellhead in concentric squares.
I am turned aside, almost back, turning four times
four until stopped at the thick southern wall, gazing out.

Waxwings and starlings thrash the crab-apple
trees, swallowing whole fruit carnivally or
pecking them for seeds. Beyond, westward,
as each oak leaf in a slow drizzle of leaves

gives way to the austere pigments of ecstasy,
more of the Hudson comes into view like something
being unburied or an idea growing clearer.
Gulls sail the river with the ease of thought.

Joy in wilderness, peace in things tended.
I am pleased to be here among strewing herbs
and herbs for dyeing: mugwort and throatwort,
eglantine, thyme, and celestial dill.

The fruitless pear disciplined to shape
holds its guided cruciform gracefully.
A Japanese couple kneels, better to see
the yellow nub at the heart of the snapdragon.

Starlings, en masse, rise and wind around the tower
like a vine or second hand. The bell tolls four.
Time audible and time visible in a garden that
artfully squares off the infinite. Devotion that undoes

dilemma. Cleverly, the ripened quince spread a tart,
appley canopy of odor solid as stone. I look down to see
the sky reflecting off the river, empty, incomparable,
bewildering were it not fleshed in by the swan song

of foliage from the Jersey palisade. An act of love
or sad miracle a monk might ask as he faced
this watery tapestry of parts impossibly woven,
knowing that only the labor of his eyes held it together.

—David Weiss

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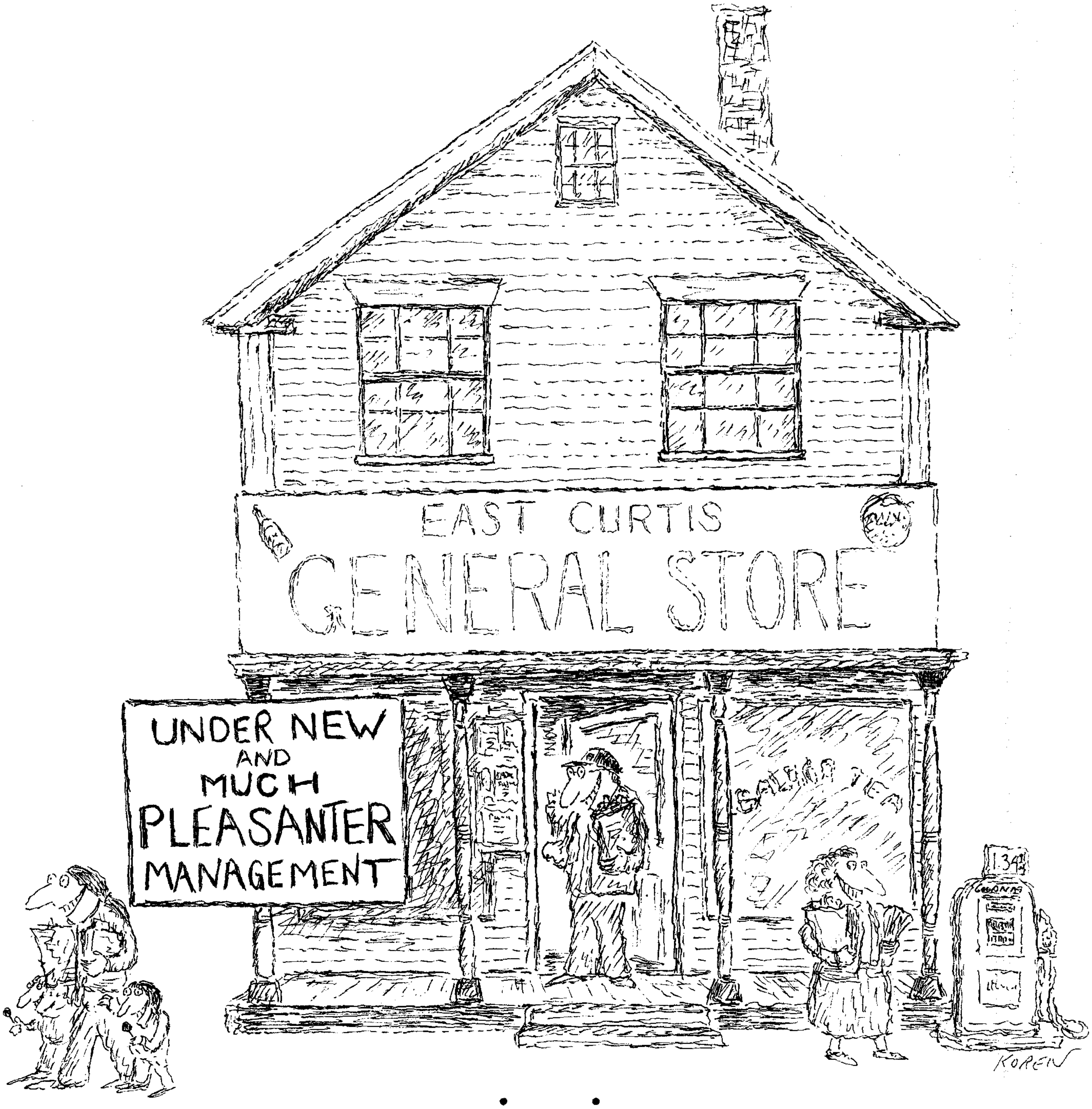
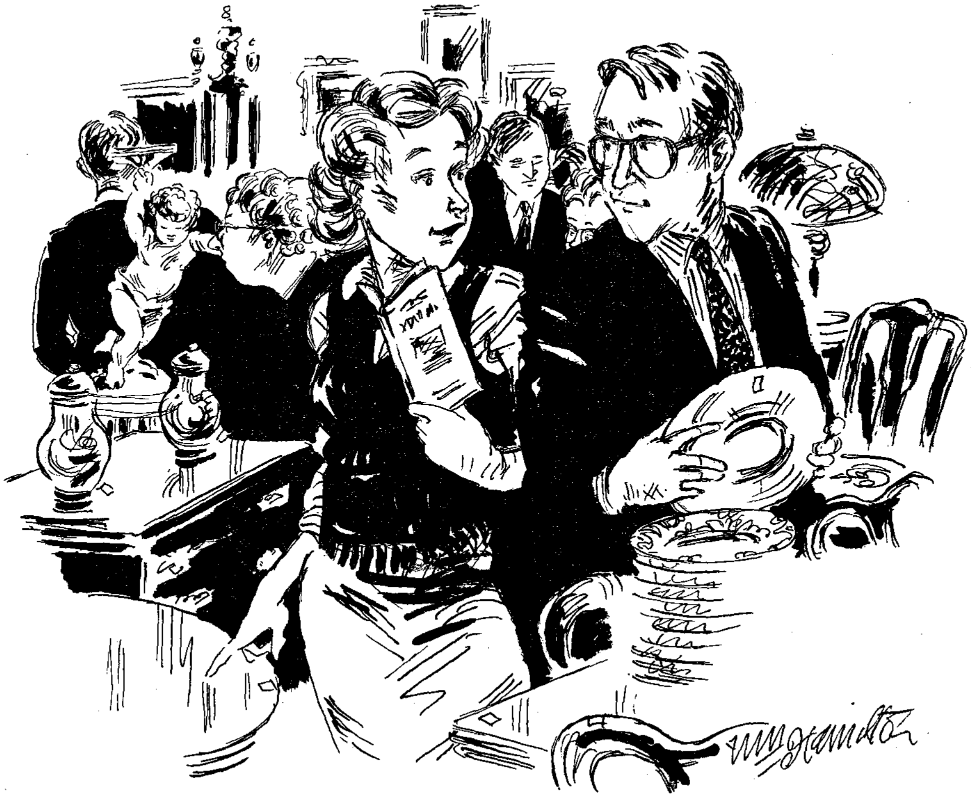

EAST CURTIS
GENERAL STORE
UNDER NEW AND MUCH PLEASANTER MANAGEMENT
KOREN

begun to ring. The head of his company back in New Jersey called repeatedly, at first to commiserate and then to engineer a way in which Carson's missed appointments could be patched without the expense of an additional trip. So Carson, sitting up in his adaptable mattress, placed calls to the appropriate personnel and gave an enfeebled version of his pitch; the white-noise company expressed keen interest in digital color-graphics imaging, and Carson mailed them his firm's shiny brochure on its newest system (resolutions to 640 pixels per line, 65,536 simultaneous colors, image memory up to 256K bytes). The secretary from the other company, who had sounded sympathetic on the phone so long ago, showed up in person; she turned out to be somewhat younger than her voice, and comely in a coarse way, with bleached frizzed hair, the remnant of a swimming-pool tan, and active legs she kept crossing and recrossing as she described her own divorce—the money, the children, the return to work after years of being a pampered suburbanite. "I could be one again, let me tell you. These women singing the joys of being in the work force, they can *have* it." This woman smoked a great deal, exhaling noisily and crushing each cerise-stained butt into a jar lid she had brought in her pocketbook, knowing the hospital discouraged smoking and provided no ashtrays. Carson had planned his afternoon in careful half-hour blocks—the staircase, thrice up and down; a visit to the waiting room, where he had begun to work on one of the jigsaw puzzles; a visit to his bathroom if his handled bowels were willing; finally, a luxurious immersion in a week-old *Newsweek* and the late innings of this Saturday's playoff game. His visitor crushed these plans along with her



"Have you ever thought about how well our collectibles would mesh?"

• •

many cigarettes. Then his own ex-wife telephoned, kittenish the way she had become, remarried yet something plaintive still shining through, and with a note of mockery in her voice, as if descending into a strange city with a bursting appendix was, like his leaving her and ceasing to teach mathematics, one more willful folly. His son called collect from Mexico the next day, sounding ominously close at hand, and spacey, as long awkward silences between father and son ate up the dollars. His daughter never called, which seemed considerate of her. She and Carson knew there was no disguising our solitude.

He found that after an hour in his room and bed he became homesick for the stairs. At first, all the flights had seemed identical, but now he had discovered subtle differences among them—old evidence of spilled paint on one set of treads, a set of numbers chalked by a workman on the wall of one landing, water stains and cracks affecting one stretch of rough yellow plaster and not another. At the bottom, there were plastic trash cans and a red door heavily marked with warnings to push the crash bar only in case of emergency; at the top, a plain steel door, without handle or window, defied penetration. The doors at the landings in between each gave on a strange outdoor space, a kind of platform hung outside the door leading into the hospital proper; pre-poured cement grids prevented leaping or falling or a clear outlook but admitted cool fresh air and allowed a fractional view of the city below. The neighborhood here was flat and plain—quarter-acre-lot tract houses built long enough ago for the bloom of newness to have wilted and dilapidation to be setting in. The hospital wall, extending beyond the projecting staircase, blocked all but a slice of downward vision containing some threadbare front yards, one of them with a tricycle on its side and another with a painted statue of the Virgin, and walls of pastel siding in need of repainting, and stretches of low-pitched composition-shingled roof—a shabby small-town vista here evidently well within the city limits. He never saw a person walking on the broad sidewalks, and few cars moved along the street even at homecoming hour. Nearest and most vivid, a heap of worn planking and rusting scaffold pipes, and a dumpster coated with white dust and loaded with plaster and lathing, testified to a new phase of construction as the hospital continued to expand. Young men sometimes came and added to the rubbish, or loudly threw the planking around. These efforts seemed unorganized, and ceased on the weekend.

Drab housing and assembled rubble, what he saw through the grid of the cement barrier that permitted no broad view nevertheless seemed to Carson brilliantly real, moist and deep-toned and full. When he had first come to this landing—still unable to climb stairs, the I.V. pole at his side—just shoving open the door had been an effort, and the raw true outdoor air had raked through his still drugged system like a sweeping rough kiss, early fall air mixing football and baseball, stiff with cold yet damp and not quite purged of growth. Once he heard the distant agitation of a lawnmower. Until the morning he was released, he would come here even in the dark and lean his forehead against the cement and breathe, trying to take again into himself the miracle of the world, programming himself, as it were, to live—the air cool on his bare ankles, his bowels resettling around the ache of their healing.

THE taxi took him straight to the airport; he saw nothing of the city but the silhouettes beside the highway and the highway's scarred center strip. For an instant from the air a kind of map spread itself underneath him, and was gone. Yet afterward, thinking back upon the farm voices, the far-off skyscrapers, the night visits of the nurses, the doctors with their unseen, unsullied homes, the dozens of faces risen like bubbles to the surface of his pain, it seemed he had come to know the city intimately; it was like, on other of his trips, those women who, encountered in bars and paid at the end, turned ceremony inside out, and bestowed themselves without his knowing their name.

—John Updike

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the International Herald Tribune*]

Over the past 18 months, China has become a major supplier of the West's imports of molybdenum, cadmium, chromium and strontium, providing about 10 percent of total imports of these metals from the non-Communist world, according to Western sources.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE UNDERCLASS—I

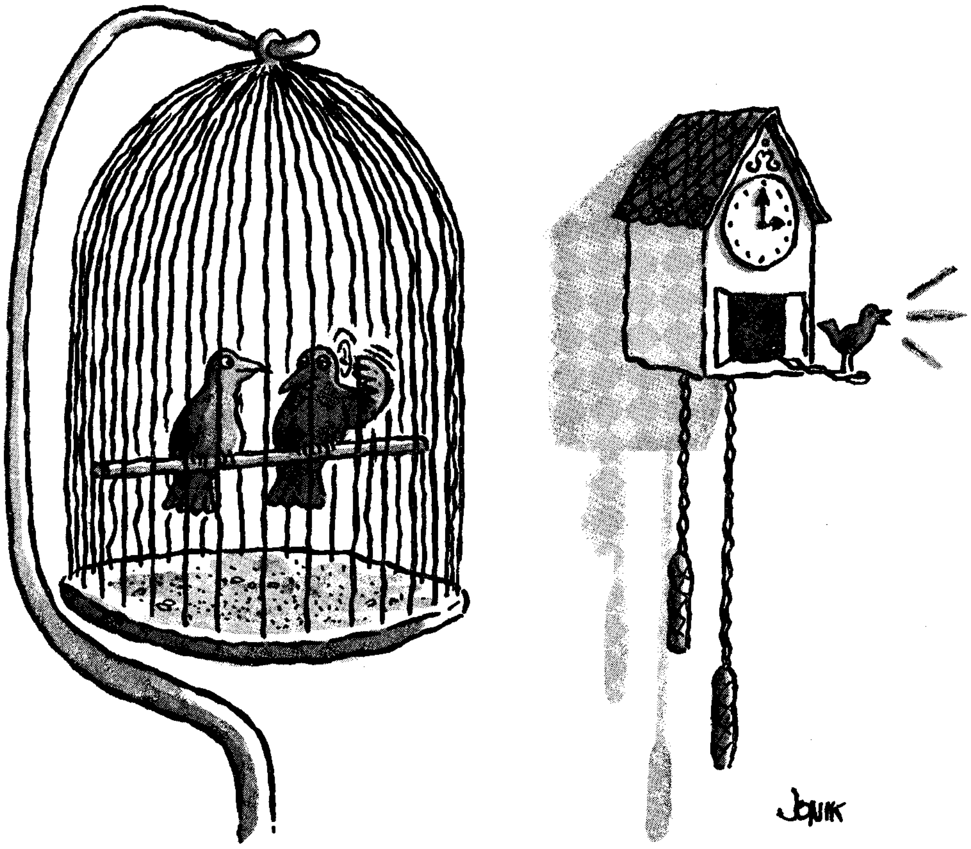
THE life-skills class convenes on Tuesday and Friday mornings, and among the twenty-two students registered for it are people who have been murderers, muggers, stickup men, chain snatchers, pimps, burglars, heroin addicts, drug pushers, alcoholics, welfare mothers, and swindlers. Their teacher, Howard Smith, is a former heroin addict, drug peddler, welfare cheat, and near-alcoholic, and has spent several of his thirty-nine years behind bars. Beginning in December of 1979, I joined these students and rode a creaking elevator to the tenth floor of the Wildcat Skills Training Center, on West Thirty-seventh Street, for the first meeting of the class known as basic typing 27, which would continue for ten weeks and, for those who successfully completed that hurdle, would be followed by a twenty-week course called advanced office practices. Five afternoons and three mornings each week, in dreary, unheated classrooms with windows caked with dirt and naked pipes crisscrossing the ceiling, they would partake of standard training fare—English, math, and clerical and typing instruction. The remaining six hours would be devoted to life skills—the course that Howard Smith teaches.

Life skills is not a typical academic offering, but, then, this is not a typical class. Most of the students are high-school dropouts; few have ever held a regular job. To be eligible for BT-27 and the other classes at Wildcat, which are part of a national experiment, a person must satisfy one of four sets of criteria: be an ex-offender who has been released from prison within the past six months; be an ex-addict who has recently been or is currently in a treatment program; be a female who has been unemployed and on welfare for thirty of the preceding thirty-six months, and has no children under the age of six; or be a youth between the ages of seventeen and twenty who has dropped out of school (half of the dropouts must be delinquents). In the sixties, such people were referred to as the "hard-core" or "structurally" unemployed; today, they are sometimes referred to as the underclass. Whatever they are called, they constitute a group that few training or job programs reach. This experiment, called supported work by its founders, tried to test whether in the course of one year, with special counselling and training, such people could be lured into the world of work. Each participant was provided private or government employment at an initial salary of a hundred and five dollars a week. Unlike most supported workers in the United States, the Wildcat recruits who qualify also attend school for seven months of their year's enrollment. The experiment was designed by a New York-based nonprofit corporation, the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation (M.D.R.C.), which attracted money from the federal government, the Ford Foundation, and other sources to help finance the program.

In the first several weeks of the training regimen, the enrollment of BT-27 dwindled from twenty-two to sixteen. Ronald Brooks was arrested; Phillip Rivers, Earl Billings, Larry Pearl, and Stanley Lawrence were dismissed from the program for excessive absences and lateness; Liza Lance quit, because, Smith said, "she doesn't feel she can make it—she feels that everyone in the class is smarter than she is." (The names of all the students in this article have been changed.) With the orientation period over, Smith was ready to begin in earnest the life-skills process; his aim is to help each of the students confront the reality of his life, accept responsibility for it, and learn to communicate with others. Smith is a lean, lanky black man with a goatee, a mustache that rims his mouth, and a closely cropped Afro. He has the long arms of a basketball player, which he might have been if a birth defect had not deformed his right shoulder. He smiles easily, speaks softly, moves languidly, usually dresses casually, in a blazer and an open-necked shirt, and achieves an instant rapport with most students, because, he says, "I've been where they've been."

On this December day, Howard Smith circles the Formica-topped tables at which the class sits, and dispenses crayons and large sheets of white paper. He asks the students to sketch "anything significant in your life."

After several minutes, he invites William (Akim) Penn to step to a lectern at the front of the room, put his drawing on an easel, and share an account of his life with BT-27. Penn, a wiry, muscular man with jet-black



skin and a short Afro, begins haltingly, almost shyly. Pointing to a line of capital letters he has written across the top of the paper—"LOVE AND PEACE AND HAPPINESS"—Penn explains, "I had a close family. My mother and father were very close. That's why I put 'love and peace and happiness' there. In the eighties, I want to give them what they gave me." So far, he feels, he has given them heartache. He has been in and out of state prison frequently between 1974 and 1979, the last time for armed robbery. He has used pills, marijuana, cocaine, and alcohol, and has committed acts he would like to forget. Though he is only twenty-three, numerous scars mar his skin. A tiny bald spot in the middle of his head is from a knife that gouged a piece of his scalp. Two weeks after he was released from prison in 1979, four toughs leered at his date on a subway platform. Penn lunged at them, and they left him lying on the platform with a broken jaw and a gash that went from one side of his chin to the other. "After that incident, I was ready to put a pistol back in my hand," he says. "But I used my intelligence." It didn't help. Employers were wary of an ex-convict. Penn offered few skills, no job references, and a rather menacing look. Unable to find work, he turned to alcohol and welfare. Still, he says that the nineteen-eighties—he has written the numbers in bold black on his sheet of paper—are going to be good years, because supported work will "teach me I can be a person, allow me to recognize my abilities." He adds, "It also gets me off the street and puts money in my pocket." He boasts of his four-year-old son; of plans to marry the boy's mother, a twenty-three-year-old domestic worker who is on welfare; of his ambition to lead a new life. The members of BT-27 applaud Penn, and several slap his palm as he returns to his seat.

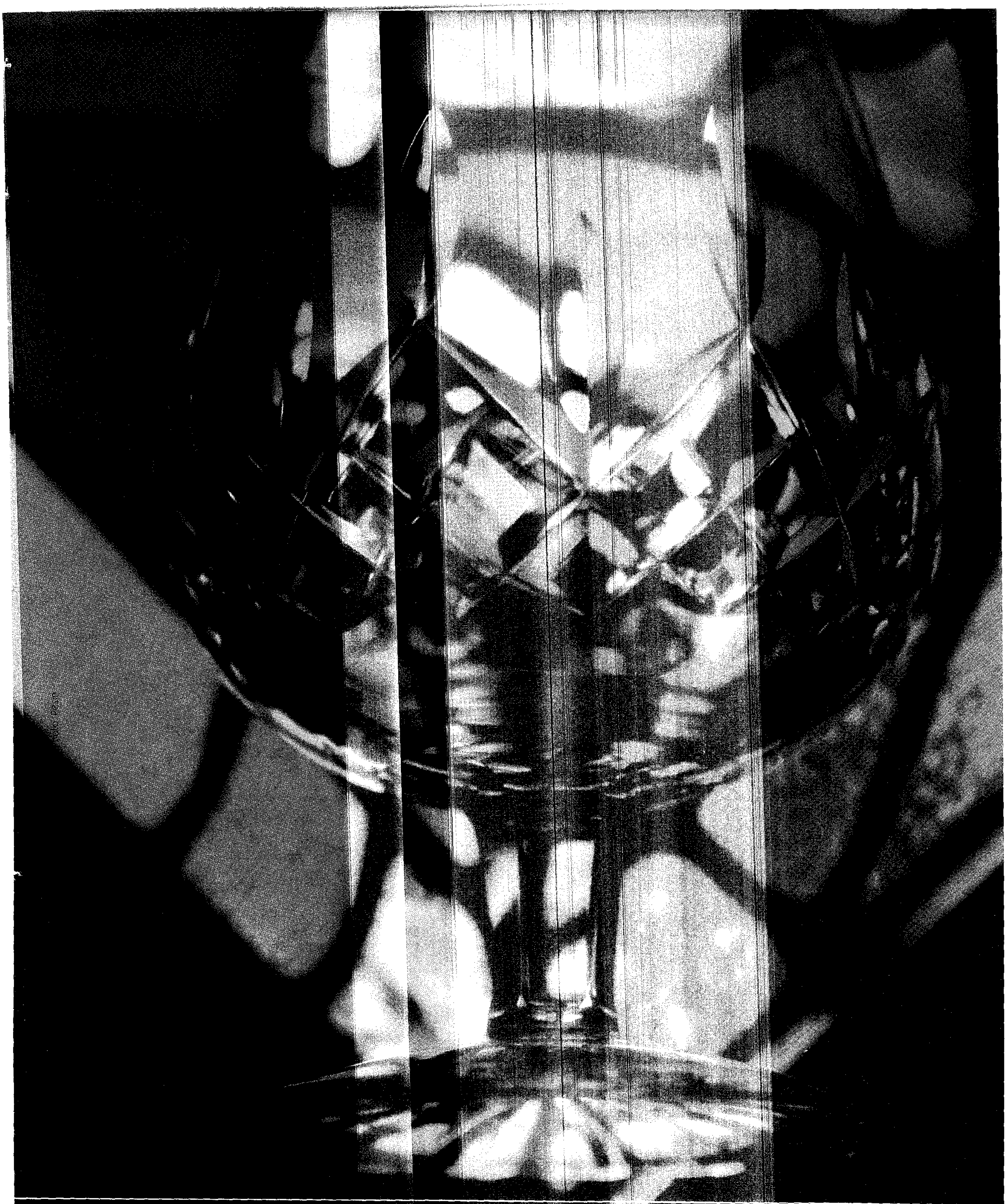
Next, William Mason ambles to the front of the room and attaches to the easel a drawing of a house surrounded by stick figures. At thirty-seven, Mason is the senior male member of BT-27, and in time he will become the dominant member of the class. A thin beard hugs his jawline, reaching up and around his mouth; he has a slightly waved Afro, with a red tint; he usually wears mirrored sunglasses, a bright flowered shirt, and gold chains. The house he has drawn, Mason explains, was in Salt Lake City, where he was born. When he was nine, the family moved to Brooklyn. "My mother had nineteen children, fifteen of them with my natural father," he says. He saw little of his father, and grew up with a man he called his stepfather. "My brothers and I were all right for a while," he says. "I looked after my baby sisters—there were four girls and fifteen boys. But I wanted to cut loose. I was the lead singer of a group called the Jesters. There were other things I wanted to do. I was a hell of a softball center fielder. And I idolized three people on the pool table. I became a good pool player. But I always wanted to be a fighter. So I walked away from sports and pool and became a fighter. I was good with my hands, but my hands got me put away." Mason explains that he had earned several karate belts, and while working as a bouncer in a bar he got into a fight with three men, which led to two months in jail. This was one of several collisions he had with the law, the most serious of which led to his spending thirteen months in prison for narcotics possession. "Now I want to be a success at Wildcat," he says. He tells the class that he has nine children, the oldest of them twenty-one, and eleven grandchildren. He is divorced, and currently lives with another woman and the youngest of his nine children, an eleven-year-old daughter.

A member of the class asks, "Are your brothers and sisters alive?"

"All but one sister," he replies. "She was murdered a month before I got out of prison."

Mason is the substitute father for his brothers and sisters. When a brother was mugged and stabbed, Mason sped to the hospital and spent the night there. When a sister was arrested, he accompanied her to court. In a fatherless home, he became the family rudder, as he later became the rudder for several members of BT-27.

Willy Joe is called upon, and he comes to the front of the room and puts his sketch on the easel. A thin twenty-four-year-old who jams his hands into the pockets of a



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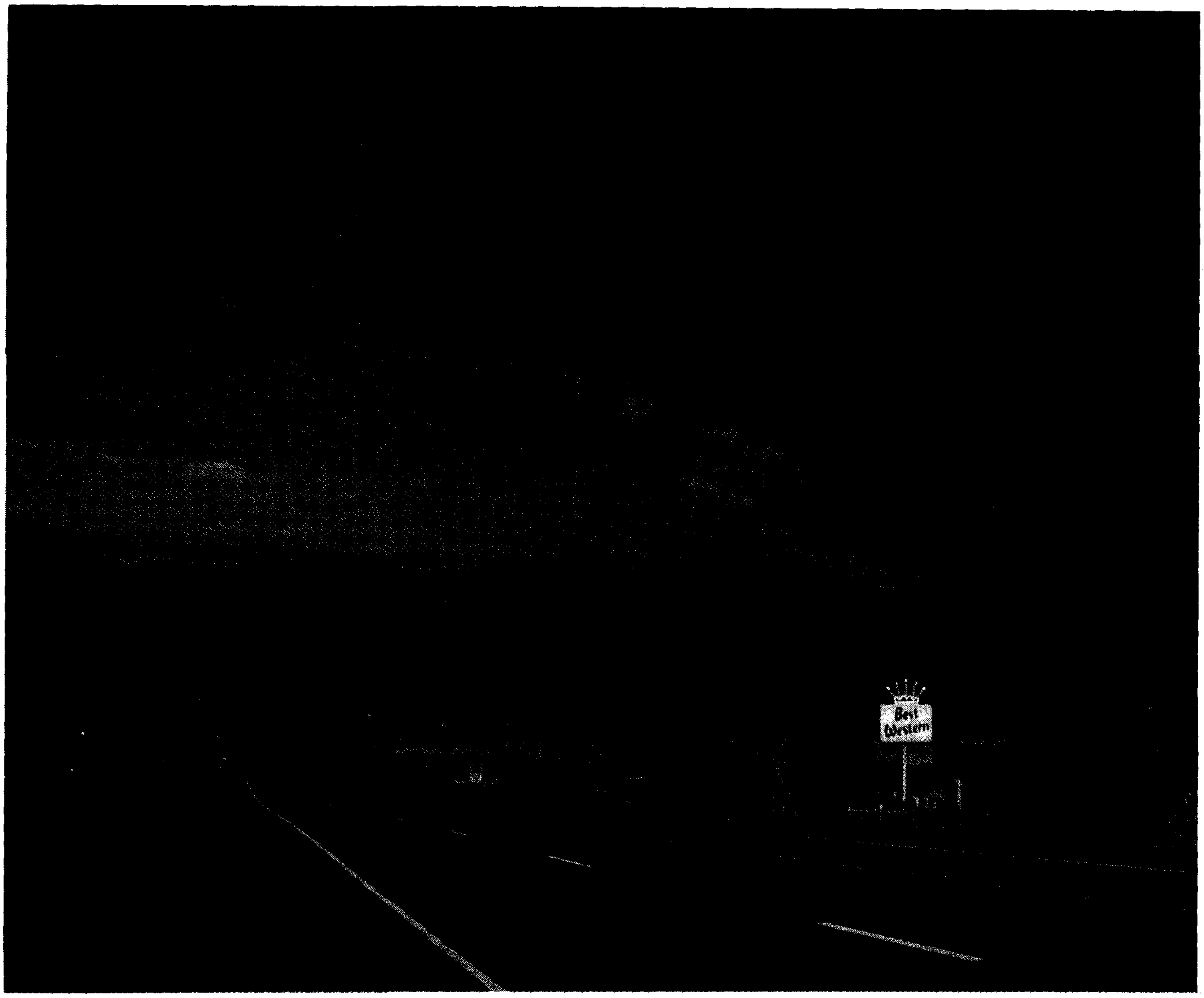

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black leather jacket, Joe moves lethargically, speaks slowly, and has a good-natured smile for everyone. The combination of kindness and vulnerability makes him appealing. He is not given to swagger or showboating, as some of the others are; he eagerly shares a backgammon game he brings to class every day, and he still possesses an innocence that allows him to open his life to strangers. Yet in depressed moments Joe will sigh, and say, "I just feel crushed." He has a passive personality; where a Mason will create and shape his opportunities, Joe waits for his. Joe starts by explaining that his family was from the South and moved to New York when his father abandoned them. "I think I'd remember his face," he says, noting that he was only a year old when his father left. There were five children, and the family struggled. "My mother made sure we did good," he says. "She did domestic work." When she couldn't find work, they survived on welfare. "Me and my mom had a lot of arguments, but I loved her. We'd go places together more than anybody else in the family." Written on Joe's paper are the word "Love" and several dates, including "1972"—the year his mother died of cancer. The children were raised by a stepfather. "I had a personal problem," Joe says. "I was unhappy in my family." He dropped out of school. At sixteen, he was arrested for stealing a car. He started smoking marijuana, graduated to heroin, and eventually entered a rehabilitation program for addicts. He straightened out, and went to cooking school by day and worked as a porter at night, finally latching onto a job as a cook at a fast-food restaurant in Manhattan. He was happy, but after a month he forged a company check and was fired. He bounced from part-time job to part-time job, once going a whole year without regular employment and making do by selling marijuana and working off the books for his older brother, who organizes disco dances. Of the part-time employment, he says, "I had no interest after a while. There were all these rules and pressure. So I got into disco. I met a lot of girls. That's why I put 'Love' here." He points to the word on the drawing. Joe also returned to crime, and not long afterward he was convicted and sentenced to five years on Rikers Island for sticking up a store. While he was in prison, a girl he had dated for two months bore him a son, whom he has never seen, and who, he says, lives somewhere—he does not know where—in Trenton. After ten months, Joe was released from prison. Today, he lives in his brother's house "with my old lady" and their year-old daughter, in the devastated East New York section of Brooklyn. In the early weeks of class, Joe regularly showed off their snapshots, which he kept in his wallet. "Now I'm in Wildcat trying to get it back together," he concludes.

Gladys Miller declines Howard Smith's invitation to share her drawing, saying that she's too nervous. Carlos Rodriguez accepts, but steps to the front of the room only after receiving encouragement from Pearl Dawson, an older woman he insists on sitting beside each day. Rodriguez is a slender, effeminate-looking young man who shields his eyes with dark sunglasses and grips the lectern to steady his trembling hands. His skin is chalk-colored and is speckled with pimples, betraying his age—nineteen. Rodriguez tells the class that he is one of five children and was born in Spanish Harlem. He qualified for BT-27 as a school dropout and delinquent youth. His fondest childhood memory, he says, is of helping teachers direct school plays. Other memories are not so bright. When he was eight, his father and his mother split up, he says. Life seemed to go downhill from there. After two years, his mother and the children moved to Puerto Rico, where he lived with an aunt. Spanish vexed him, and he was demoted from the fifth grade to the second. A month later, he was moved to the fourth grade. He felt lost. His aunt, with whom he continued to live even after his mother got her own house, died after a prolonged illness. Finally, in 1978, he returned to New York. "I couldn't find a job, because I had no experience in the city," he says. Eventually, he received a job under the federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA). "I made three thousand police barriers for the Pope's visit to New York in 1979," he says. Rodriguez hopes to go to college and become an airline flight attendant and, one day, a pilot. "You travel to a lot of places and meet a lot of interesting people," he says.

MUMS
R.Davidson

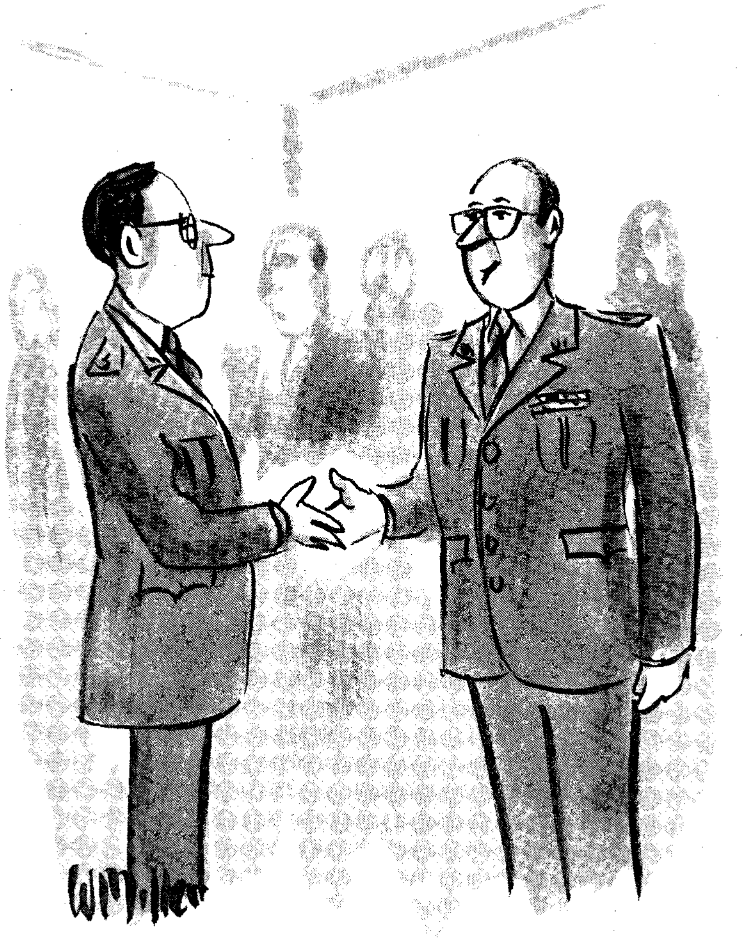
Pearl Dawson prefers to keep part of her résumé private. A woman with high cheekbones, narrow eyes, and an Afro, she dresses as if she worked in a fashionable Manhattan office, which sets her apart from the others in the class. She has on a herringbone-tweed jacket, a long-collared fire-engine-red silk shirt, and dark tapered slacks. She does not volunteer her age—forty-five—or the fact that she was convicted of manslaughter in 1976. She keeps to herself, quietly performs her assigned tasks, and demonstrates a fierce determination to land a good job—a goal that she knows is compromised by her age and her criminal record. Pearl Dawson says that she was the next to youngest of eight children and was born in Newport News, Virginia. Although her father died when she was two, "we were never hungry," she says. "We were never unclothed. We were never on welfare. We grew up normally." There were piano lessons, a procession of pet dogs, a fling as a tomboy, a stint as a soloist in the high-school choir, and the honor of being selected class valedictorian. "But due to unforeseen circumstances"—the birth of a boy—"I never graduated." At seventeen, she became a mother and a housewife. A second son was born the following year. Her husband was in the Army, and her life seemed to be going well, but in 1962 he divorced her. She remarried in 1969 but began to drink heavily. Pointing to "1976," highlighted on her drawing, she says, "In 1976, he went that way. Then I had a drinking problem and got help from A.A." (In a drunken rage during this period, she knifed a woman fatally, and she served eighteen months in prison.) In 1978 (when she left prison), her health was frail, she could not find a job, and she wound up living alone on welfare in Jamaica, Queens. She resented the prying forms and the nosy social workers and the degrading waits at the welfare office. She tried a CETA job, but it led to a dead end. Then, in late 1979, she was introduced to Wildcat by her probation officer. "My main aim is for a secure job, so I can get off this welfare, 'cause this welfare is bugging me to death," she says.

At twenty-two, John Hicks could

pass for one of Pearl Dawson's children. He is a handsome cocoa-colored man with flared, bushy sideburns and a manner that mixes pride and defiance. His sketch reveals the same qualities. It features a road that twists and turns, with a house and what he identifies as apple trees at one end, and the word "Hell" at the other. "I had my first encounter with the law in 1975," he says. "I was placed on probation for four years. In 1979, I violated parole and was incarcerated for six months. I got out on September 6, 1979. My daughter was born on September 26th. Then I went into Wildcat. Now I plan to take the civil-service test on January 12th. Wildcat is not the only option I have. I plan to go to college in Jamaica, Queens, and study social science. I want to forget about the rat race, have a nice family. It may not be in New York. That's what I want to do in life."

"What does the 'Hell' road mean?" Howard Smith asks.

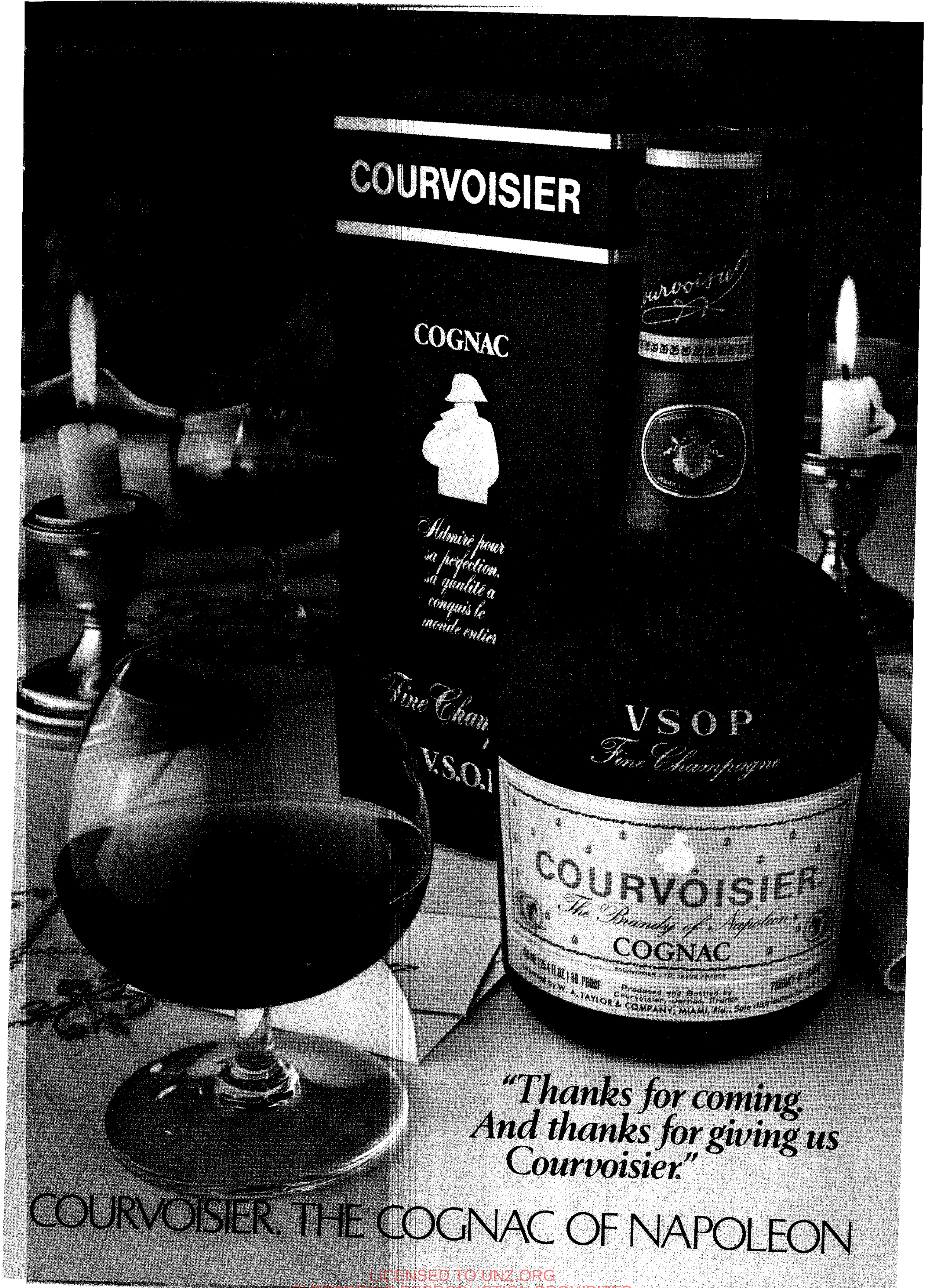
"An idle mind is a playground for the Devil," Hicks responds. "I may or may not finish Wildcat. But if I don't it's not because I don't have options." He tells the class that he once managed a Nedick's, and that he received a high-school-equivalency certificate—a General Education Diploma, or G.E.D. He complains about Wildcat's "rules and regulations" and meagre pay. With an almost tenth-grade reading level—high for Wildcat—Hicks wonders whether he's not already ahead of what Wildcat can offer. He is the only currently married member of BT-27; his wife attends York College. He's proud of that and confident that he can pass the civil-service test, and thinks constantly about whether he wouldn't be better off elsewhere. But he has doubts, and concludes, "I benefit from being here. It's getting me ready for college."



"Major Deegan, but of course not the Major Deegan."

Jerome Patterson, who goes by the name Mohammed, is next. His head is shaved, and he wears a small Black Muslim cap. Mohammed is attired in a black vest, a black shirt, and black pants; he has ebony skin and is missing his front teeth. "I was born in '57," he says, pointing to a sketch showing an assortment of dates and numbers. "As you can see here, I have a question mark about my sister and myself, because I don't know who our father was." In all, four children were born to his mother, in Macon, Georgia, but one of them died at birth. Before he was a teen-ager, their mother bundled them off to Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section. The family became dependent on welfare, and he remembers how welfare weakened his mother's self-confidence, led her to say, "I can't do no better." Mohammed remembers liking to draw, but his most persistent memory is of being consumed by anger—initially at white racism, then at society. He became a street criminal, and was first arrested at the age of twelve, for snatching an elderly woman's pocketbook. He later became a warlord in a youth gang. "My mother, she tried to play the role of my father," he says. "We didn't listen." As a juvenile he was convicted ten times; he has lost count of the number of arrests. He was sent to three reform schools and to a mental institution. He joined the Black Panthers. "I was very limited and very racist," he recalls. By his late teens, Mohammed had advanced to heroin and a conviction for attempted murder. When he got out of prison for that crime, he went right back in, for armed robbery. "I was going a hundred and twenty miles an hour in a fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed zone." In prison, he became a convert to the Nation of Islam. After Mohammed was released, finding a job proved difficult, and he went on welfare. "It doesn't motivate you at all," he says of welfare. "It makes you a lazy being." But he was inspired by religion, he says. "I stopped using drugs. I stopped jumping on my sister. I learned respect. The Lord blessed me. He blessed me great. He gave me internal peace." At twenty-two, Mohammed was recruited by the Wildcat program. Now, Mohammed tells his classmates, he wants to become an architectural draftsman.

Like Mohammed, William Block favors dark clothes, and in class he is generally subdued. Born on the lower East Side, he was abandoned to the care of a grandmother when he was an infant. They moved to Harlem when he was twelve. His grandmother tried to discipline him for poor school attendance, but he ignored her. Dropping out of school, Block got married at seventeen, and had a son. He moved his family to Baltimore, entered and completed a technical-training course, and landed a decent job. But bad luck intervened. Block's house was destroyed by fire; soon thereafter, his son died of a congenital heart defect. Seeking to start anew, the Blocks moved to Georgia. Life was never the same, however, and in 1970 the marriage dissolved. He began to drink, and wandered back to New York, where, in 1972, he says, "I got into an argument and shot and killed somebody." Block was never apprehended, and he returned to Georgia. In 1976, under circumstances that go unexplained, he was shot twice—the bullets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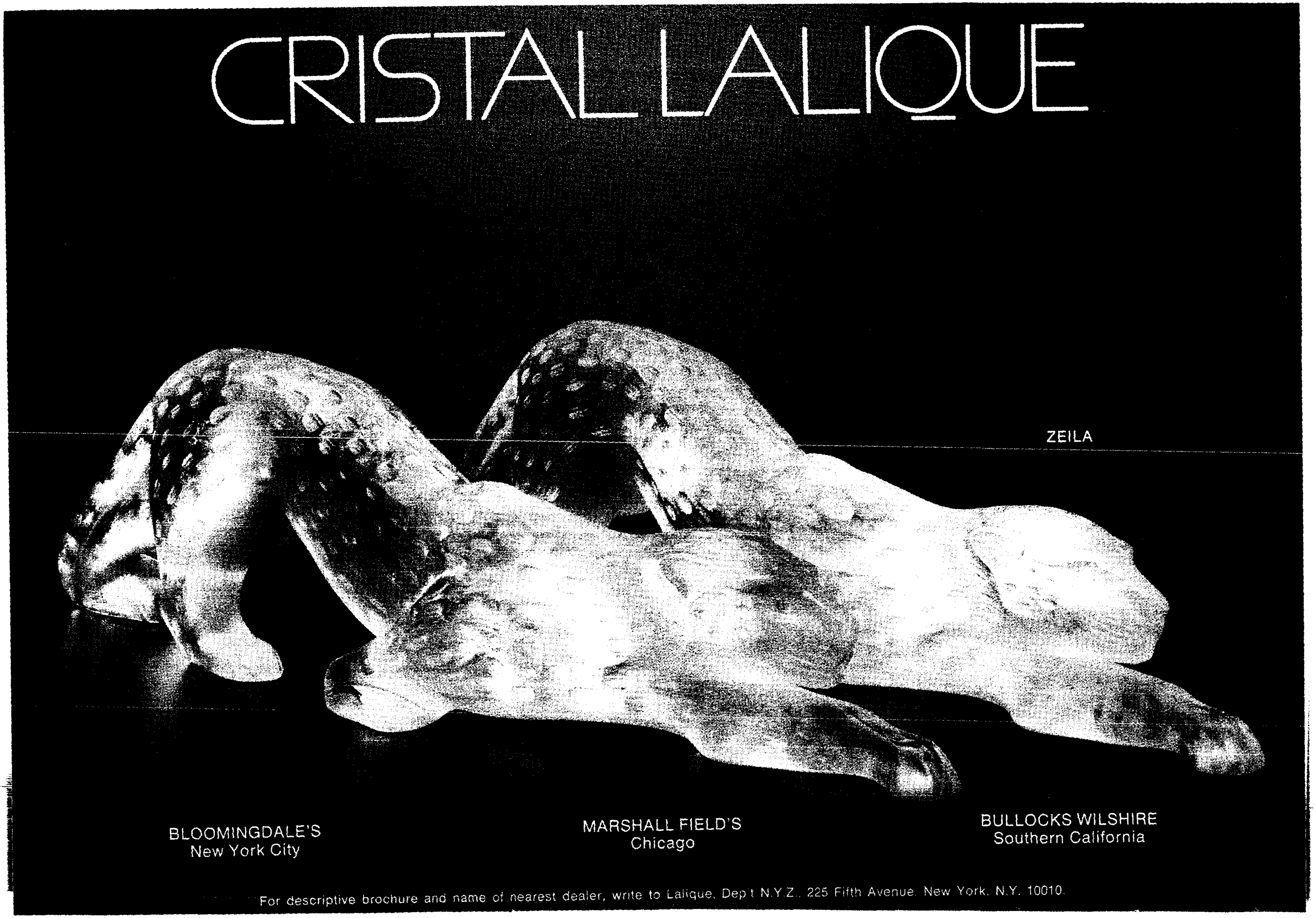

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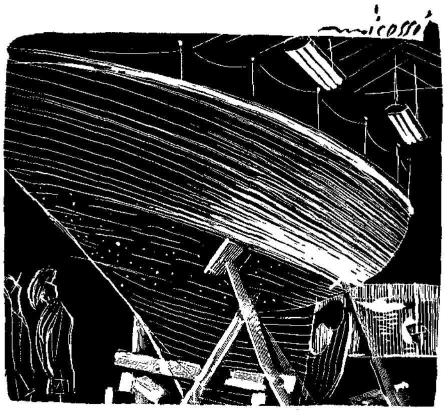
lodged near his heart—and was subsequently arrested and sentenced to three years in prison. "I did two years, and it was a good two years," he says. "It gave me time to think. I'm twenty-eight now, I've been working since fourteen." When he got out, he went to live in Bedford-Stuyvesant. His health was bad, he still drank, and job doors were slammed in his face because he was an ex-convict, so welfare became his only lifeline. Pointing to a "1980" at the top of his drawing, Block says, "Nineteen-eighty is a year of peace for me. I won't let nothing affect me. When I was in jail, I let nothing affect me. I had no fights."

Hicks asks, "Can't you get a job as a technician that pays more than Wildcat?"

"They want job experience," Block answers in a shy, solemn voice. "But how do you get on-the-job experience unless you have a job? Man, you go two, three years not working and hanging around and smoking reefer or drinking and then you get a job—you can't handle it. You do two, three years of idleness and after the first two, three weeks of working, you feel people are pushing you. You say, 'I don't want to get up in the morning, get pushed and shoved. I'm gonna get on welfare.' Unless a man sits down and gives it good thought, he's not gonna figure out how he got there. He's gonna fall into the same cycle. I'm twenty-eight, and have been working for fourteen years. Never the same job more than one year." Eventually, Block tells the class, he hopes to flee crowded Bedford-Stuyvesant and resettle in the rural South.

John Painter, who is as gregarious as Block is subdued, also has a year pencilled in at the top of his drawing —"1960." An apple and the year signify where and when he was born. A stick figure in the drawing is "my mother taking me home," he says. His mother died during an abortion when he was less than a year old; he does not know who his father was. He was adopted by his mother's brother, who lived in Brooklyn. Painter says, "The people I call my mother and father—they stuck by me." But he was a troubled youth; at fourteen, he was frequenting bars and drinking heavily. Attempting to steer him away from a street gang, his adoptive parents, who are not poor—Mr. Painter is a superintendent in the Postal Service—moved from Brooklyn to Queens. Moving didn't help. Painter didn't listen, added marijuana to his alcohol habit, and was soon suspended from school. Desperate, the parents talked him into joining the Army, in 1977. That didn't help, either. During basic training, he was arrested for robbing a Holiday Inn in Virginia at gunpoint. The next seventeen months he spent in prison. "I said when I got out I'd rip off everything I see," he goes on. "I was lucky to have a parole officer who talked to me on my level. He introduced me to Wildcat. In 1979, I seen a rainbow"—he points to an arc in his drawing—"and the rainbow was Wildcat." Still, he is ambivalent. Although he is twenty, Painter still fantasizes about going to St. John's University and becoming a basketball star. He is a tall, athletic, and good-looking light-skinned black man. In class, he will often browse through a newspaper or ponder a book of crossword puzzles he keeps in a hip pocket. "At the age of twenty, it would be a crime for a man who knows as much as I know not to be famous," he boasts. "I can't take orders. I can't have no one telling me what to do. I can't take no job for nineteen years. I got to be my own boss. But I know that for five years I got to be an employee."

Timothy Wilson, who just turned nineteen, is the youngest member of BT-27. He usually comes to class lugging an attaché case, which contains samples of poetry he writes and books dealing with black subjects, like Alex Haley's "Roots." Wilson has perfect teeth, and he smiles frequently. He is six feet tall and wears an untamed Afro that makes him appear half a foot taller. And, like Painter, he begins by speaking of a broken home. He points to a heart cut in two, in his sketch. "My mother was sixteen when she had me," he says. "My father was young. They couldn't handle it. They shipped me to all these homes." He lived in four foster homes. The experience left scars, as it has on many of the children who have been in foster care. "You had a few people who were homosexuals try to molest guys. I had to take care of myself. It affected me in a lot of ways that I was not with my family." At thirteen, he left Chicago, where he was born, and moved to Philadelphia. He lost track of his parents. "I felt inadequate. I knew nobody. The only way to know anybody was to hang out. I was really out of it. I started using drugs to be accepted. So I just grew in this environment." He says that after a while "the only way I could express my feelings was with a baseball bat and hitting someone on the side of the head." He became a heroin addict and stole for "necessities." In December of 1978, he was arrested for mugging a woman outside a check-cashing store at Sumner Avenue and Fulton Street, in Brooklyn, and served forty-five days on Rikers Island. He was released to a rehabilitation center in Queens, where "I found out I had a lot of talent." He began to compose verses, to play the piano, and to realize that he was a good talker, a natural salesman. He boasts of being interviewed with other ex-addicts on the Stanley Siegel TV show; he tells of falling in love with a young girl at the drug center and of how he intends to marry her; and he tells of his reconciliation with his mother, with whom he now lives and whom he helps support, in Bedford-Stuyvesant.



"How important is it to love yourself?" Howard Smith asks.

"I'm not talking about loving myself. I'm talking about self-respect," Wilson says.

Ramon Lopez has none of Wilson's ostensible self-confidence. His drawing proceeds from a house surrounded by trees to an airplane and from there to a box with bars in front and with "P.S. 141" pencilled in. "I was born in a house in Puerto Rico," says Lopez, who has short, curly hair, a thin mustache, and a friendly smile, which he nervously flashes to fill the pauses between his words. "There was lots of grass and trees. I went to school there. I got on a plane and came here." He entered public school in the Bronx, but he couldn't keep up with English, and was demoted two grades. He tried another school, but eventually he quit. "I got out," he says. "I figured I was dumb enough. I was eighteen. It was time to get out of school. I figured I wasn't gonna make it. I started spending time on the street. After five days, my mother found out I wasn't in

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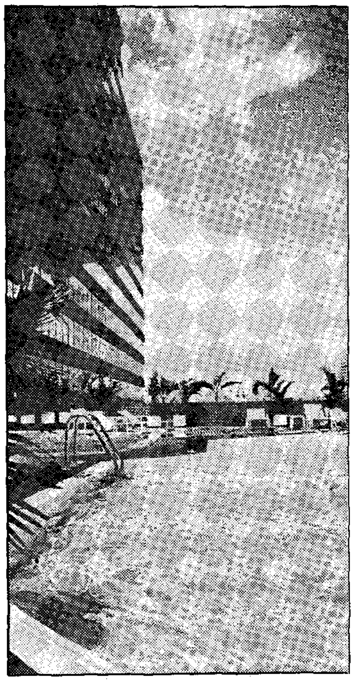

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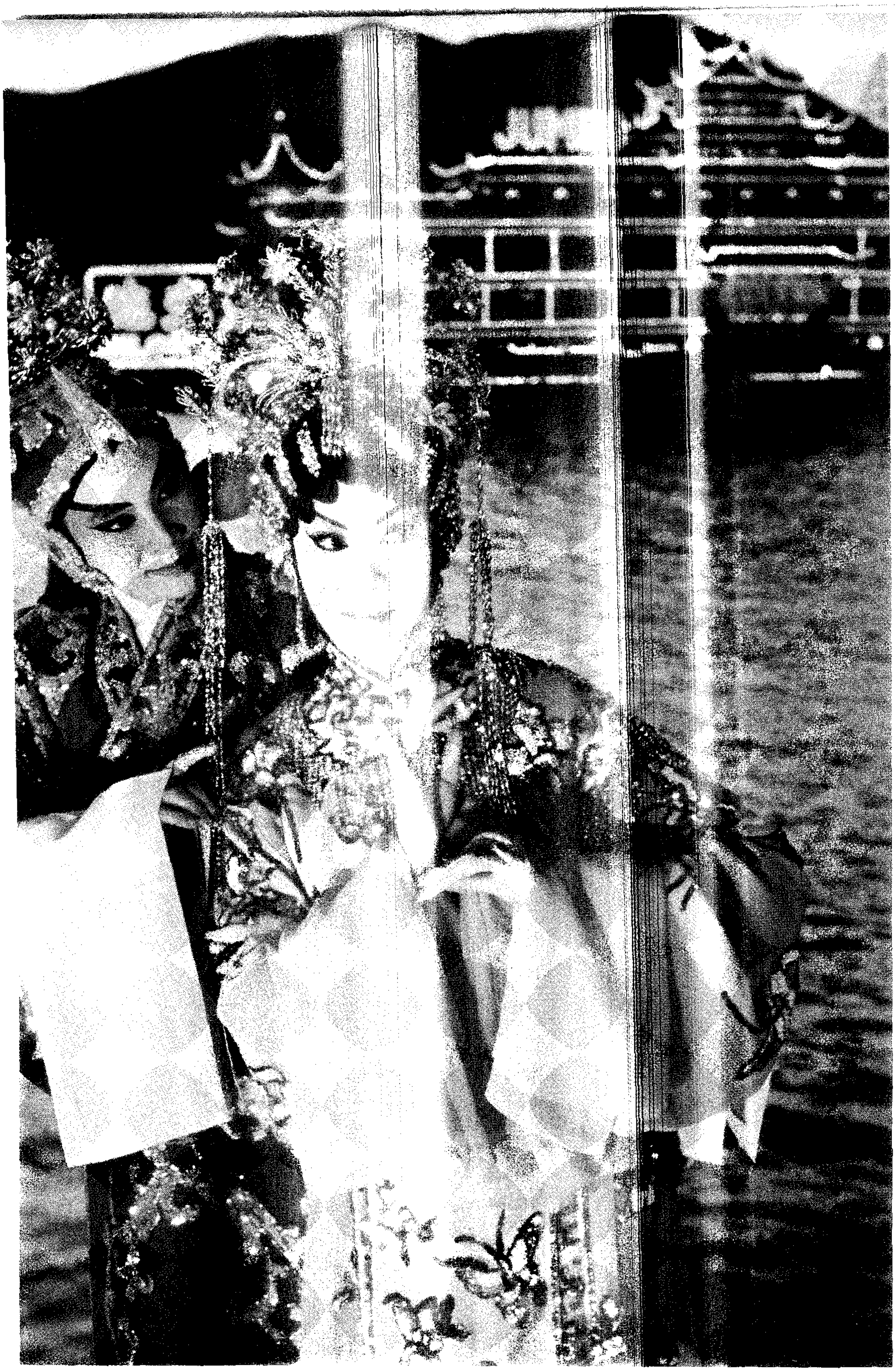
school. She said, 'Son, if you don't want to go to school, go to work.' I did." Now thirty-two years old, Lopez has never held a job for more than seven months. Initially, after working at a number of jobs, he tried to go back to school to improve his reading skills, but he soon dropped out again, to join the Army. After two years in the Army, he returned to New York; he took it easy, began smoking marijuana, learned to hustle to make money, and eventually began to use heroin. "I bought a gun. I no shoot nobody, but I got caught with it." Lopez went to jail for three years, came out, searched vainly for steady work, and then went on welfare. Suddenly, Lopez stops talking, glares down at the lectern, gripping its sides, and blurts, "Friends are a lot of crap!" Just as suddenly, his smile returns, and Lopez repeats information about his pleasant childhood house.

Denise Brown also grew up in a nice house. An attractive black woman with copper-tinted hair and rouged cheeks, wearing a pastel suit and with two gold chains looped around her neck, she tells her classmates she was born into a "well-to-do" Montreal family twenty-eight years ago. There were ten children in all, and, as the eldest, she was often assigned to do the shopping and the babysitting. "I was like a second mother in the house—which I couldn't handle, because I was so young," she says. "I had a lot of family problems. My parents split. I had to take on more responsibility. I lost my childhood. Then, later, there was another man in the house. He was a child-molester. Violent. And my mother didn't believe it. As I got older, my mother got threatened by my presence in the house." Denise then lived with a succession of relatives, finally fleeing with a boyfriend to New York City, where she got a job at a Waldbaum's supermarket. "It was my first opportunity around large numbers of people. It was not so good, because I wasn't used to dealing with so many people." She took and passed a Postal Service examination, and worked for four years as a distribution clerk. "All day, all I did was sit down and place things in this machine." Bored and deeply in love, she agreed to store a package that her boyfriend, who also worked at the Postal Service, gave her to hold. It contained stolen money. "I wound up here"—she points to her rendering of a court bench—"looking at the big, bad judge. I lost my job." The boy-



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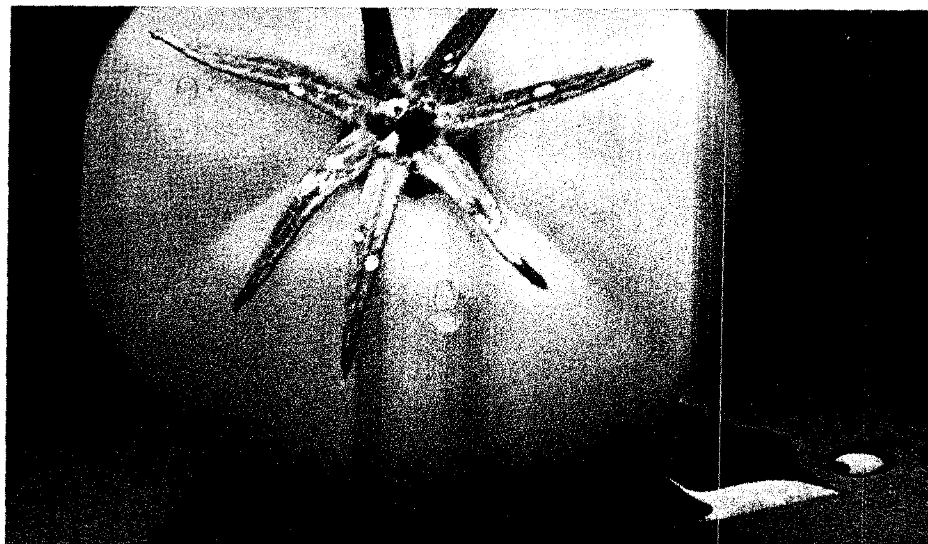

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friend was sent to jail for embezzlement. She was placed on parole for three years, but she couldn't find a job, and was stranded on welfare for two years. "By laying up so long, I became a dead individual. I lost all my skills at the post office. I was disgusted with the whole system, disgusted with the United States of America." Fortunately, she says, a probation officer introduced her to Wildcat's supported-work program. Denise feels better about herself, and now regularly visits her family in Montreal. "In my stay at Wildcat, I hope to complete the course, get my G.E.D., and become a communicator"—an air-traffic controller—"at airports."

Leon Harris, a burly, barrel-chested twenty-nine-year-old black man with a splotchy beard and a round face, takes a ruler in hand and bangs the lectern. "Order in court. I'm up here now." He tells of being the youngest of eleven children, born in San Francisco. "What I remember about childhood most is California girls," he says, lowering his voice and stretching out the last word. "As a child, I had a lot of trouble. I was hardheaded. Black sheep of the family." Harris felt that he was in competition with his father. The family moved to Brooklyn when he was fifteen. The competition at home grew. The sense of authority he now has with a ruler he got then with a gun. He says he earned a living as a "stickup kid," adding, "I bought a pistol for those dudes stronger than me. That pistol put me here." He points to prison bars in his sketch. Leon Harris remembers shooting people and sending unsigned "sorry letter"s to the relatives. He was not apprehended for these crimes. At twenty-two, he was arrested for armed robbery and convicted. "For five years, I cried," he says. When he got out, at twenty-seven, he began to rely on alcohol, marijuana, cocaine, and heroin. "I started hanging out with older people, gambling. I was good at that." He was, he says, always a good stickup man, earning sometimes three thousand dollars a day when he was very young. "I made enough money to buy my mother a house." He wound up back behind bars, this time for narcotics possession. When Harris was released in 1979, a parole officer introduced him to supported work. "Getting into Wildcat, at first I didn't dig it. Didn't dig taking orders. It was a sissy job." With the ruler, he taps a large question mark at the bottom of his drawing. "The question mark is not only on me but on Wildcat. Wildcat has federal funding, and it's not clear how long they'll have that." From the question mark, he has drawn two roads leading in opposite directions, with a door at the end of each. "There are two roads and two doors. One leading to a closed door, and the other to the graveyard."

HOW TO STAY DULL

Gladys Miller, who earlier refused to speak, now volunteers. "I'm kind of nervous," she admits, adjusting a black stocking cap with a pom-pom. At twenty-eight, Miss Miller is a heavy-set woman with a clipped Afro who lumbers about and has scars around both eyes. The youngest of three children, she was born in Salem, New Jersey, and her family moved to New York when she was still an infant. She toyed with drugs in high school, got hooked on heroin, and dropped out in the eleventh grade. She was in an automobile accident in 1970—the year is noted on her sketch—and received five thousand dollars in an insurance-company settlement. She used the money not to get married and resettle in the South, as she had planned, but to buy drugs. She exhausted it all in two and a half weeks. Broke, in 1972 she entered a methadone-maintenance program. Over the next several years, she says, she moved in with three different women on welfare. "I got into being gay by messing with drugs. I want nobody to misunderstand this—we're all ladies."

The students focus respectfully on their classmate. The silence is broken by a question about her future goals.

She responds, "I would like to go into the military service."

When Miss Miller returns to her seat, Howard Smith goes to the front of the room, scans and ponders the various faces, and then invites Henry Rivera and Hope Parker, both ex-addicts, to explain their drawings. Rivera is a goateed man of thirty-six who has never held a regular job and has left the mother of his child to the support of welfare. He speaks to few classmates, perhaps because his English is rudimentary; dreamy eyes and a swaying manner after the class's morning break make it seem optimistic to say he is an ex-addict. Miss Parker is black and twenty-eight and lives in Coney Island with her grandfather, who raised her while her parents pursued their own lives. Her hair is braided, and she wears thick eyeglasses in brown frames. Despite her poor eyesight, she will become the best typist in BT-27. But she is painfully shy—reflexively, she lifts a hand to hide a gap where two front teeth are missing—and, for as yet unexplained reasons, she is hostile to Smith. Both Rivera and Miss Parker refuse to speak. Smith does not press the matter.

Denise Brown asks Howard Smith why the class members have been put through this exercise of explaining their past.

"Because in real life you're going to be forced to talk," he says. Job interviewers will probe, and so will personnel officers and co-workers. Lie about what is unavoidably a part of your personnel file, he tells them, and you risk losing a good job opportunity. Besides, he says, it's important that the class members get to know one another. (The first week in class, he had them go around the room and recite the name of every one of their classmates each morning.) Later on in life skills, he says, he will put them through simulated job interviews, videotape their performances, and let them study the videotape, to sharpen their social skills for the world of work. "What did you think of it?" he asks the class.

"We all have something in common," Ramon Lopez says.

LATER, in his office, a cramped space down the hall from his classroom, Smith offers me a sketch of his own life. In many respects, his background parallels his students'. The oldest of three children, he was told when he was very young that his father might be dead. Recently, he has learned that his father may still be alive, but he does not know where he is. In any case, Smith does not remember him. What he does remember is that when he was five another man joined the household, and within a few years his mother had four more boys. The family of nine lived in Philadelphia and attended church, went on outings together, and observed regular mealtimes, and the children were punished if their grades were not sufficiently high. "My mother always insisted that I had to do best—or, at least, better," Smith recalls. He says that he never felt close to his stepfather. "He wasn't like a father to me. I missed that. He was close to my half brothers but not to me." Smith's deformed right shoulder kept him out of sports competition with friends. "And I stammered a lot," he continues. "Between the physical defect and the stammering problem and the isolation I felt from my stepfather, I was a very insecure kid. Never really expressing what I thought. Always conscious of how people treated me. Always looking for ridicule and mocking, almost to the point of being paranoid about friends and their motives. Yet at the same time always wanting close relationships. Outside my family, I wouldn't talk." He remained attached to his mother but resented being called a "sissy" for it. He began to resent her, and withdrew further. At thirteen, he gravitated to Jehovah's Witnesses. They encouraged him to open up, to talk freely, to be less self-conscious. He began to make friends, learned to dance, gained self-confidence. He began to think of himself as a ladies' man. But a new conflict arose: his friends were doing things that were frowned upon by Jehovah's Witnesses. He had to choose. "My friends won out," he says.

Just weeks before graduation, Smith abandoned high school and Philadelphia, going to live with his mother's father, on West 130th Street in Harlem. He became a member of a local Jehovah's Witness congregation, and tried to mix alcohol and sex with his religion. The congregation excommunicated him, and that, he says, had a "traumatic effect." He drank incessantly, and by 1965 "I was ripe for heroin," he says. "Most of my friends among Jehovah's Witnesses I had cut loose from. When I was at a New Year's Eve party with some new friends, they kept going into the back room. I followed, and there was a guy with blood trickling from his arm and another guy just finished with a hypodermic needle. In those few seconds, I experienced quite a few things—surprise, shock. Here were these two nice guys, with families, dressed well—they were doing it. I also resented the fact that we were supposed to be friends and yet they had never included me in it. I said, 'I want some, too.' They tried to argue me out of it—for about five minutes. Then they said, 'O.K.' I overdosed. I was out. I woke up with ice cubes on my testicles, and they were pouring milk down my throat." After that, Smith kept away from drugs for three or four months. He had a decent job, as a clerk at the New York State Athletic Commission. But he remained depressed, and felt estranged from his family and from Jehovah's Witnesses, so he returned to heroin. "I liked it," he recalls. "I stopped caring about Jehovah's Witnesses. Everything was mellower. I had a good job. I wasn't robbing or snatching pocketbooks. Heroin was 'in' then. I went to a friend's house six months later and said, 'I have the flu.' He said, 'No, you've got a habit.' I got a shot and my nose stopped running; the chills went. Then I knew. But I thought I still didn't have to be a mugger. I thought I'd be different."

Smith continues, "I remember one day sitting in my office and needing a shot. I went off into a deep sleep at the desk." The commission's medical director, who happened to be passing his desk, shook him awake and instructed him to appear the next day for a physical examination. Panicked, Smith put it off. He was desperate to hide the needle tracks on his arms, which he always covered with long-sleeved shirts. At home, he took a razor and slashed his left arm to camouflage the needle marks. To erase traces of heroin from his urine, he followed the advice of a friend and swallowed half a bottle of vinegar. Now he was ready for the examination.

The next day, however, the doctor merely shone a light into one eye and said, "Howard, how long have you been on drugs?" Smith offered to resign. The commission said that it would not accept his resignation. Instead, it arranged for him to enter a Long Island drug-treatment center. He was there only thirty days and then fled to Philadelphia. At first, he felt a new warmth with his family and stayed away from drugs, but the secure feeling soon subsided, and he returned to New York City. "As soon as I got back, I went 'cop'—go buy some drugs," he says. He was arrested several times for drug use, but he never spent more than one night in jail. He supported his growing habit by registering at half a dozen or more welfare offices simultaneously, giving a false date of birth, a fictitious address, and spurious parental names at each office—successfully scheming to receive six semi-monthly welfare checks. He could have faced a felony charge for this crime, but he was never caught. His day of reckoning came on August 29, 1969, when he was arrested for selling heroin to an undercover policeman. Smith was convicted and sentenced to three years at Great Meadow, a prison in Comstock, about two hundred miles north of New York City. He was promised treatment. "I was in prison, side by side with hard-core convicts," he says. "The therapy

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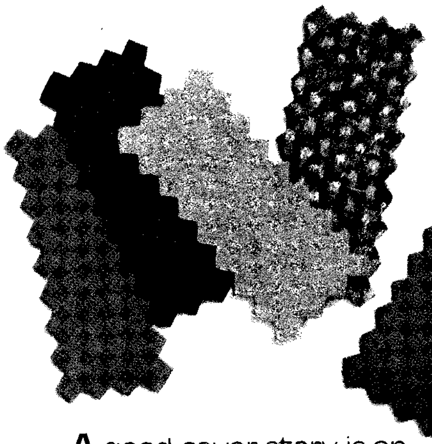

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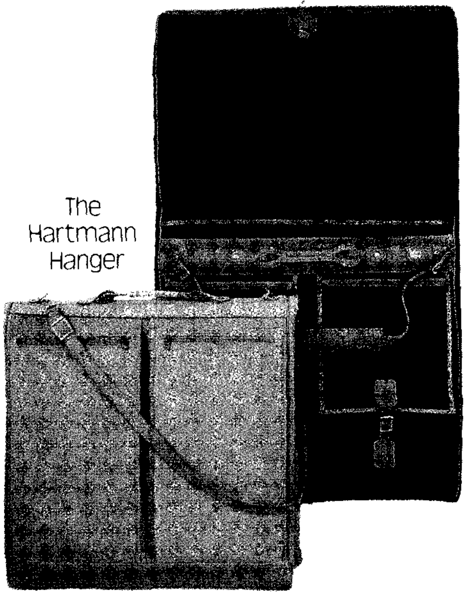

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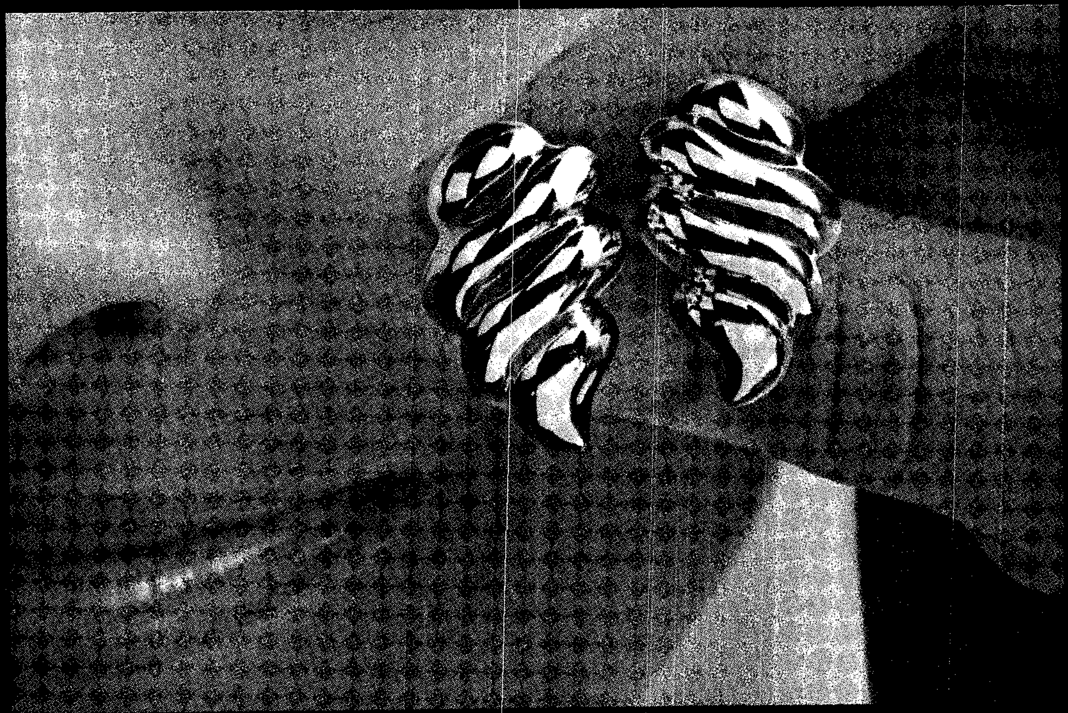

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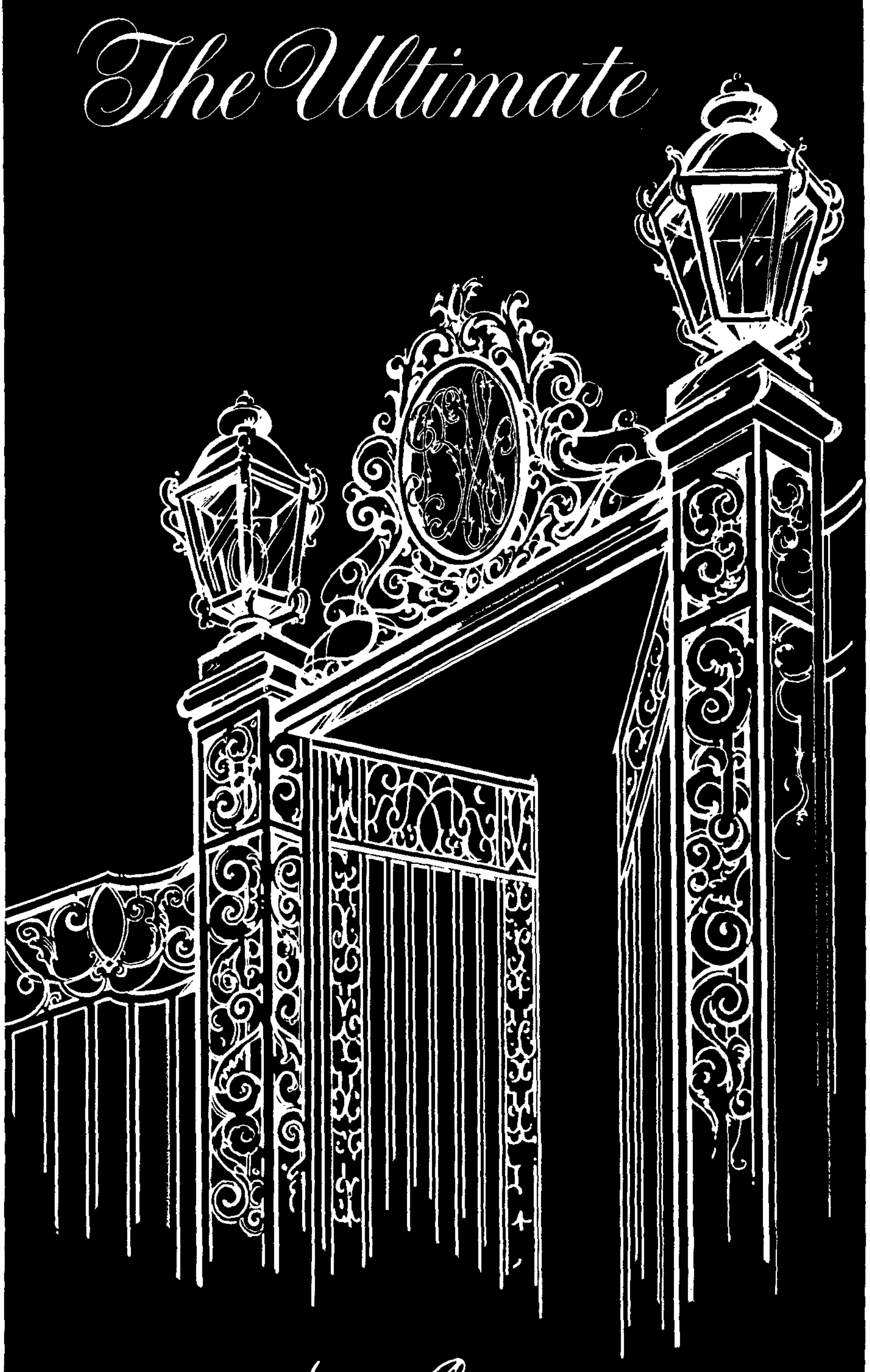
was almost nonexistent." Smith studied, and received his high-school-equivalency diploma.

After serving most of his sentence, Smith was released to a halfway house. "There I learned that addiction is not a matter of sticking a needle in your arm," he says. "Addiction is up here, in my head. And I was still addicted. As soon as the train pulled into Grand Central, I was anxious to get to Fox Street, in the Bronx, and some dope." His parole officer spotted fresh needle marks within six months. "But he was a typical bleeding-heart liberal," Smith says. "I used to play on him a lot. Every once in a while, I was sincere. He wanted to send me back to prison. I said, 'Surely there must be a way to help me other than sending me back to a cell and locking me up.' He said, 'We have something new now—methadone.' I did it—but I took heroin, too. When the methadone blocked the heroin high, I shot cocaine. Here I am taking methadone every day, shooting cocaine, and everyone is telling you how great you're doing because you're not taking heroin."

Cocaine was expensive. In 1972, he got a job at the Pioneer Messenger Service, which was an innovator in the employment of ex-addicts and ex-offenders. He tried to perform his tasks conscientiously, and attracted the notice of Joseph Moskowitz, the assistant director of the Melrose Community Rehabilitation Center, a state-operated narcotics-rehabilitation facility in the Bronx. Moskowitz asked Smith to become a drug-abuse counsellor there. "I was afraid," he says. "It would mean being no longer a client but a staff member." But Smith accepted the job and the responsibility. Over the coming months, he quit methadone and, more important, kicked the mental addiction. In 1975, he was invited to speak at a seminar on unemployment among ex-addicts and ex-offenders. A member of the staff of the Wildcat Service Corporation heard Smith speak and asked him if he was interested in a job as an instructor in a new supported-work experiment that Wildcat was running. (Wildcat was founded in 1972 by the Vera Institute of Justice, a nonprofit Manhattan corporation that sponsors research in such fields as law enforcement, manpower, and human services.)

Smith said that he was, and for the past six years he has been living in the Bronx and commuting to the Wildcat Skills Training Center. His task, as he sees it, is to prepare people for the real world, concentrating on the develop-



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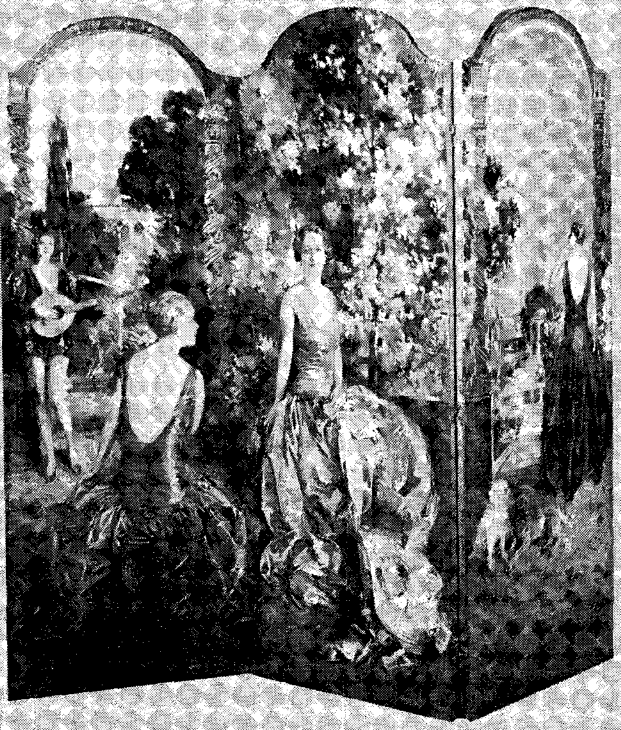

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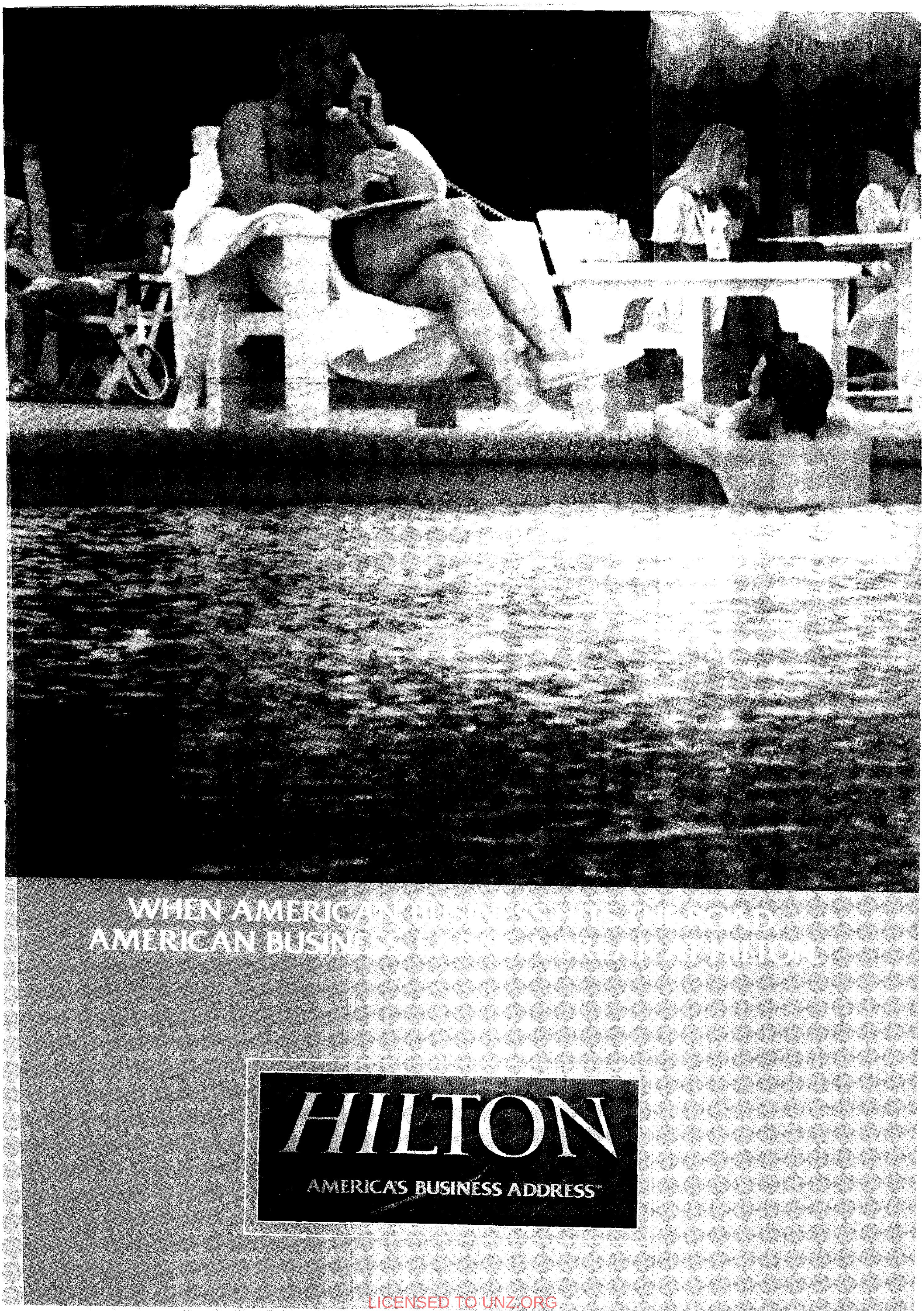
ment of social skills and work habits among a group of people who often operate outside society, who have often lost self-confidence, have frequently grown up with few positive role models, have had scant exposure to the world of work, have low frustration thresholds, and are generally unacquainted with being on time, following orders, saying "Thank you" and "Please." Smith is trying to nurture an attitude of self-reliance among people who often see themselves as victims, just as he once did. "Some people are beyond hope," he says. "And yet I'm put in a position where I have an obligation to help people. And who am I—who is anyone—to make such a final judgment?"

IN and around the classroom, the members of BT-27 were, with several exceptions, immensely likable. They cared about and often tried to help one another. They could be humorous, curious, compassionate, vulnerable, and wise. Although cash-poor, they often displayed traditional middle-class values; some were God-fearing and churchgoing. Many were loyal to friends, country, and success. None dared curse in front of Mohammed. Hope Parker, who was uncoöperative in the life-skills class, selflessly sacrificed her social life to stay home and nurse her ailing grandfather. Pearl Dawson despised welfare as intensely as any conservative does. Timothy Wilson was unfailingly polite; Willy Joe generous. During the seven months I attended their class, members of BT-27 were open, kind, and solicitous.

It is easy to forget what many of these people have done: Leon Harris was a professional stickup man; he says he earned two thousand to three thousand dollars a day, and implies that he shot and killed more than a few people. William Block and Pearl Dawson were convicted for manslaughter; Timothy Wilson, shunted off to foster homes, used to stalk the streets, belting strangers with a baseball bat; Gladys Miller cheats on food stamps and sells her methadone dosage for a hundred and twenty dollars a week, which is a felony under state law; Howard Smith, their instructor, collected half a dozen or more welfare checks simultaneously.

Wildcat was one of fifteen participants (later expanded to twenty-one) in a five-year, eighty-two-million-dollar supported-work experiment that began in 1975. The experiment provides a one-year job for members of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the underclass, who are given special assistance—individual counselling, special training, support from their peers, and slow, graduated exposure to stress at work. The experiment was conceived by two Ford Foundation officials—Mitchell Sviridoff and William Grinker. Convinced that few federal training or job programs touched the hardest to reach, Sviridoff, then a vice-president of the foundation, and Grinker, then one of its program officers, studied the efforts of the Vera Institute. They met with representatives of five federal agencies and presented a draft plan for joint financing of a supported-work experiment. The federal officials, naturally, inundated them with questions. Who would run the program? Who would recruit the students? Who would be eligible? The government preferred that the effort be coördinated by a non-profit corporation outside government; it was no coincidence that Sviridoff and Grinker had already drawn up incorporation papers for such an organization. In November of 1974, Grinker left the Ford Foundation to become president of the new Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation. The M.D.R.C. selected the combination of urban and rural sites, financed the community-based organizations like Wildcat which operated them, supervised their management, set goals, audited their performance, and treated each site as a research laboratory for one of the most extensive social experiments ever launched in America. In 1979, with a staff of a hundred people spread over two floors of a Park Avenue skyscraper, and an annual budget of forty million dollars, the M.D.R.C. supervised supported work and several other innovative experiments designed to test various ways to reach the underclass.

Through December of 1980, eighteen thousand people had been enrolled in supported work. Unlike most organizations that run social programs, the M.D.R.C. tries to measure the long-term benefits of its experiments; in 1980 alone, the corporation apportioned three and a half million dollars for research. And, unlike most training programs, supported-work programs seek to recruit the hardest to reach. Among the four groups eligible to participate, for instance, M.D.R.C. surveys have turned up these statistics: the average mother on welfare has been on public assistance more than eight and a half years; ex-offenders have been arrested an average of more

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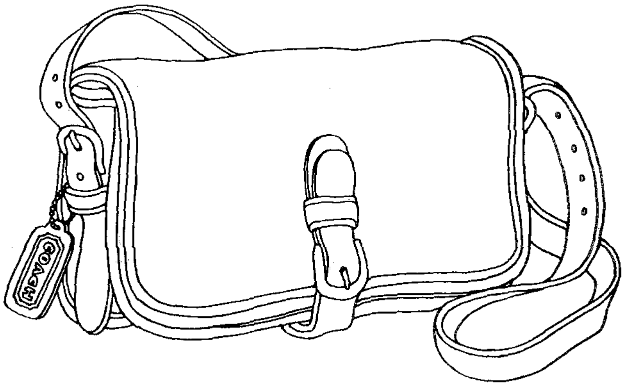

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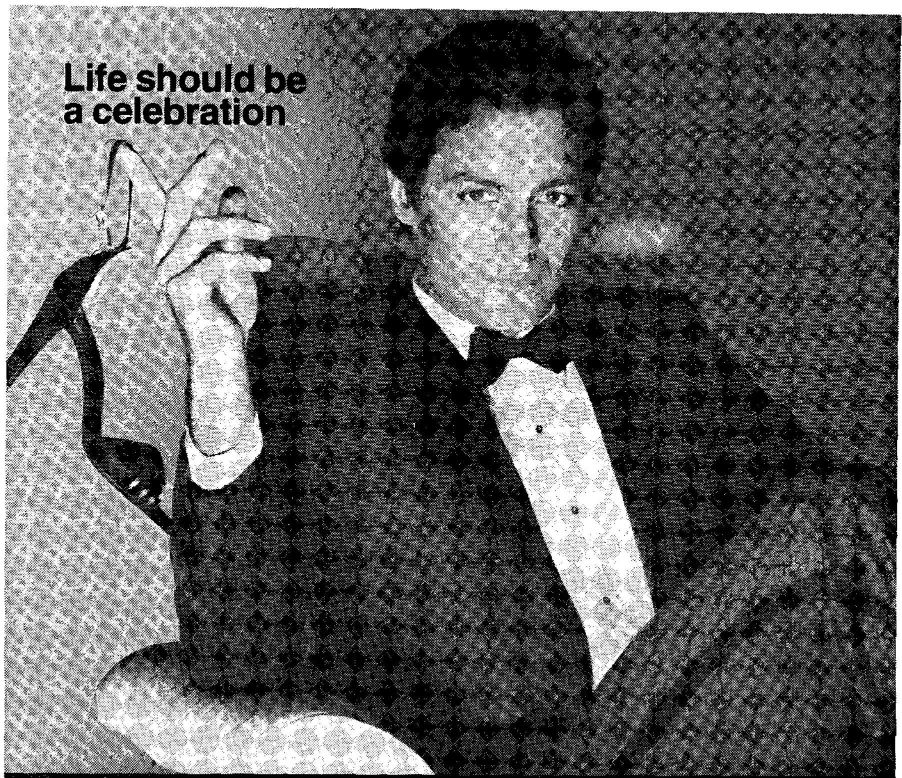
than nine times and have served almost two hundred weeks in jail, and a third have been regular heroin users; just over three-quarters of the ex-addicts have been in prison, averaging a hundred and twenty-nine weeks behind bars; virtually none of the youths has completed high school, and more than half have been arrested. Nearly all participants have had incomes below the federally defined poverty level, thirty per cent have never worked, three-quarters have not completed high school, and ninety per cent have been black or Hispanic.

Although Wildcat recruits often spend seven of their twelve supported-work months in the classroom, recruits at the other locations usually spend the full year at a private or public job. But whether the time is spent in class or at work, this is an unusual program. Gary Walker, the M.D.R.C.'s senior vice-president, told a Senate subcommittee last year:

> While supported work shares many features with other subsidized work efforts, such as public-service employment and sheltered workshops, it is chiefly distinguished from other work-experience programs by its high degree of structure and its reliance on three programmatic techniques designed to make participants initially comfortable with the world of work, and to gradually increase their ability to succeed in that world: peer-group support, graduated stress, and close supervision. The first of these, peer support, is based on the theory that most participants in a new activity feel less anxious about their performance in the presence of people with similar disadvantages or fears, and that a significant proportion of what one needs to know about a job is learned through peer interaction. Graduated stress stems from the idea that getting and keeping a regular job is too difficult for certain people because they cannot, at least initially, meet the ordinary demands of the labor market. Through gradually increasing performance and productivity standards, it attempts to bridge the gap between what supported workers can do and what a job ordinarily requires. Supervision, finally, represents the key link between the participant and the program, and is chiefly responsible for the development of technical skills, for instilling positive work habits and attitudes, and for providing advice on work and personal problems.

In 1979, the program paid a hundred and five dollars a week—barely more than the minimum wage—and good performance was rewarded with small bonuses. Unlike sheltered workshops in England and elsewhere in Western Europe, where a permanent support net is usually provided for those hardest to employ, poor attendance or behavior in the Wildcat instructional program is supposed to lead



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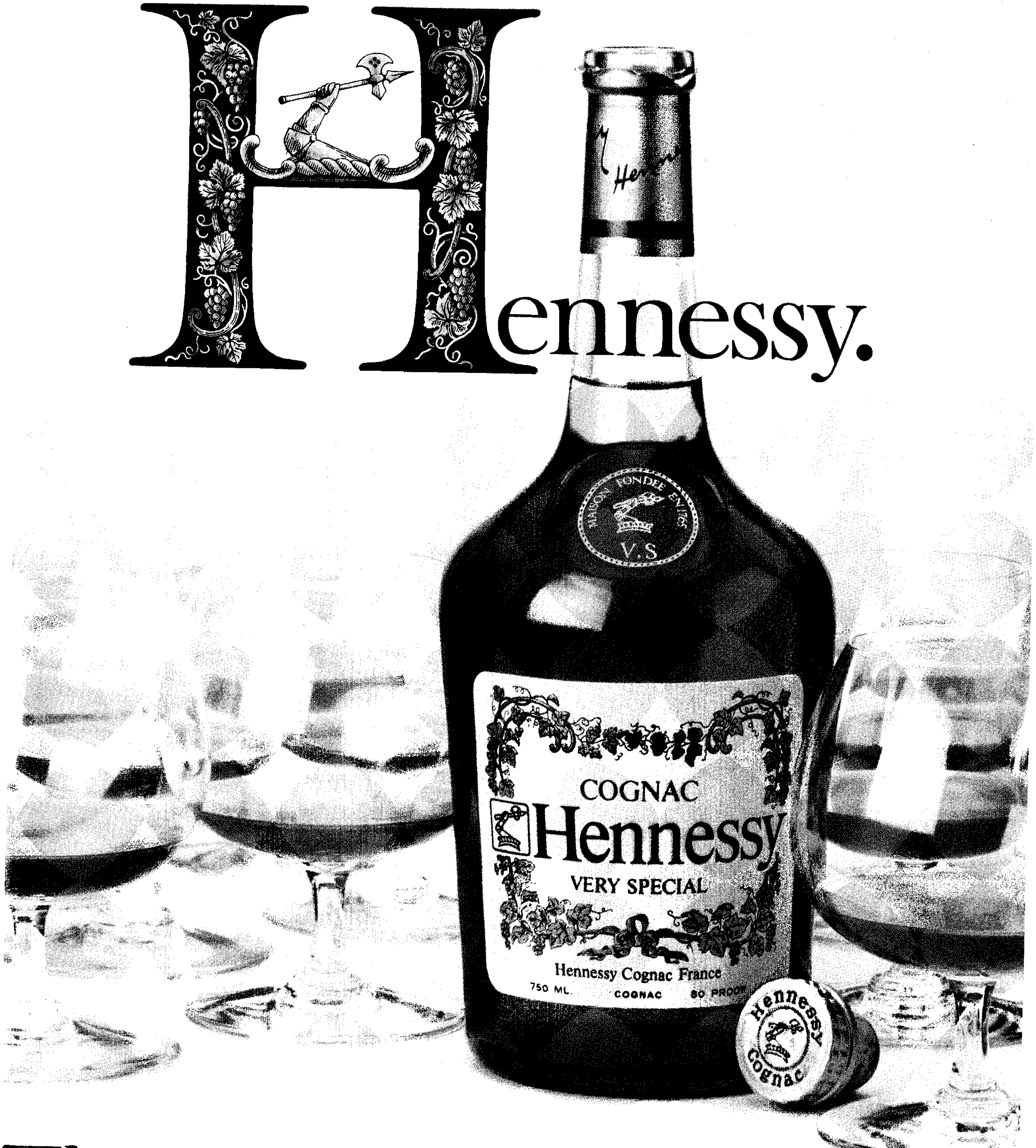
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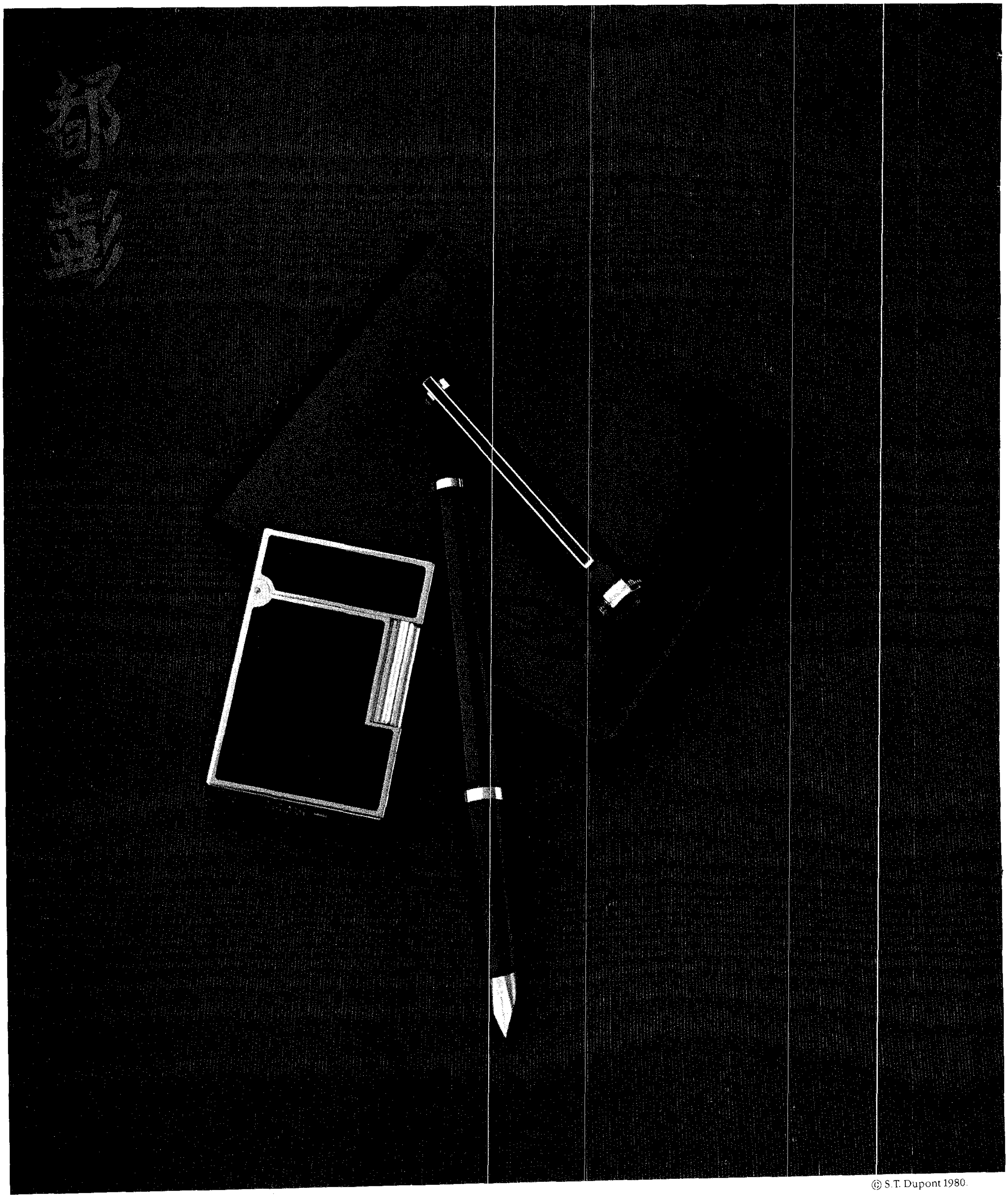

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to termination; supported work lasts just one year, the assumption being that this is an adequate period in which to effect entrance into the world of work.

Through 1980, the M.D.R.C. tested three other social ideas as well. One is represented by the Youth Incentive Entitlement Pilot Projects. Although this program is little known, it was the nation's first guaranteed-job program, and was designed for poor young people living in sections of seventeen designated cities or rural areas across the country. From the spring of 1978 to September of 1980, eighty thousand youths between the ages of sixteen and nineteen were given, in exchange for returning to or remaining in high school, a part-time job during the school year and full-time summer employment. The purpose of the program was to learn what techniques might curb the twin problems of increasing numbers of dropouts and youth unemployment. A second experiment is the National Tenant Management Demonstration, whose purpose is to stem the decline of public housing. Under the M.D.R.C.'s aegis, nineteen thousand tenants at six inner-city projects were granted significant policymaking and operating authority over their housing. The test market question: Would tenant control produce better results—lower costs and improved living conditions, for example—than government management? The third experiment is the WIN Research Laboratory Project. WIN, the Work Incentive Program, was mandated by Congress in 1967 to help welfare recipients enter the job market. In early 1978, the M.D.R.C. was asked to help select four WIN sites as research laboratories to test what combination of training, placement, and support services succeeds best in ending welfare dependency.

Early in 1980, as the results from the four tests accumulated, the M.D.R.C. began trying to spin off some of these early efforts and concentrate on new social experiments—learning how to assist teen-age mothers, providing education and employment services to young poor people, lessening school truancy, and offering supported work to the mentally retarded. "We're in the business of testing out ideas," says Grinker, the wry and sometimes gruff M.D.R.C. president. "Most programs—they're more in the advocacy business. We're not. We're above that—or below that. We have no constituency."

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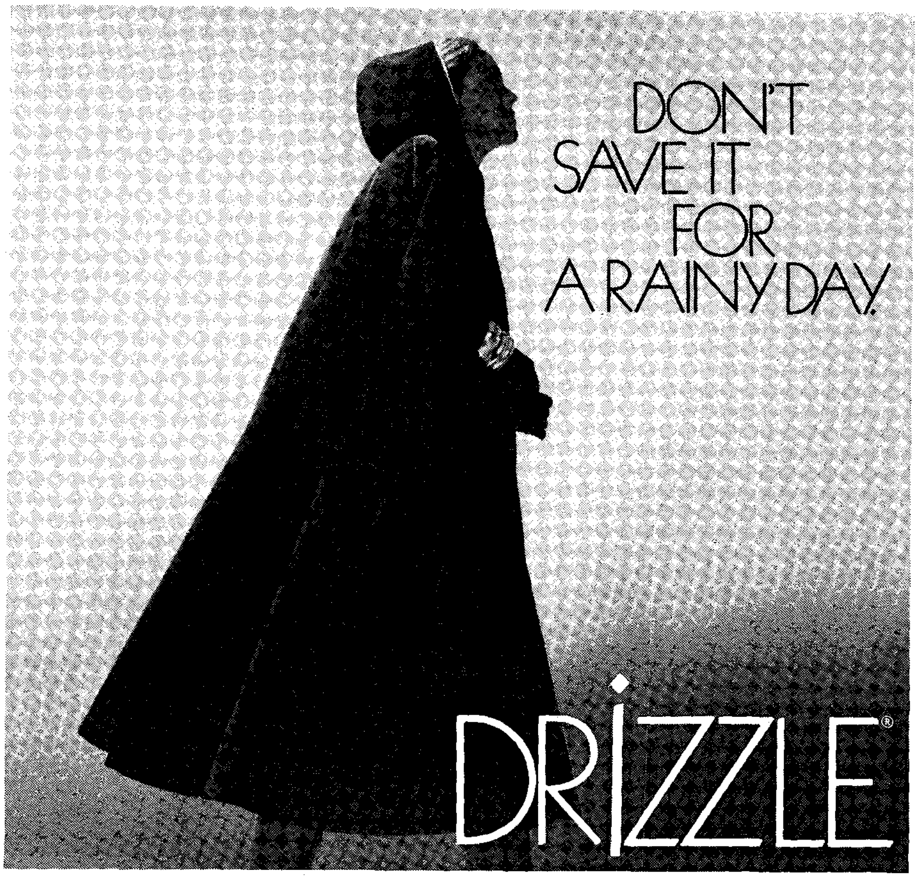

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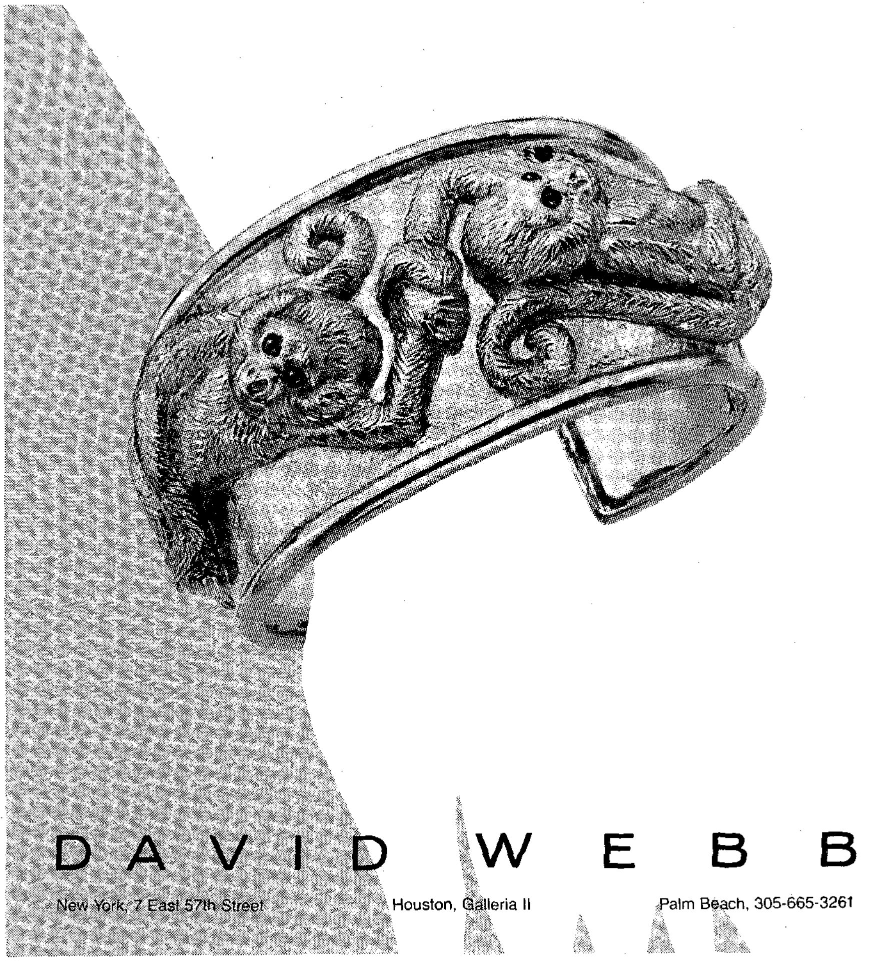

generally liberal board of directors. Early this year, the absence of Reagan Republicans on the board began to hamper the M.D.R.C. When President Reagan announced plans to reduce the federal budget, including CETA funds and other monies that the corporation relies on, the M.D.R.C. had just one board member who could run interference for it—Richard P. Nathan, a professor of public and international affairs at Princeton, a Rockefeller Republican, who served for three years as assistant director for human-resource programs at the Office of Management and Budget in the Nixon Administration. The corporation's officials were unknown to the White House staff and the new Administration's team. Few if any people in positions of power in the Administration were familiar with their experiments among members of the underclass. Grinker did what most corporate presidents now do in Washington: he hired a law firm with close ties to the Reagan Administration. The firm—Anderson, Hibey, Nauheim & Blair, several of whose partners and associates had worked for the election of Reagan or on his transition team—introduced Grinker and other M.D.R.C. officials to the Reagan people. But because of declining federal support the corporation had to dismiss almost half its employees in June; by late summer, with budget-cutting fever in Washington growing acute, M.D.R.C. officials were becoming convinced that their experiments would be gutted and that the corporation might be forced to close.

Although its efforts are almost a state secret, a surprising number of people cite the M.D.R.C. as perhaps the nation's single most successful government-funded and research-oriented anti-poverty effort to date. "I've always got a sense from the M.D.R.C. that's different from the sense I got from other programs we fund," says Dr. Charles Knapp, who was Deputy Assistant Secretary of Labor for employment and training in the Carter Administration and now teaches at George Washington University. "The others, I often get the sense, are in it for the bucks and the contracts. The fact that the M.D.R.C. is encouraging moving the operational part of supported work out of its shop is impressive. As far as I know, it is a unique organization. In making decisions in manpower—and I think this is true throughout government—the thing that is most often missing is

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solid information. Often, you're reduced to anecdotes. The debate takes place at that level. Too few people have an institutional memory. And even when they have results, those results are often arguable. It makes a difference in making public policy. Each idea put into a piece of legislation may be a good one, but the cumulative weight is negative. Some mornings, you feel as if you were shooting a cannon into a mountain of Jell-O."

IN 1980, an M.D.R.C. report said, "The nation faces few problems as formidable as the presence of a group of people, largely concentrated in its principal cities, who live at the margin of society. Whether because of distortions in the economy, lack of training or motivation, or the attitudes of employers, these people have been excluded from the regular labor market and find, at most, sporadic employment. Though relatively few in number, they have become a considerable burden to themselves and the public—as long-term recipients of welfare, and as the source of much violent crime and drug addiction. They are simultaneously the source and the victims of urban decay."

In the nineteenth century, Marx wrote disparagingly of Europe's white "lumpenproletariat;" de Tocqueville, after his journey across America and his visits to its busy cities, wrote of the "lower ranks" that "constitute a rabble;" and England's Henry Mayhew gave the first systematic account of this class of "non-workers" in his four-volume nineteenth-century classic, "London Labour and the London Poor." But if the notion is not new, the term "underclass" is. One of the first to use it in its current context was Gunnar Myrdal. In his 1970 book "The Challenge of World Poverty," Myrdal wrote of a rural and urban "underclass" cut off from society, its members lacking "the education and the skills and other personality traits they need in order to become effectively in demand in the modern economy." They were, he feared, "superfluous."

What is the origin of America's underclass? To attempt to discuss the origins of the underclass is to run smack into a ferocious political and ideological debate. At its root is the age-old dispute between those who insist that poverty and the formation of an underclass are the fault of society, and those who insist that they are the fault of individuals. Sometimes this conflict is described, too simply, as the

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race-versus-class debate—too simply because, among other reasons, a sizable *portion of the underclass is white and* all victims of racism are not in the underclass; and also because many members of the underclass are not born into the "lower class" or the "culture of poverty" but, rather, have their fate determined by luck and circumstance and maybe just one mistake. That there is an underclass is generally not contested. That its behavior is often anti-social and violent is also generally agreed. But here the consensus breaks down, and a fierce battle ensues over whether this behavior is a cause or an effect of being poor. Those of the political left usually put the blame for its existence on factors beyond the control of individuals—American racism, an exploitative capitalist economic system, and what the psychologist Kenneth Clark calls "environmental neglect," including poor schools, too few "entry level" jobs, and a generally callous attitude toward the downtrodden. Those on the political right, on the other hand, tend to blame the behavior of individuals, brought about by family dissolution, dependency on welfare, and poor attitudes and character produced by the "culture of poverty." At the heart of this age-old debate is the issue of *social versus individual responsibility.* Those on the left tend to view the members of the underclass as victims of forces beyond their control, those on the right as victims of their own attitudes.

In truth, there are probably as many causes of the underclass as there are combinations of notes on a piano keyboard. The weakness in the debate is that those on the left tend to rigidly strike just one set of keys, and those on the right another set. In situations where real people and results matter more than abstract ideology, teachers like Howard Smith attempt to accommodate both. He believes that the clash between the two—like that between "liberals" and "conservatives"—can ring false, and that many of his students are simultaneously victims of racism and of a lack of self-initiative, of family neglect and of societal neglect, of poor schools as well as poor attitudes. Increasingly, those who work with the underclass espouse the belief that self-help must accompany societal help.

What is the size of America's underclass? The answer depends on one's definition of the term. If one includes all those whom the federal government

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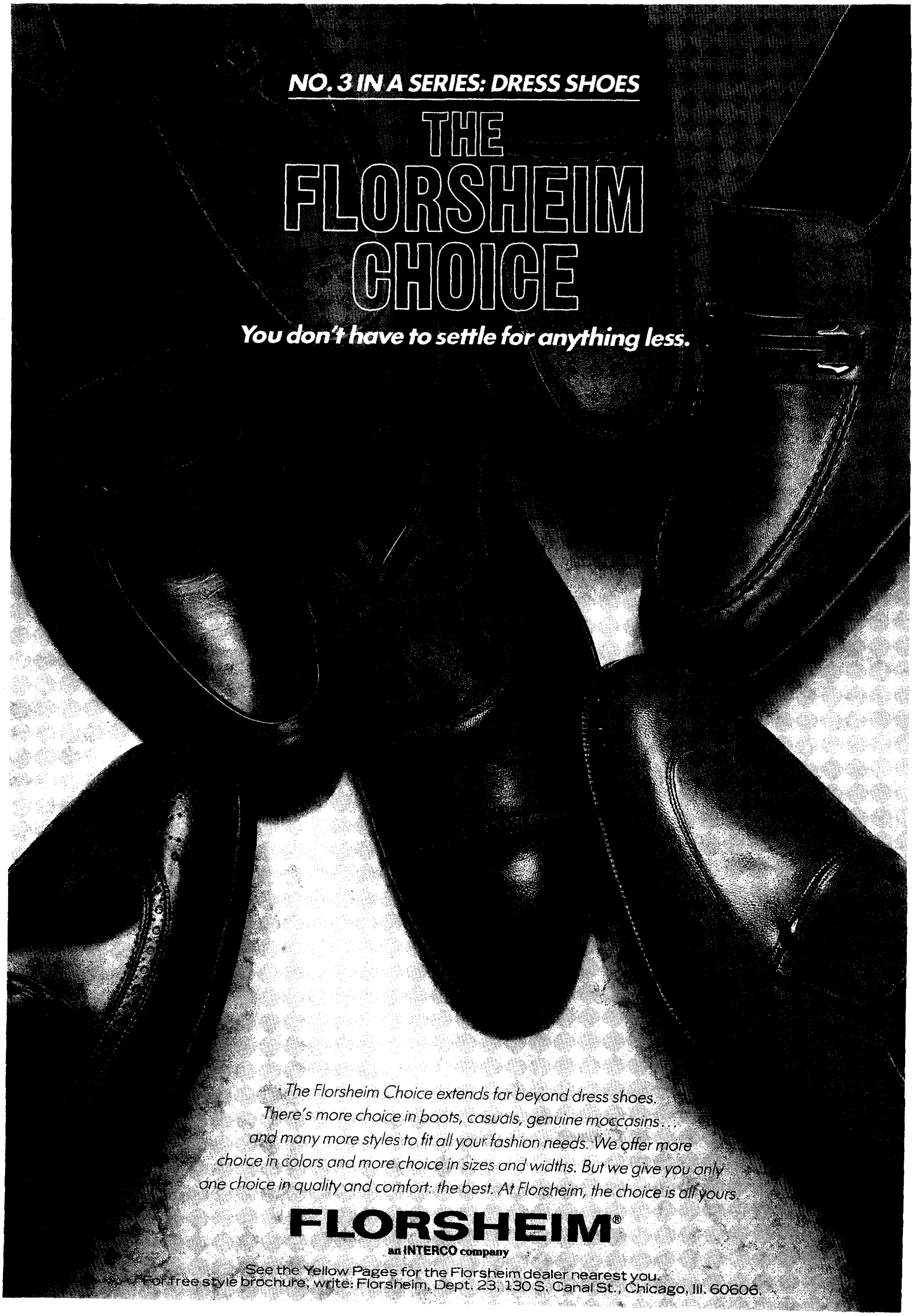

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classified as poor in 1979, there are twenty-five million Americans—two-thirds of them white—in the underclass. But most students of the underclass distinguish between those who are temporarily poor and those mired in long-term poverty. Dr. Robert Hill, director of research for the National Urban League, guesses that about thirty per cent of the twenty-five million are "acutely poor." A somewhat higher estimate—forty-five per cent—emerges from the most extensive long-term study of American incomes ever conducted. Analyzing data from the University of Michigan Survey Research Center, which began tracking five thousand families beginning in the late nineteen-sixties, Frank Levy, an economist at the Urban Institute, a private, nonprofit Washington-based research group, argues that the poor are more socially mobile than is commonly assumed. For thirty per cent of the poor—six and a half million people—he says, there is no "cycle of poverty;" they were poor for no more than two years out of the seven years (1967 to 1973) covered by his study. Twenty-five per cent—six million people—were below the poverty line roughly half the time and above it half the time. And about forty-five per cent—nine and a half million people—did not escape, and became "the long-term poor," those who were poor for at least five years out of the seven. These individuals lack social mobility—whether because they do not have the necessary skills or the motivation, because they are elderly, disabled, or female heads of families who must care for their children, or because there are no jobs for them. There is broad agreement that this group does threaten to become something new to America: a long-term underclass.

In general, the underclass falls into four distinct groups: the hostile street criminals who are responsible for a disproportionate amount of violent crime; the hustlers who earn their living in the underground economy; the mothers for whom welfare dependency has become the only known way of life; and the traumatized, including the homeless former mental patients who wander city streets. But members of the underclass are not necessarily poor—street criminals and hustlers, for instance, usually are not, which brings us to a second characteristic that distinguishes the underclass: behavior. Whatever the cause—whether it is the fault of the people themselves or of society, whether poverty is a

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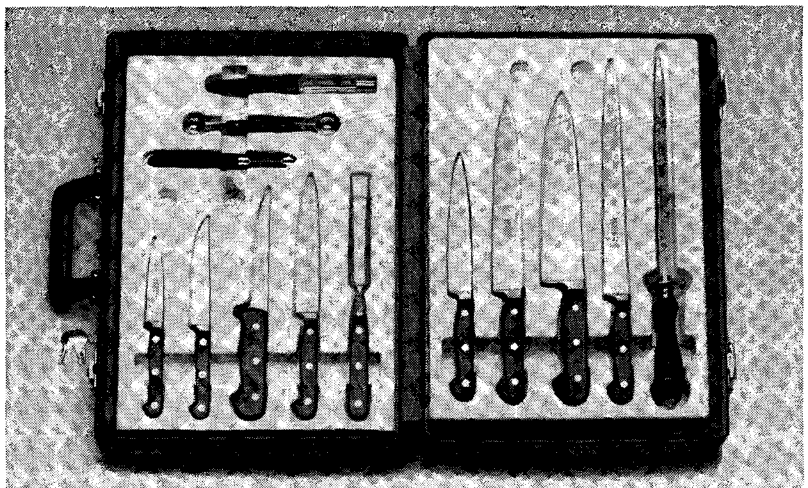

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cause or an effect—most students of poverty believe that the underclass suffers from *behavioral* as well as income deficiencies. Conservative behaviorists tend to use words like "pathology," "passivity," and "hostility" to describe the behavior of the underclass, whereas liberal determinists generally speak of the "despair" and "alienation" of this group—two sets of words that often mean the same thing. The members of the underclass are set apart, many students of poverty say, by their "deviant" behavior, and not just by their poverty; they operate outside the mainstream of commonly accepted values. This notion of deviance or pathology or a culture of poverty is viewed by some as an attempt to relieve society of its culpability, and to "blame the victim." But if one thinks in terms of the neutral word "habit" instead of the word "deviance," it becomes easier to comprehend the often vexatious difficulties encountered by the underclass. Take the habit of work. An M.D.R.C. survey of those enrolled in supported work as of 1978 found that only thirty-nine per cent had been employed at all during the previous twelve months, and this figure included part-time work. Most were unaccustomed to being on time, taking orders, working coöperatively with others. They were used to hanging out, hustling, being dependent on welfare, taking drugs, feeling hostile or victimized. In trying to teach adults habits that most citizens come to take for granted, the M.D.R.C. has found that many members of the underclass get embarrassed by their social or educational inadequacies and fall back on familiar life patterns. The corporation's final report on the five-year supported-work experiment concluded that an ex-addict who was provided with a temporary job did not reduce his use of drugs any more than an ex-addict who was not enrolled in the supported-work program, and that some long-time welfare recipients were afraid to leave familiar nests, and refused jobs. In reference to school dropouts, the M.D.R.C. found that supported work "appears to have little impact on the employment, drug use, or criminal activities of the youth target group." These individuals are usually counted as part of the underclass. There are, in addition, nine hundred and seventy thousand "discouraged workers" who, according to the Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics, although they wanted employment in 1980, thought they could not find a job

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and were no longer looking. These "discouraged" people—two-thirds of whom were women, two-thirds of whom were white, and almost forty per cent of whom had never worked or had not been employed in five years—are distinct from the seven and a half million Americans who were officially unemployed in 1980. Because discouraged workers are not looking for work, they are not taken into account in computing the official unemployment rate. "They are not looking for a job, and it is unclear whether they would take a job if offered," according to Samuel M. Ehrenhalt, commissioner of the Middle Atlantic region of the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

An indeterminate number of unemployed young people could also be included in the underclass. The official unemployment rate for sixteen-to-nineteen-year-olds stood at 19.7 per cent in the second quarter of 1981, with 40.9 per cent of blacks, 24.3 per cent of Hispanics, and 17.4 per cent of whites counted as unemployed. Obviously, many of these young people are only temporarily unemployed, and cannot be included in the underclass. But a growing number of young people drop out of school—more than forty thousand annually in New York City alone—and are without work experience or skills. In March of 1980, the M.D.R.C. reported that if its Youth Incentive Entitlement Pilot Projects were extended to all those eligible nationwide, more than seven hundred thousand unemployed young people would qualify. The M.I.T. economist Lester Thurow says that if one counted those who have "disappeared from the system" and are living on the streets, the true figure would climb above a million. But then one must subtract some of those who actually earn a living in the underground cash economy. And then one must add illegal, or undocumented, aliens. It is variously estimated that there are from three to six million of them not counted in government poverty statistics, though no one knows how many of these are poor or in the underclass.

If just those eligible for supported work are counted, in 1975 there were four hundred and seventy-four thousand women who had been on welfare three or more years and had no children under six—14.8 per cent of all adult Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.) beneficiaries. (This total, it should be noted, excludes teen-age mothers, children, and

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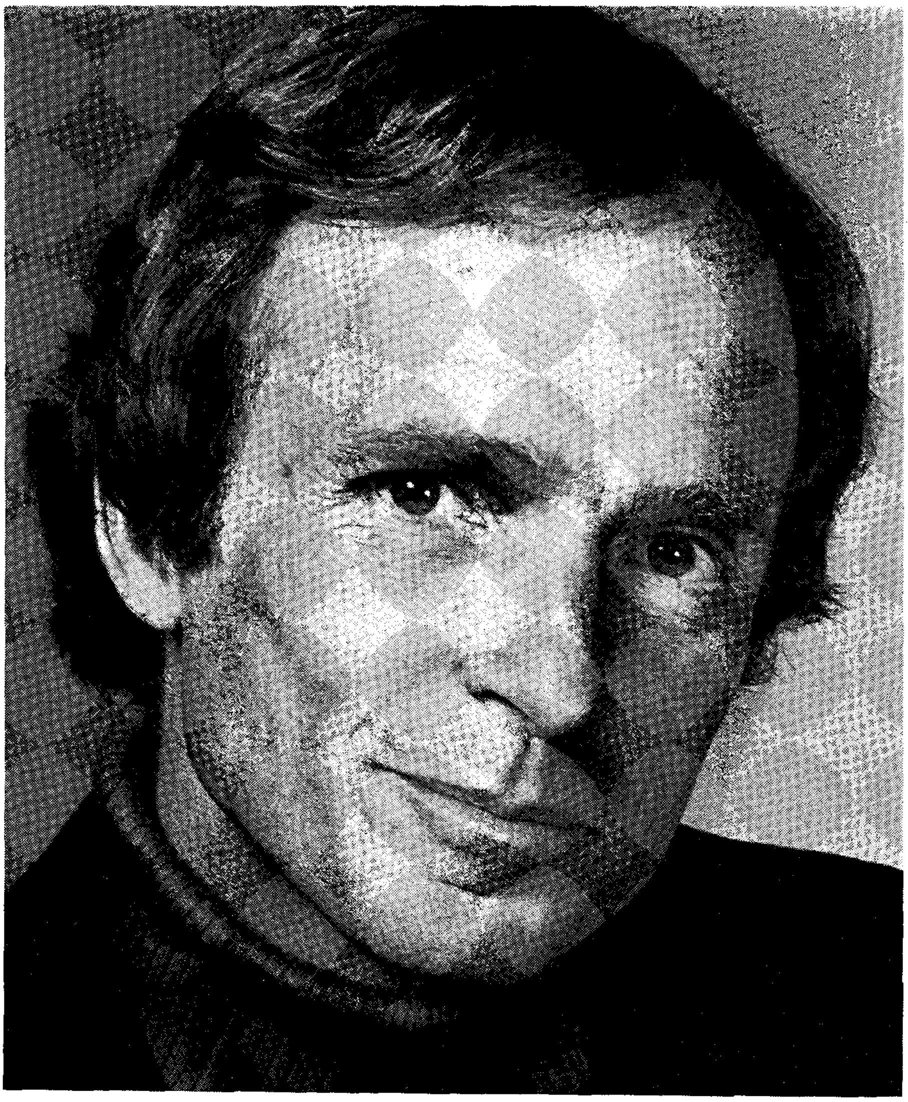

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those who had been dependent on welfare three or more years but did have children under six—three groups that together make up a substantial part of the underclass.) The M.D.R.C. also found that in 1976 two hundred and seventy thousand ex-addicts who were enrolled in federally funded drug-abuse treatment facilities and four hundred and twenty-two thousand school dropouts were eligible for supported work. Thus, a million one hundred and sixty-six thousand people qualified for supported work in a typical recent year—a figure that does not include the eligible ex-offender population, whose size the M.D.R.C. was unable to estimate (although by no means all of them could be included in the underclass).

These numbers could be multiplied. Should those suffering serious mental illness be counted? In 1955, before it became government policy to encourage the release of patients from institutions, five hundred and fifty thousand Americans were in state psychiatric hospitals. Today, fewer than a hundred and fifty thousand are. Some of the gaunt and often frightening- or sad-looking people encountered on city streets are mental patients who have been released from hospitals. In New York City, for instance, according to Department of Mental Health estimates, in 1979 there were twenty thousand chronically mentally ill people living in three hundred single-room-occupancy hotels. The Community Service Society, a nonprofit social-welfare agency that serves disadvantaged New Yorkers, estimates that, all told, there are thirty-six thousand homeless people in this city.

Employing a narrow definition of the underclass—"those who've fallen out of the support networks and are not related to an organized family"—Dr. Marcia Freedman, a manpower specialist at Columbia University, who is writing a book on the underclass, estimates their number to be less than one per cent of the population. In 1966, the anthropologist Oscar Lewis, in his book "La Vida," using a broader definition—those who were defeated by the "culture of poverty"—estimated that twenty per cent of the American poor qualified. In 1970, the Harvard political scientist Edward Banfield, in his book "The Unheavenly City," used another term—"the lower class"—and guessed that perhaps ten to twenty per cent of families below the poverty line could be so

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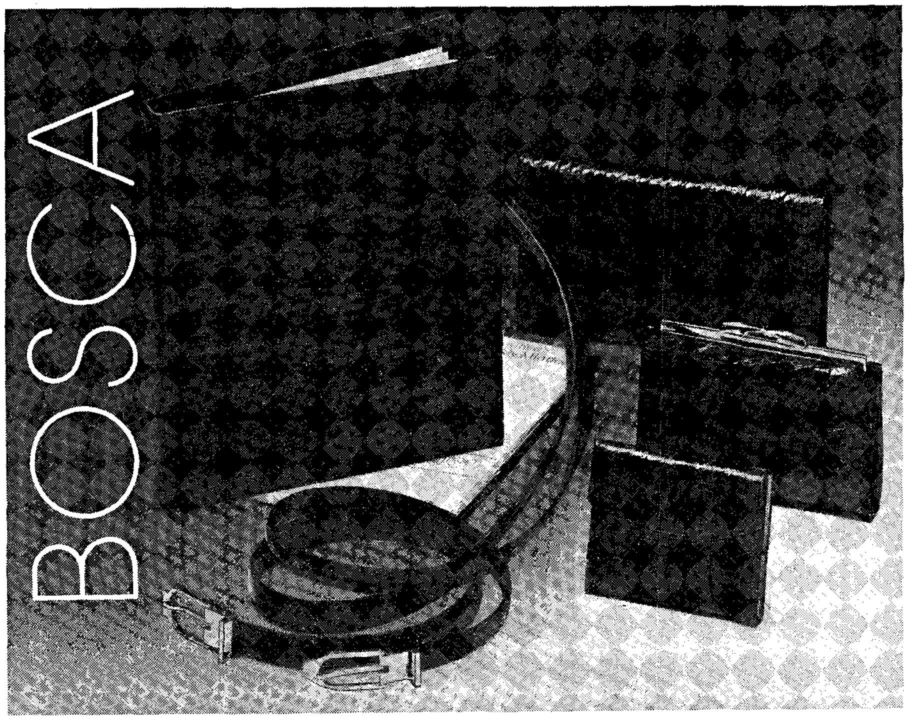

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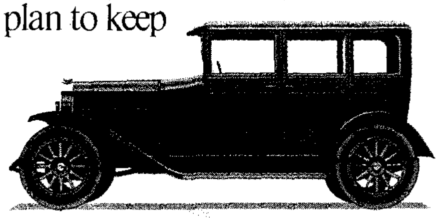

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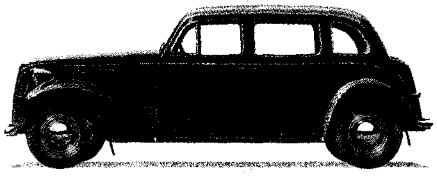

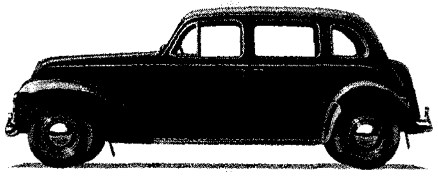

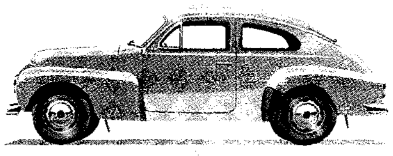

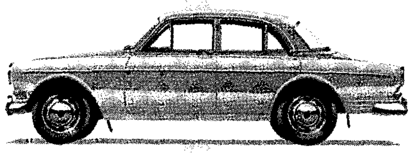

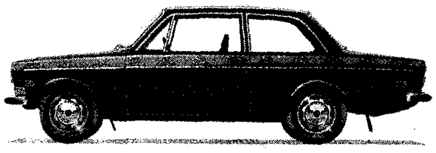

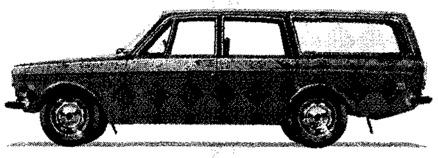

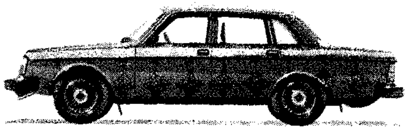

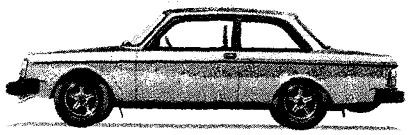

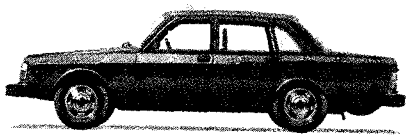

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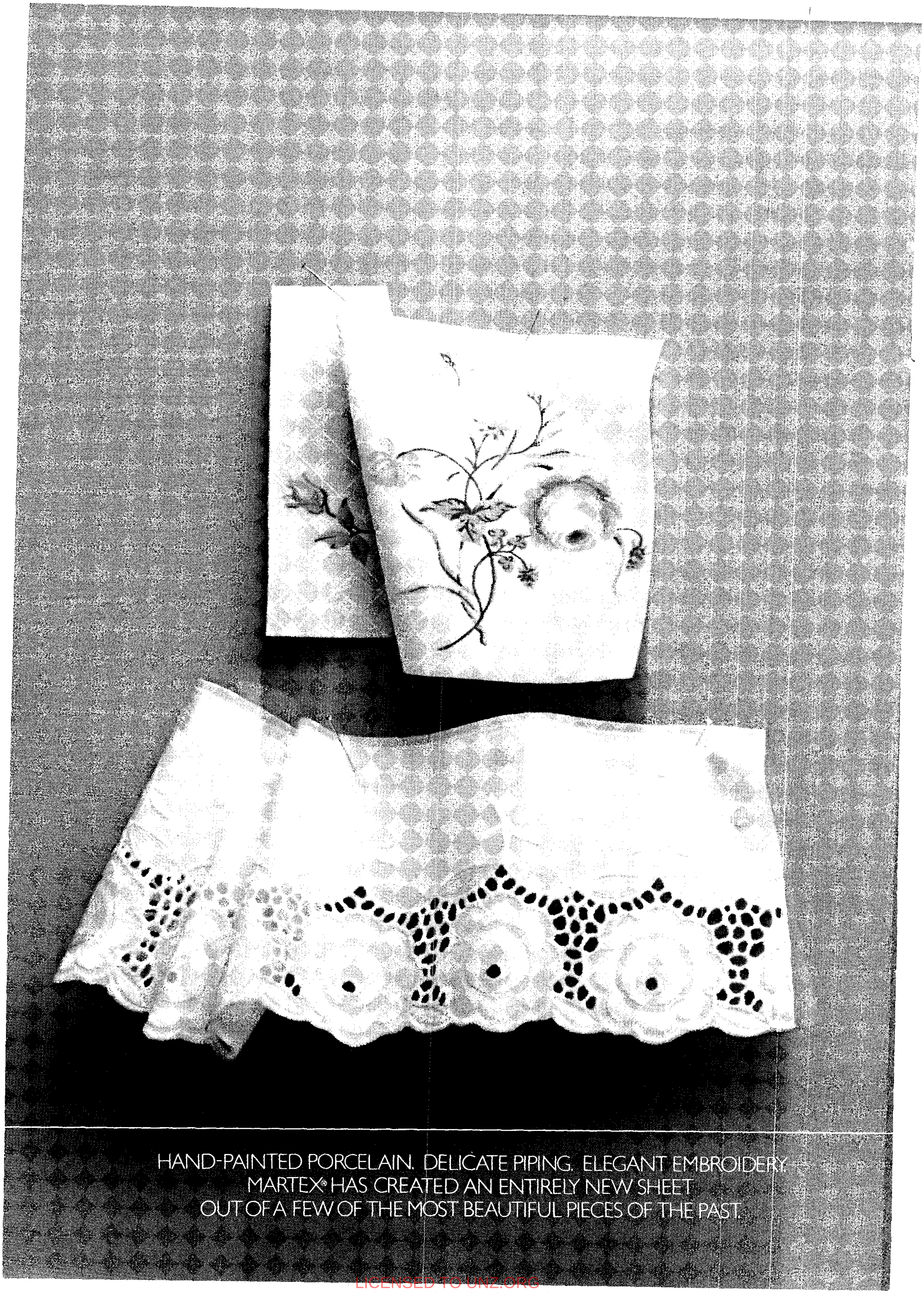
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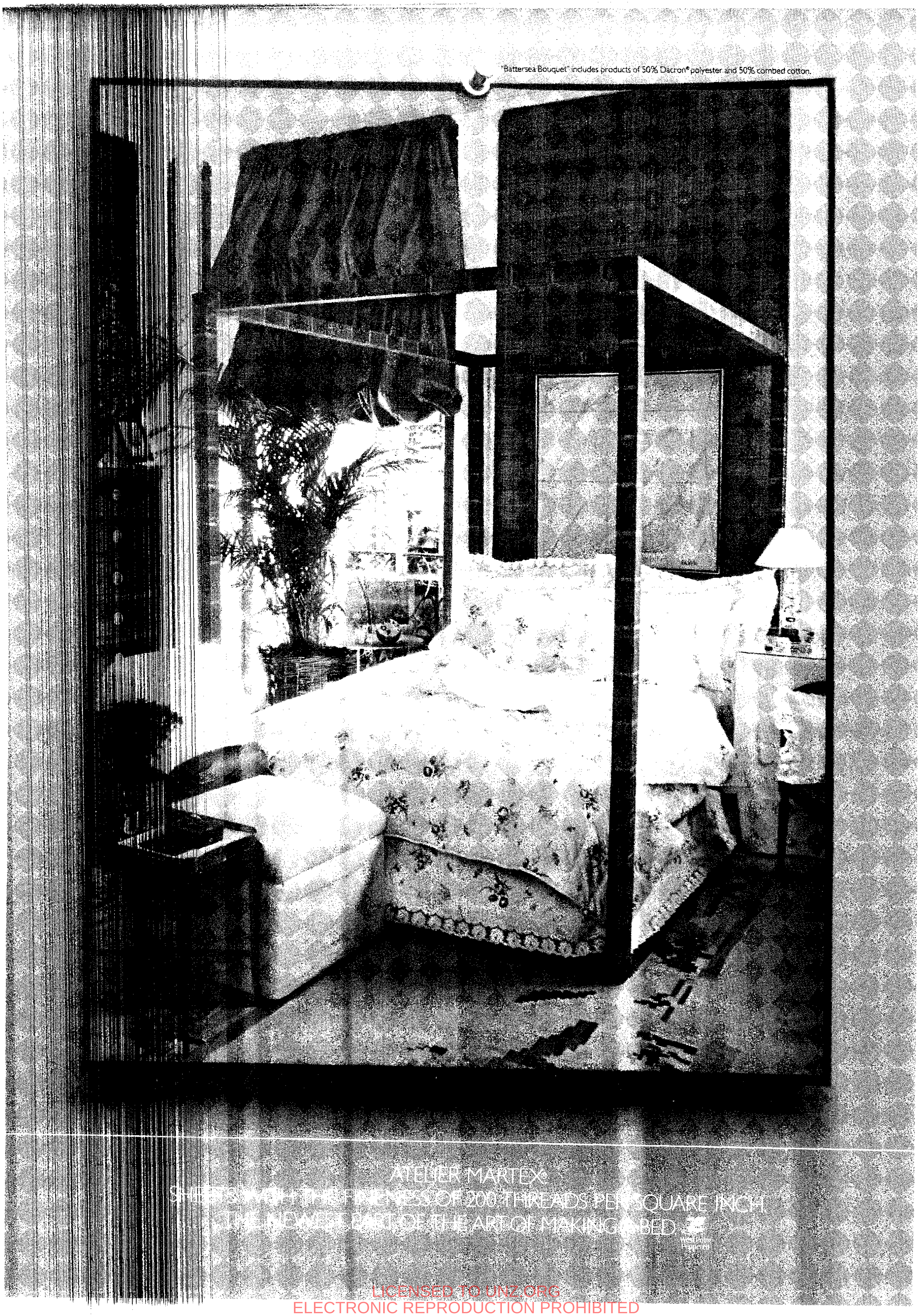
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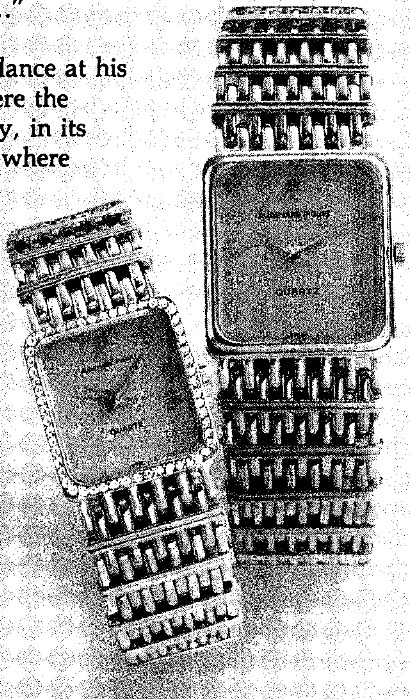

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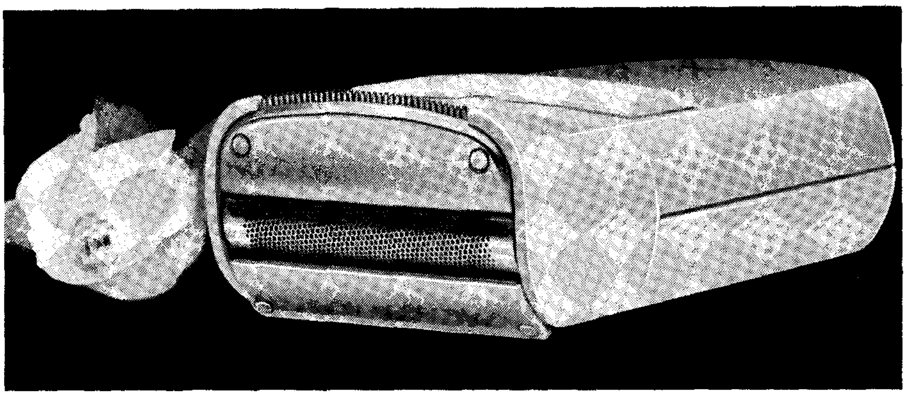
described. Using a still broader definition, to include those who are "traumatized"—people whose mind snaps and who turn to drink or drugs, or enter mental institutions, or roam the streets—Dr. Hugo M. Morales, the medical director of the Bronx Mental Health Center, which is one of New York's largest out-patient psychiatric facilities, says, "I think the working poor is a minority, especially in the city of New York. In my country—the Dominican Republic—it's different. People work, mostly. In the city of New York, you have many more people on welfare who are trying to screw society. I'd say about thirty to thirty-five per cent of the underprivileged are sick and thirty to thirty-five per cent are the criminal element." If Dr. Freedman is correct, the underclass consists of about two million people; if Dr. Morales is correct, it could total fifteen million to about eighteen million. M.D.R.C. officials generally assume that Levy's figure of perhaps nine million is on target.

Whatever its size or its origins, those who have studied the underclass do not dispute its effects. Members of the underclass are responsible for a disproportionate amount of the crime, the welfare costs, the unemployment, and the hostility that beset many American communities. All too often, they operate outside the mainstream of society—as the arsonists, the chain snatchers, the passive people dependent on welfare, the hustlers rejecting society's values and choosing to make their living illegally, the defeated people like Willy Joe, who feel "crushed," and lose hope and sometimes steal, the traumatized, whether they become alcoholics, addicts, occupants of mental institutions, harmless shopping-bag ladies, or malignant killers.

Of course, behavior difficulties are not unique to the underclass. Students of democracy are concerned over the "passivity" exhibited by the forty-six per cent of eligible Americans who did not vote in the 1980 Presidential election. "Deviance" can be observed among the well-to-do who sniff cocaine behind closed doors, live in open marriages, commit white-collar crimes, become alcoholics, or demonstrate a pathological devotion to self-analysis, self-promotion, or success.

But the subject of this inquiry is not middle- or upper-class pathology. The focus is on the underclass. If we strip away the rhetoric of the political right and the political left, of those who are



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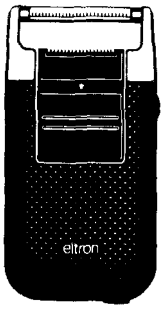

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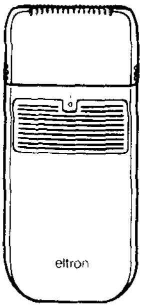

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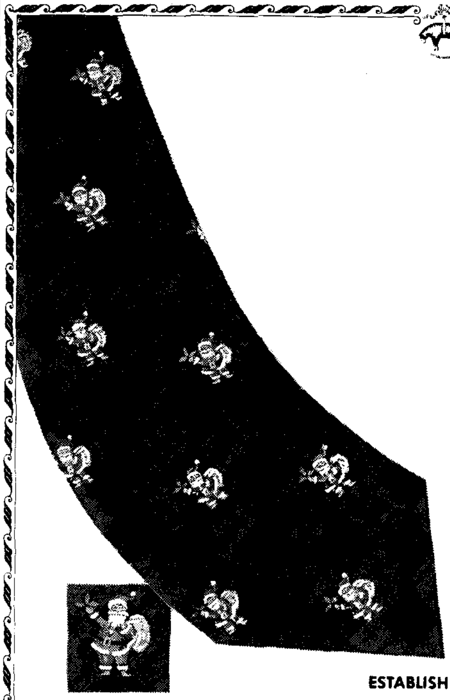

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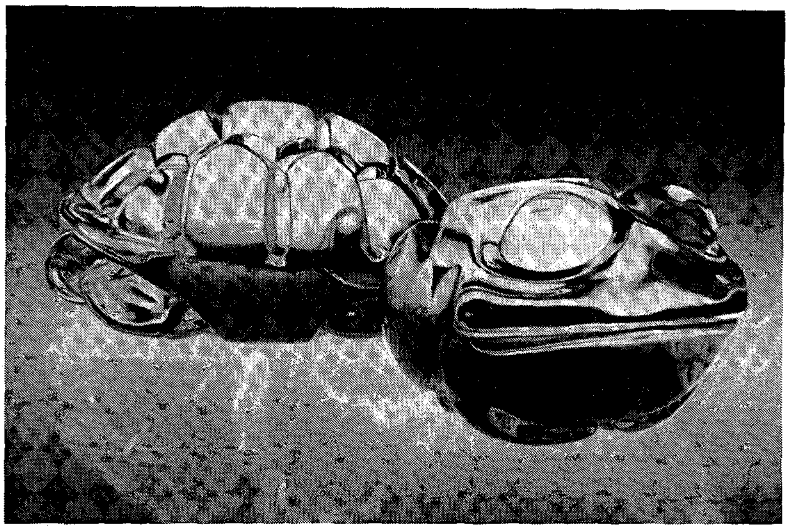
loosely defined as behaviorists and those called determinists, a surprising consensus emerges. There is broad agreement that America has developed an underclass, although some would prefer another term. There is sharp disagreement about the causes of this underclass, but rarely about its effects. As Jacob Riis, the nineteenth-century journalist and social reformer, warned almost a century ago in his book "How the Other Half Lives," a "few generations" of slum life might produce monsters. For the first time in America's relatively young history, the ghetto has become a permanent home for too many. For some, upward mobility is a lie, and organized society is the enemy; for others, the temporary crutch of welfare has turned into a straitjacket of permanent dependency.

The answers to this dilemma are not to be found in academia, or, I came to believe, in the partial truths of many who parade as experts. To understand the underclass, one must consider real people, not abstractions like Edward Banfield's "lower class," President Reagan's "truly needy," or the "victims" of William Ryan, a professor of psychology at Boston College and author of the book "Blaming the Victim." It's important to talk not just to the "knowns," as Herbert Gans, a professor of sociology at Columbia, called the people journalists tend to interview, in his book, "Deciding What's News," but also to the "unknowns."

THE members of BT-27 are scheduled to meet at 9 A.M. on a Friday at the Mid-Manhattan Library, at 8 East Fortieth Street. Few of them have ever been to a library. Howard Smith wants them to learn to do research for a paper they will write defining what he calls "the welfare mentality," but he doesn't show up. After huddling for forty-five minutes in the frigid lobby, the students who appeared—just five of them—decide to return to class. The five of them walk abreast down Fifth Avenue on the way back to the Wildcat Skills Training Center, on West Thirty-seventh Street, seemingly unaware that they are monopolizing the sidewalk. Timothy Wilson evokes alarmed glances from pedestrians as he strides by in a black leather jacket, a black turtleneck, and an untamed Afro. Pedestrians step aside to let them pass, fixing me with a curious and sometimes startled look. As we walk west, into the garment dis-



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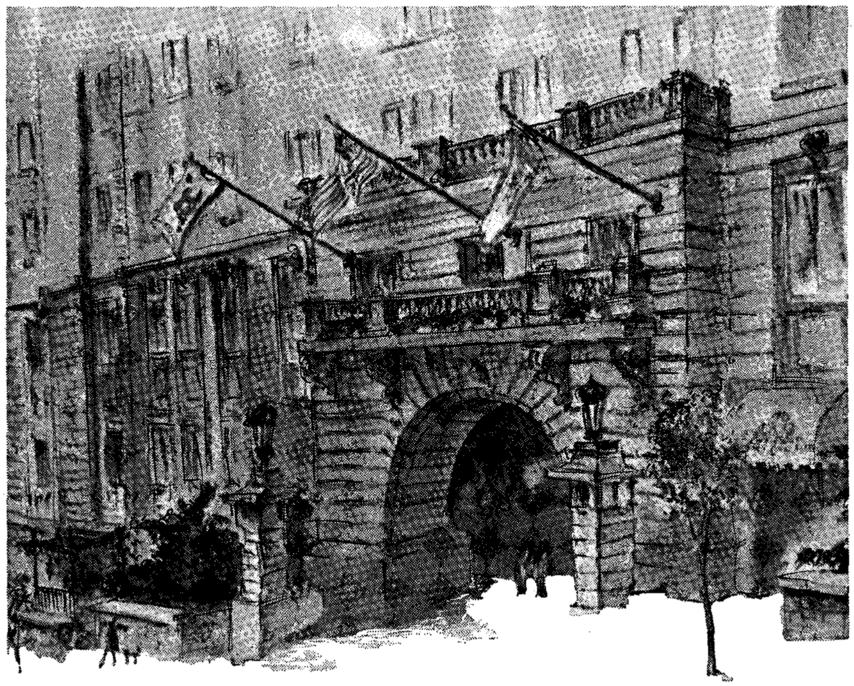

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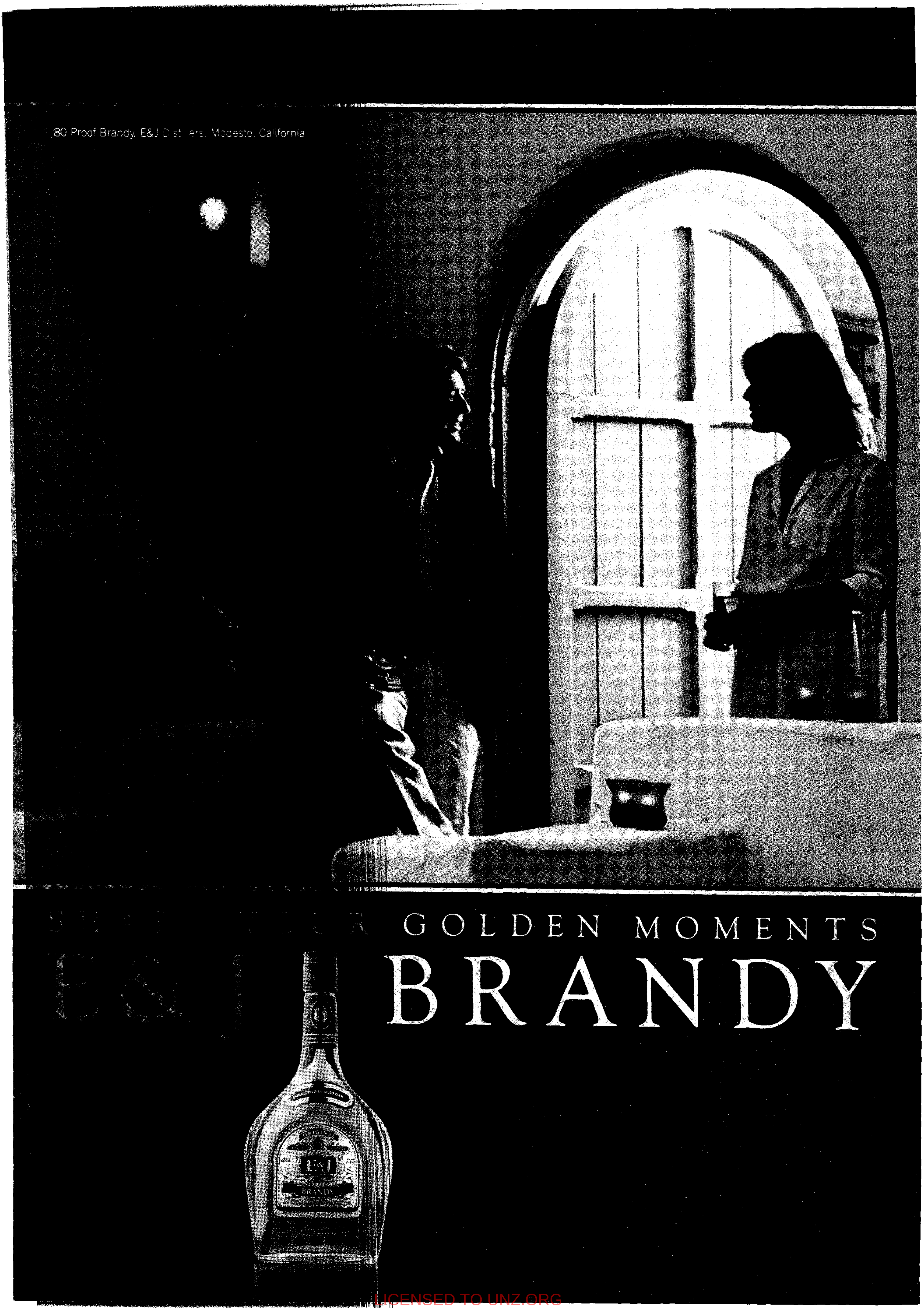
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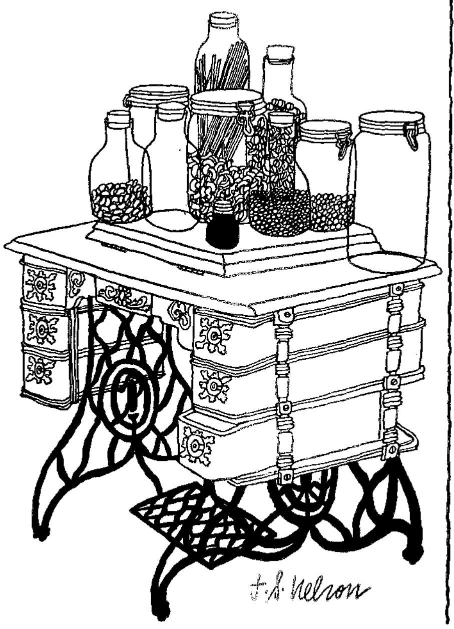
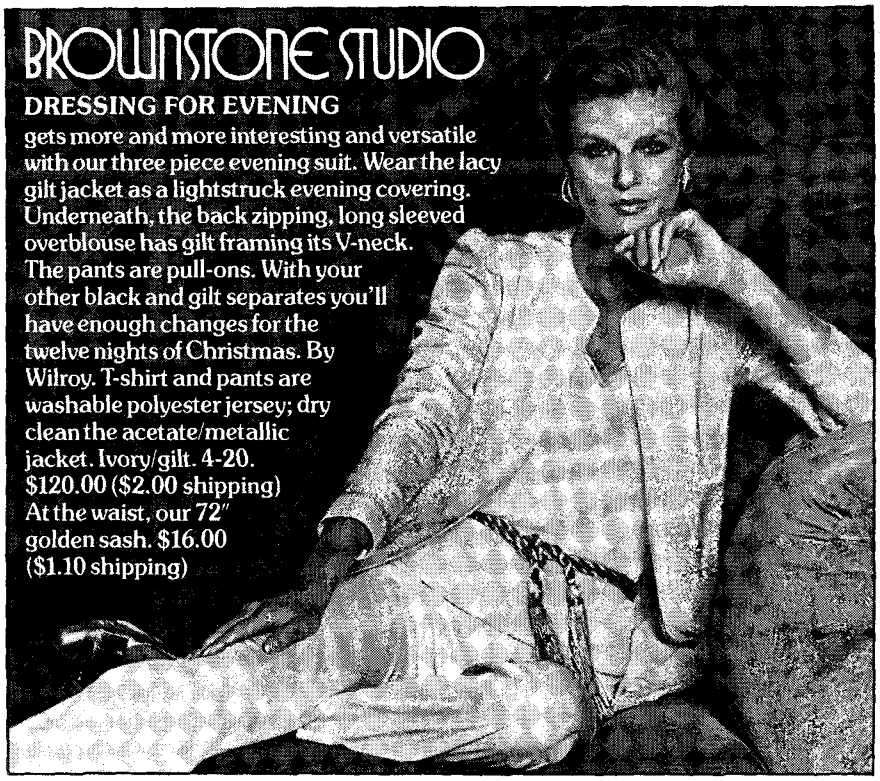
Several minutes later, they enter the familiar elevator, which creaks its way to the tenth floor of the training center. In the classroom, Howard Smith apologizes for not coming to the library, saying that his train was late. The other eleven members of BT-27 are already in the classroom; they say they forgot about the library assignment. All keep their winter coats on and complain that the room is too cold. But Smith ignores their complaints and plunges into his planned subject, "the welfare mentality," by reading aloud common assertions and stereotypes. "Most welfare clients stay on the dole most of their lives," he reads, and invites his students to respond.

"Yeah, I agree with it from what I saw in my environment," says William Penn. "I believe that the majority of people on welfare are trying to make a dollar right now."

"I feel it's up to them whether they're still on welfare the rest of their lives," says William Mason.

Leon Harris comments, "A lot of those on welfare stay on welfare 'cause they say, 'Why work? Someone is going to take care of me. As long as





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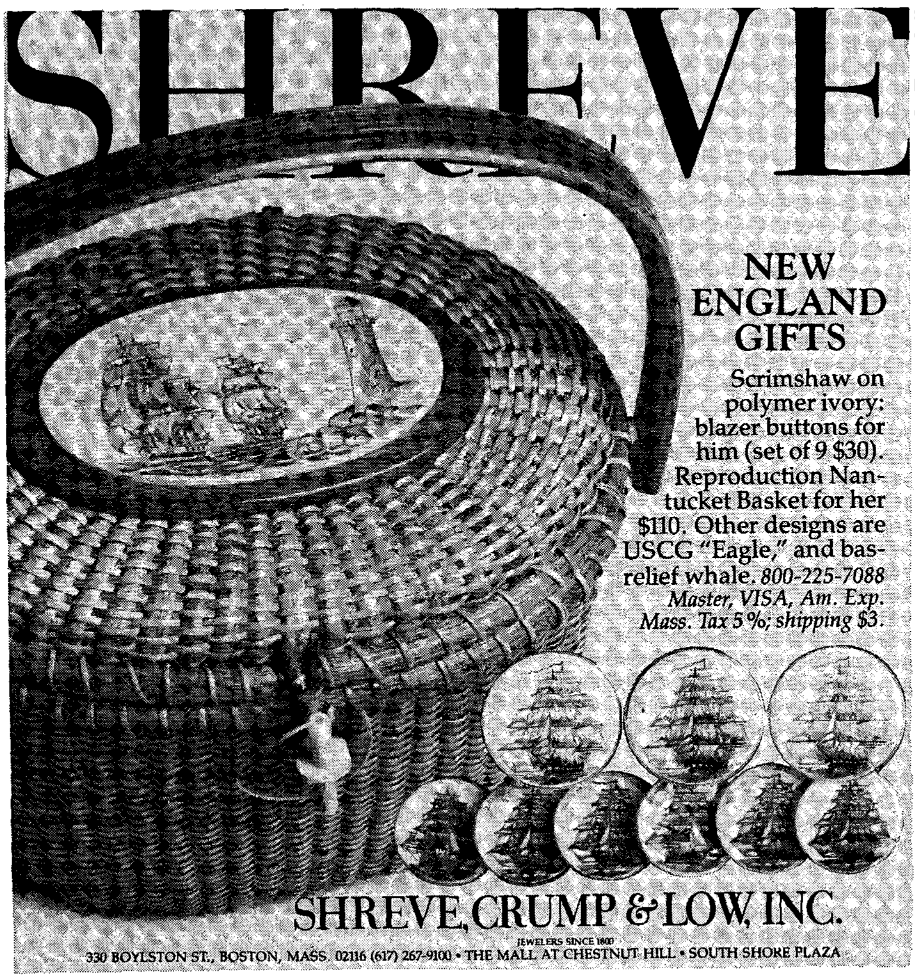

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Uncle Sam will do it, why not?' Then they instill it in their children: 'Why should I have to go out there and bust my behind and have them take it out of my taxes?' "

Howard Smith, satisfied that he has sparked interest, reads another assertion: "Welfare drains most of the five-hundred-billion-dollar federal budget."

"Welfare is ripped off by welfare bureaucrats," says Pearl Dawson.

Concerning the federal budget, Smith asks, "Where does it go?"

"Support for the arms," William Penn says.

Leon Harris agrees. "Why'd they give Chrysler that kind of money to produce cars nobody buys? Then they use welfare as a scapegoat, you dig?"

In a flat, neutral voice, Smith reads another statement: "Most welfare males are loafers who don't want to work."

"True," Leon Harris responds. "It's the same as the welfare mentality, you dig? The average male—white, black, whatever—if he's got free dollars coming in, why not? He's going to be lazy."

"Most males coming from the penitentiary to the street don't know how to involve themselves with society," William Mason says.

"Some people don't want to go out there and work for it," says Timothy Wilson. "I know a lot of people on welfare who make more than those working, because they got their side hustle."

"What do you think of the idea that welfare encourages a welfare mentality?" Smith asks.

"I've known one lady who told me she would have a baby every year to stay on welfare," Pearl Dawson says. "That's the welfare mentality!"

"A lot of people get the idea of getting something for nothing," says Denise Brown. "I know people who live comfortably on welfare. They're satisfied with the food stamps they get. They know the rent is going to get paid. They have that something-for-nothing attitude."

Smith, pacing about the classroom, says, "I remember my days as a welfare recipient. The welfare center was like carnival time. We were drinking or shooting up there. I remember one time my girlfriend and I got drunk and went out and bought drugs. We shot up. The next day, we were sick. She said, 'Don't worry.' She went down to the welfare center with rags and barged in there yelling, 'God

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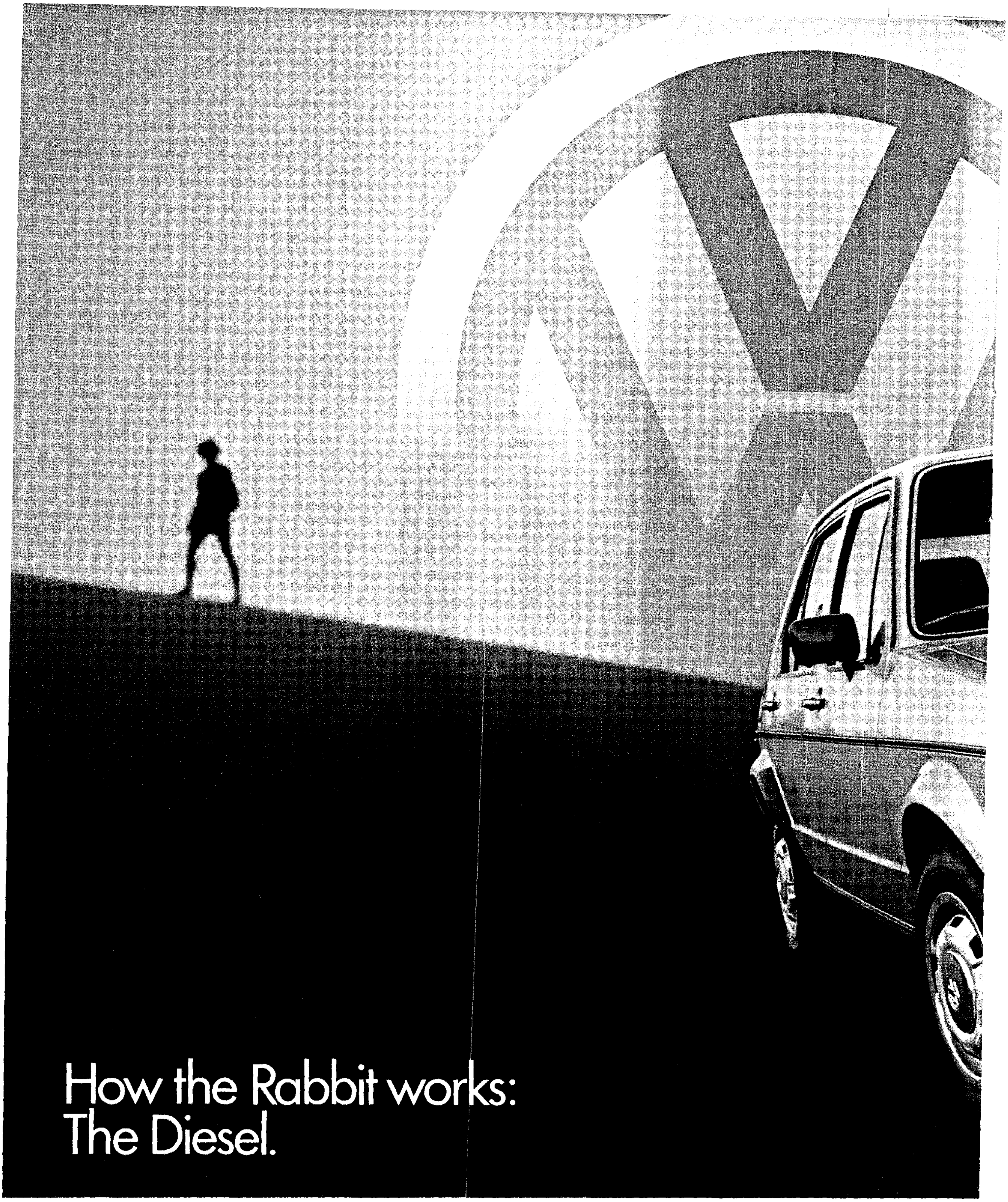

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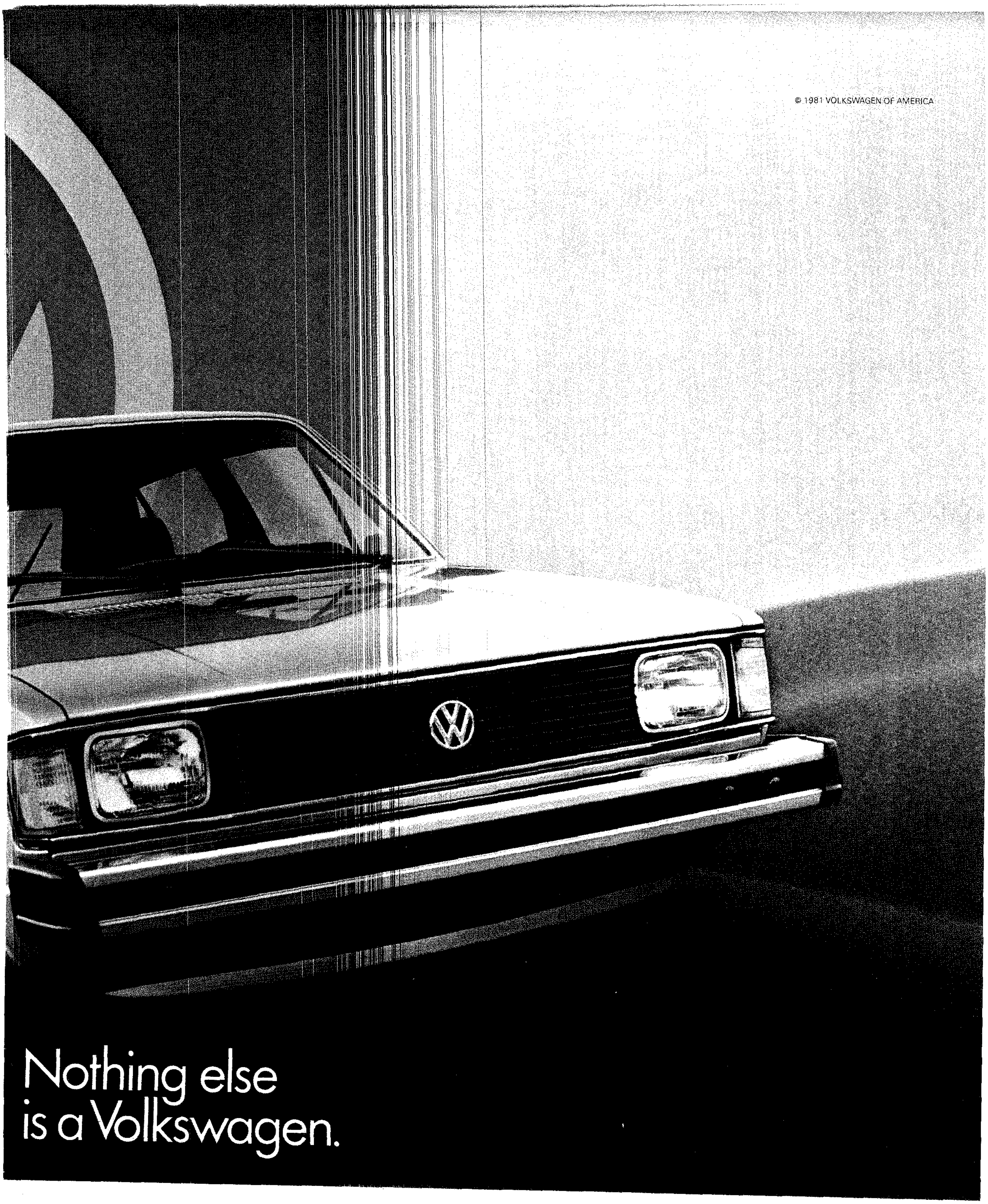

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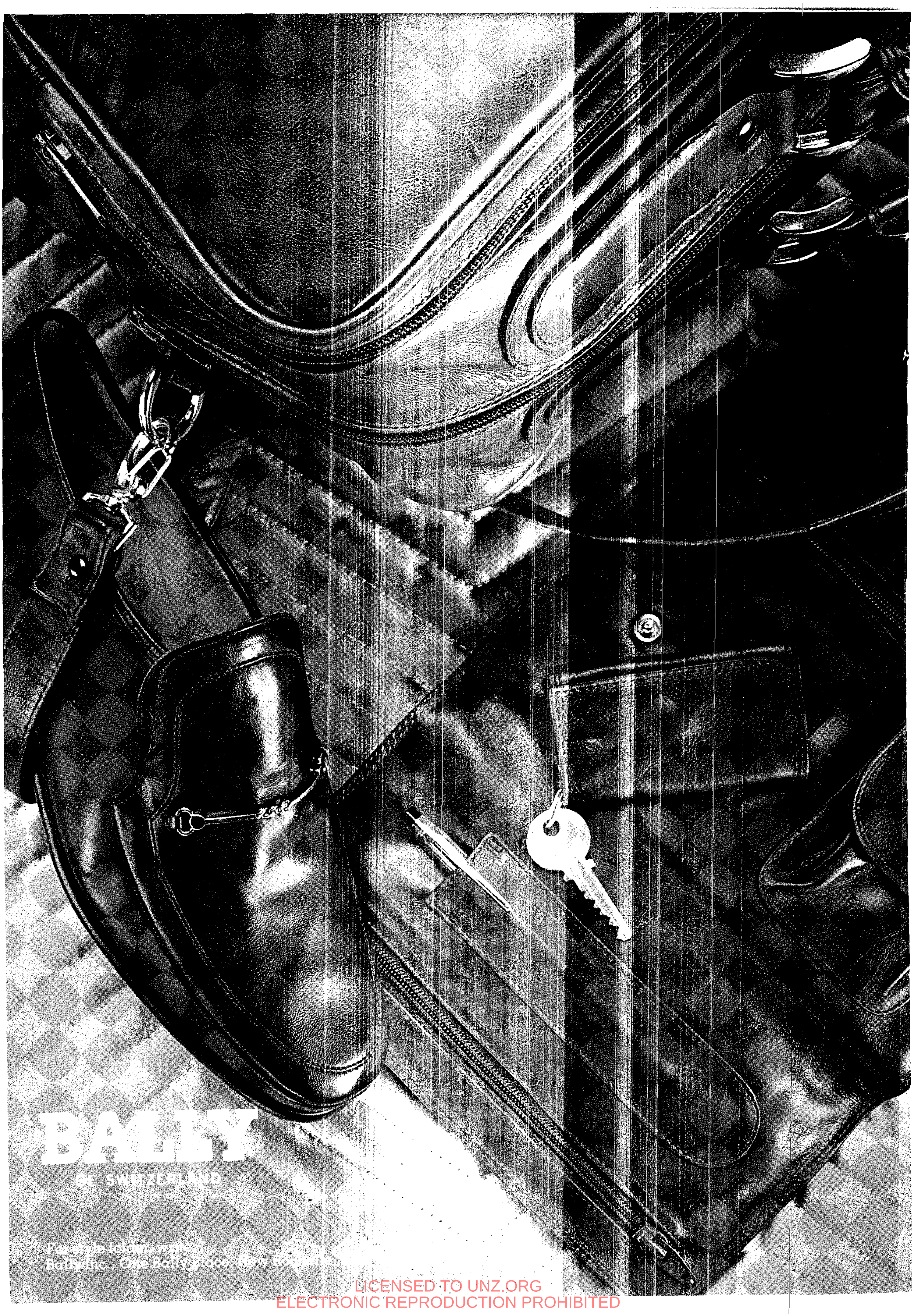
*EPA estimated $\boxed{45}$ mpg, 58 highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)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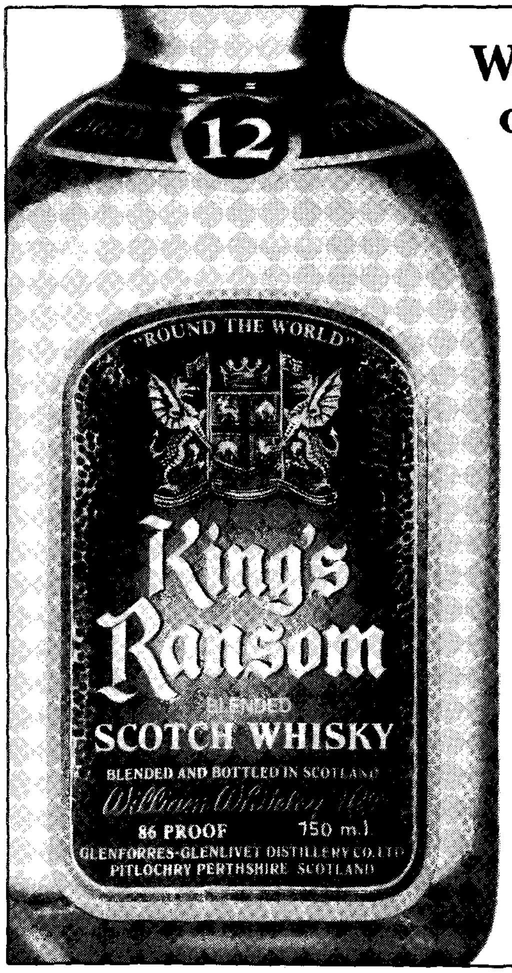
damn it, look what my baby has to play in! I didn't get my check!' She was crying. She could have put Bette Davis to shame. All recipients in the center played their part. They knew her game. But they all yelled out, 'Goddam shame!' Half an hour later, we were sitting at home shooting up with money from the extra check. From that point on, I played the welfare game."

The discussion continues in the hallway during a break, as the members of BT-27 smoke and sip coffee from a luncheonette downstairs. Leon Harris complains about meagre welfare allowances, which in New York State were frozen from 1974 to mid-1981 at two hundred dollars a month (tax free) for a family of three. It's not enough, he says. He now receives a hundred and five dollars a week (before taxes) from Wildcat, and it's not enough he says. Of Bedford-Stuyvesant, he says, "It's a bad neighborhood. I really can't move out of that environment making the little money we do. Yet without proper training I can't make the kind of money to move. It's a depressing state. Some of us are now living in a fantasy. When we leave this thing, it probably won't be easy to get a job. Either we struggle. Or go to the penitentiary. Or get on welfare. As long as welfare's there and we can't get a job, we'll get on it. It leads you right back to the same cycle —from poor to worse. You haven't accomplished nothing till you find people who give you that chance." In addition to his weekly check from Wildcat, Harris says, he and the woman he lives with and their child receive nothing but fifty-eight dollars a month in food stamps. "That's for three people. This can't buy Pampers. Remember, it's only for food. I buy everything out of my hundred-and-five-dollar-a-week check, which I don't see, because of taxes. I get eighty-eight dollars a week. But only if I'm here five days. Out of that, I got rent, which is two hundred and forty-seven dollars a month, baby clothes, toilet articles, transportation, et cetera. They only leave you two alternatives: hustle or accept it." Although Harris says welfare does not provide him a separate rent supplement, most welfare recipients in New York City get a rent supplement of up to two hundred and eighteen dollars a month (for a family of four) in addition to food stamps, Medicaid, and their basic welfare grant. After he pays the rent, Harris says, they are left with about a hun-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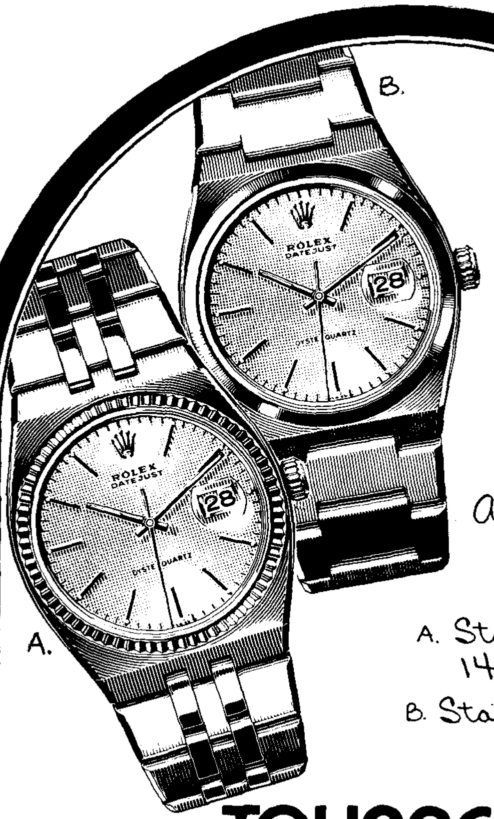

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dred dollars a month to live on. "I hustle on the side," Harris says. "I d.j. I play music. That's not against the law. It's not against the welfare code. To make it, it's mandatory."

Gladys Miller says her after-tax Wildcat check is eighty-three dollars, and she gets sixty dollars a month in food stamps. Her monthly rent is a hundred and fifty dollars. "They clip me, I clip them," Gladys says of the welfare bureaucracy. "I go in and tell them I didn't receive my food stamps, even though I did." As a former heroin addict, Gladys is also enrolled in a methadone-maintenance program. Since she no longer needs either drug, she says, she sells her methadone doses for a hundred and twenty dollars a week.

Willy Joe says, "I got a hustle—like I went to a disco for a weekend, or during the week, that's extra change." Usually, he works for his brother, who organizes dances.

"I even shoot dice," Gladys Miller says.

"I usually handle a little smoke," says John Hicks.

"I don't think there's too many black people don't have a sideline," Gladys Miller says.

"I can make a hundred dollars an hour selling loose joints and bags in front of Madison Square Garden," Hicks says. "But I'm only doin' it because I need the money right now. Times gettin' hard out there, boy. They got all them guards."

"All kinds of people, too—not just blacks," Willy Joe says of hustling outside the Garden. "*Everybody*. They're professional people. They wear three-piece suits."

Gladys Miller blames government programs for inviting cheating. "Take some of that money and open up something, something of interest to alcoholics or dope fiends or methadonians, you see, so they could create jobs," she says. "But, see, the programs—I been on welfare for about seven years—are not interested in the individual, understand? They only interested in you comin' in gettin' that methadone every day. They're handing methadone out. They are supposed to make sure you swallow if they give it to you. When they take your urine, they supposed to find methadone in your urine. Now, if they come and take my urine and see that I ain't got no methadone in it—that's their fault. It's their place to tell me, 'You don't need it, get off.' But they ain't. They only interested in their

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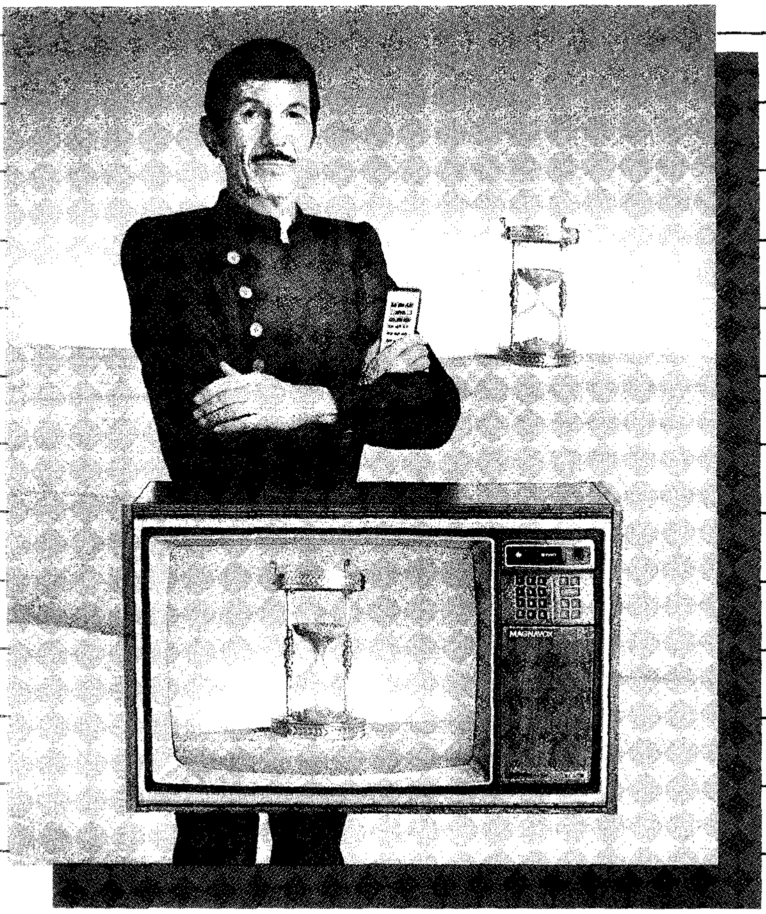

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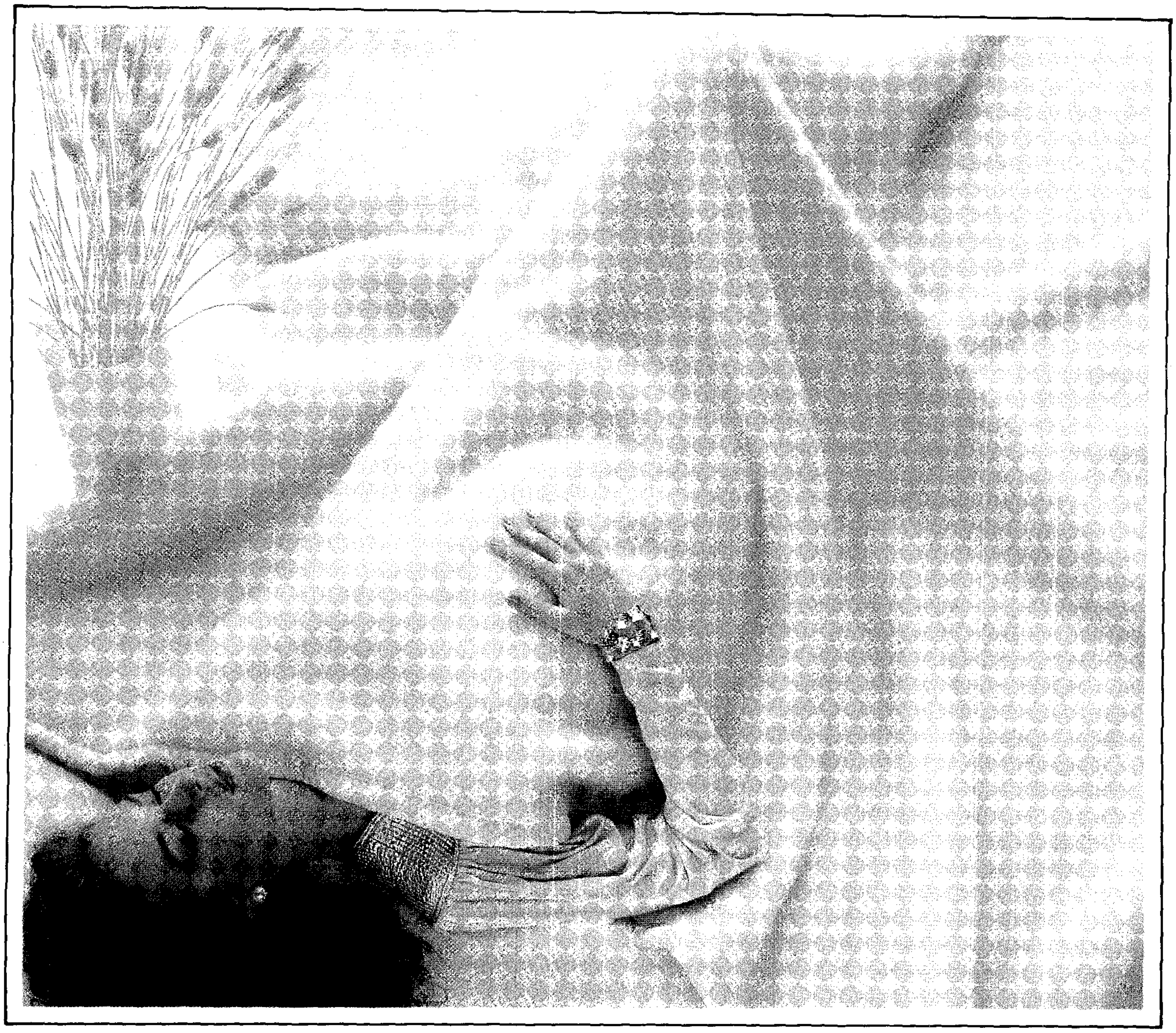

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jobs. Counsellor has to have a certain number of patients. So that's all they interested in—the patients. Just like the food stamps. I'm what you call a person who takes advantage of every opportunity. Don't give me no leeway."

I ask, "What if someone said, 'Gladys, you're stealing from taxpayers by ripping off the methadone and food-stamp programs?' "

"You look at the taxpayers that work for the system," she responds. "The government's ripping off them. They got to know I'm crooked, too. Whoever's overseeing them is also crooked."

"I got to make some money the best way I know how," John Hicks says.

Their break over, the members of BT-27 return to class. Howard Smith asks, "Does welfare encourage alcoholism?"

"When you're bored and don't know how to use your idle time, people want to escape from reality," Timothy Wilson says.

"Why is reality so painful?" Smith asks.

Denise Brown replies, "The reality is that the person on welfare no have what they want. No have a job. Can't get one. Might live in a slum."

"It used to hurt my father that we didn't have the things we could have," Gladys Miller says.

"They just can't deal with the everyday hassles," Harris says. "Man, doors close in their face. They think, I tried. So they get on welfare and say, 'This is not as bad as I thought.' "

"That's where the loafin' comes in," William Mason says.

"He's got no one to push him," Harris continues. "His friends say, 'Hey, man, you're right. You tried. Let's go and get high.' "

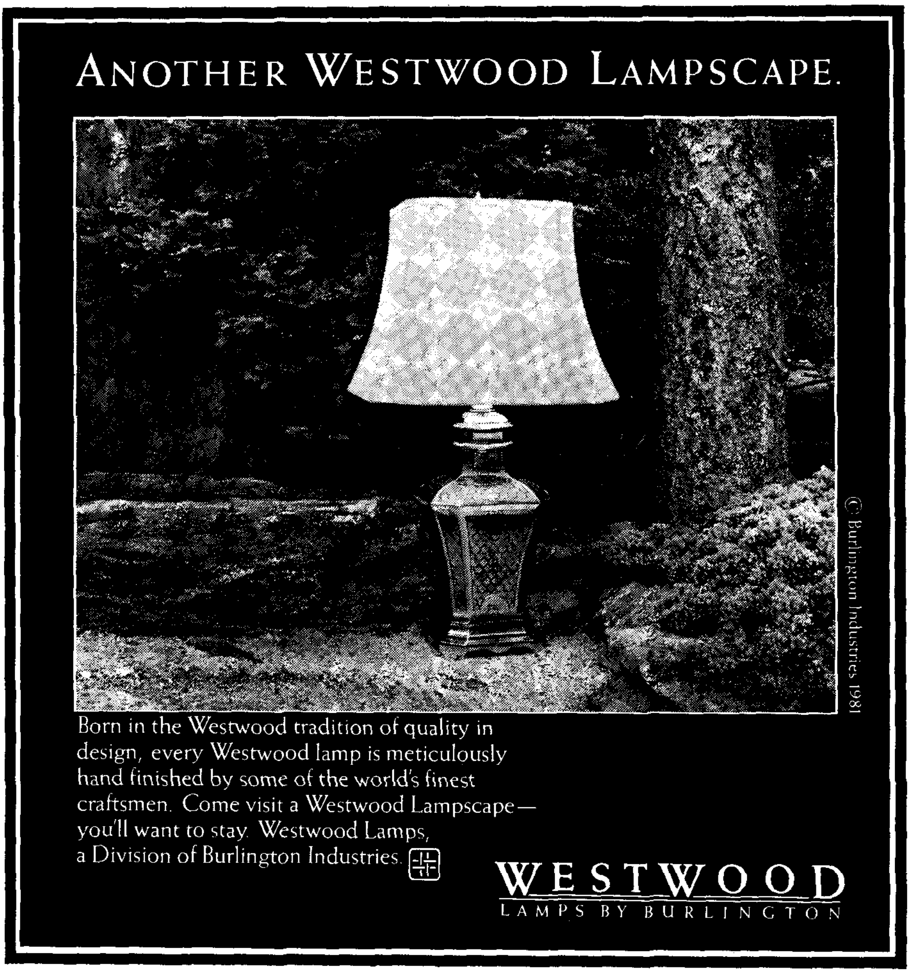
"Listen, I can't live off welfare," Pearl Dawson says. "I cannot live off this money that I am getting—that's where your family and your friends come in. That's where my idea's different from going out picking somebody's pocket."

She is asked by Smith whether it is true that some of those on welfare prefer welfare, and have more children to qualify for more benefits.

"Yes. Have baby behind baby behind baby," she answers.

"If the money is so bad and welfare is so demeaning, why should this be so?" Smith asks.

"Some people don't want to do no better," Pearl says. "They can live, month to month or week to week, on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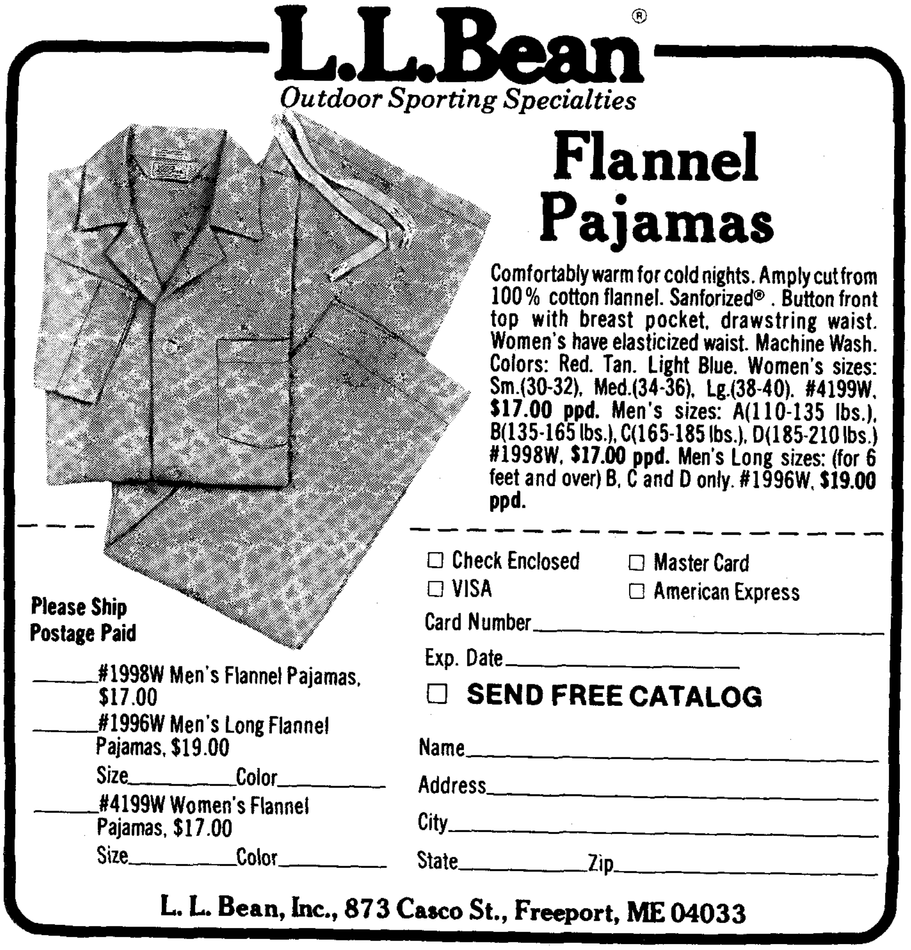
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just rice and beans. First thing I do when I cash my check at the bank? I get my tokens so I make sure I can get here. But when you get out and start spending it, hey, it's gone. That's how much I want to get here. I buy my tokens before I buy anything else."

Smith pauses to look over the class. Except for John Painter, who is reading the sports section of the *Daily News*, and Mohammed, who is asleep, all the members of BT-27 appear to be engrossed. Smith asks, "Is there any connection between the welfare system and what happened to the South Bronx?"

Denise Brown says, "I never was able to understand why certain welfare people live under certain conditions. I was on welfare and never lived that way. It seems to me that they don't take care of their houses well, the way they would if the money was coming out of their own pocket. People come to accept the garbage and dirt in the building. I never understood that. That's the welfare mentality."

"So what you're saying is that if these people were working hard to live in this building and paying their own money, they'd take better care of the building," Smith suggests.

"I believe so," she says.

"I've seen people waiting for the mailman," William Mason says. "And then it comes time to take a leak and they don't want to go all the way upstairs. So they go right there. That leads to deterioration. That's the welfare mentality."

"They keep us in a bunch!" Gladys Miller exclaims. "They keep us together."

"We can't live on East Ninety-sixth Street, because we can't afford the rent," Leon Harris says.

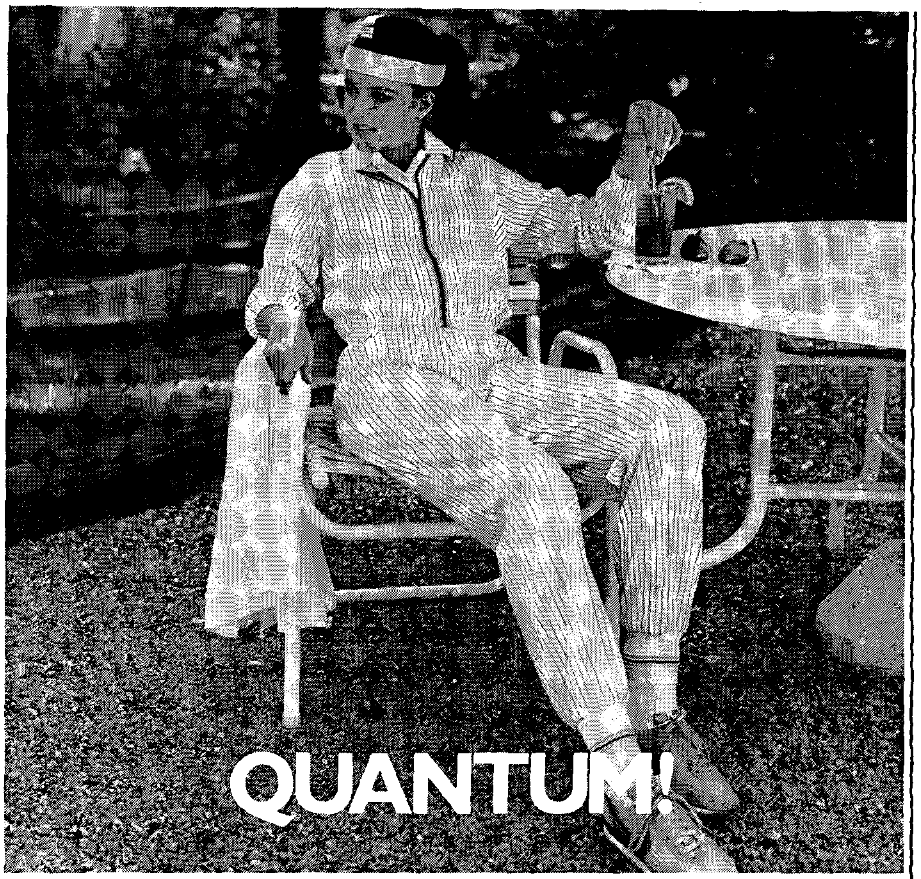
"You find that most Afro-Americans and blacks are contained," Timothy Wilson says. "You can find a nice five-room apartment in Bedford-Stuyvesant cheap. The streets are filthy; there are no sewers. Yet you walk around Manhattan and see all these people dressed nice."

"Suppose I'm black and I don't want you 'cause you're dirty," Smith says. "Is that a fact or a myth?"

"A fact," Gladys Miller says.

"As soon as blacks and Puerto Ricans moved in, the whites moved out of Bedford-Stuyvesant," Harris says. "They moved in with their attitudes. If you think bad, it will look bad."

Smith, who is obviously building to-



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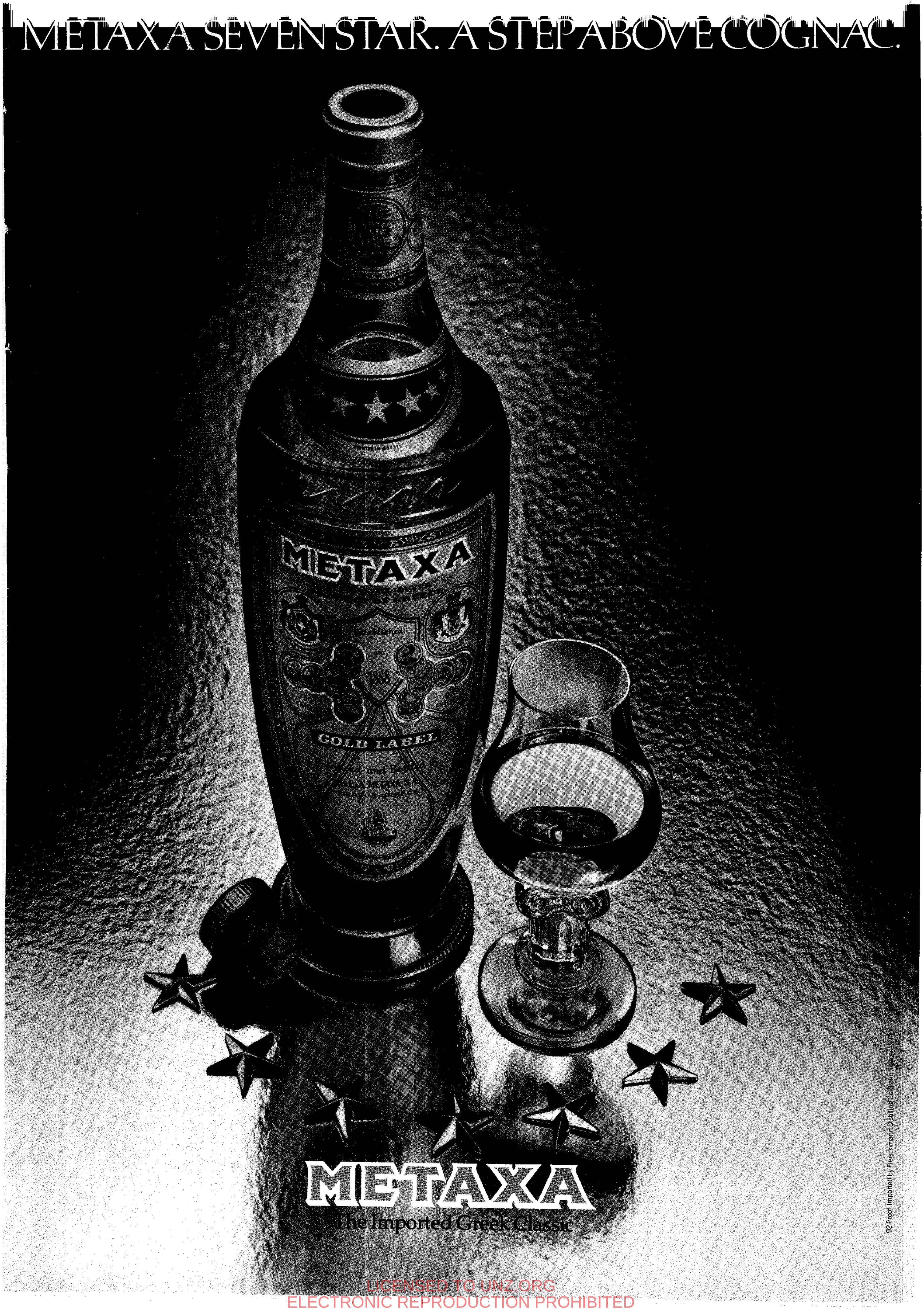METAXA SEVEN STAR. A STEP ABOVE COGNAC.
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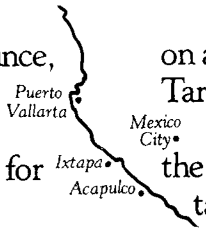

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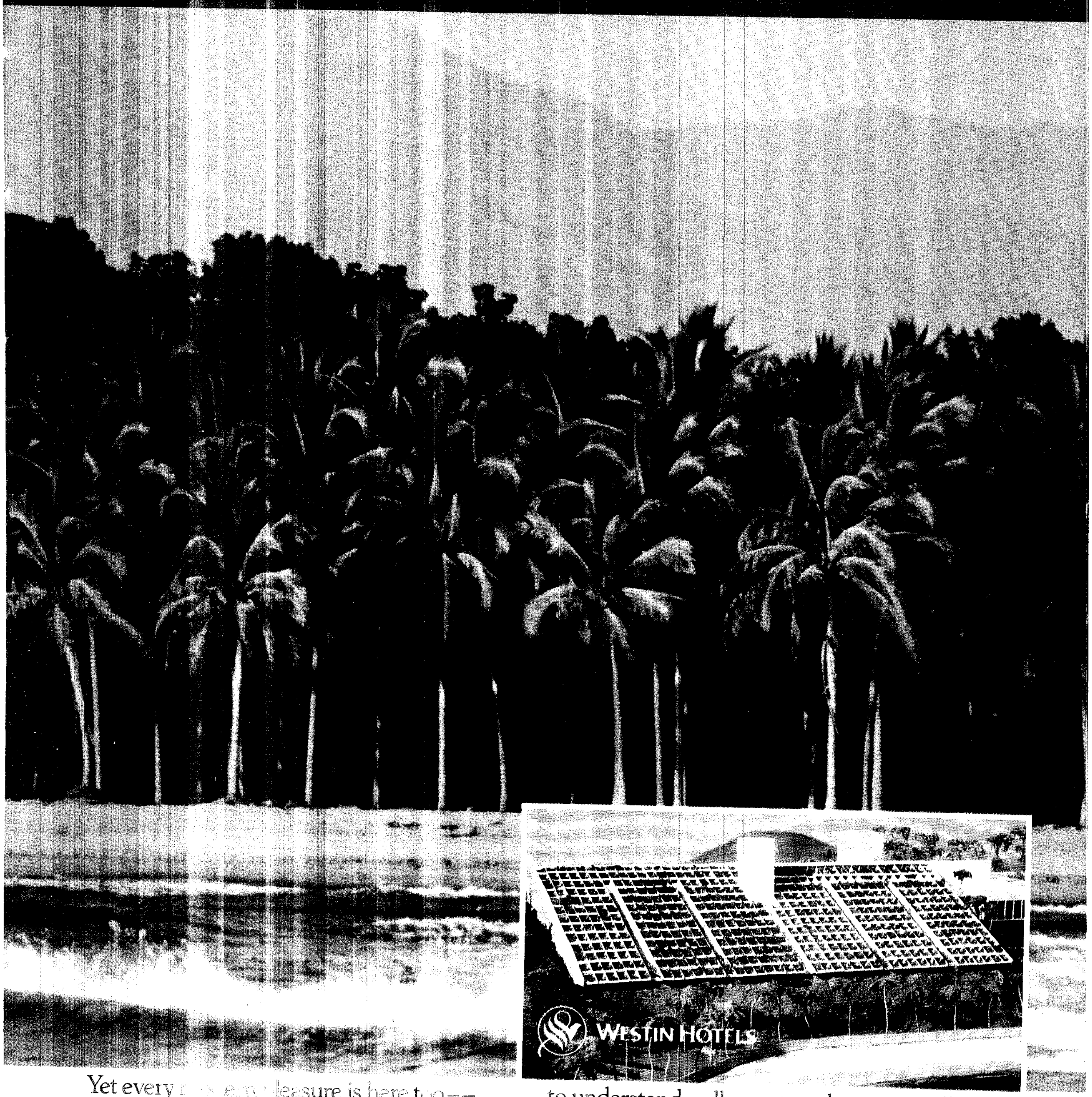

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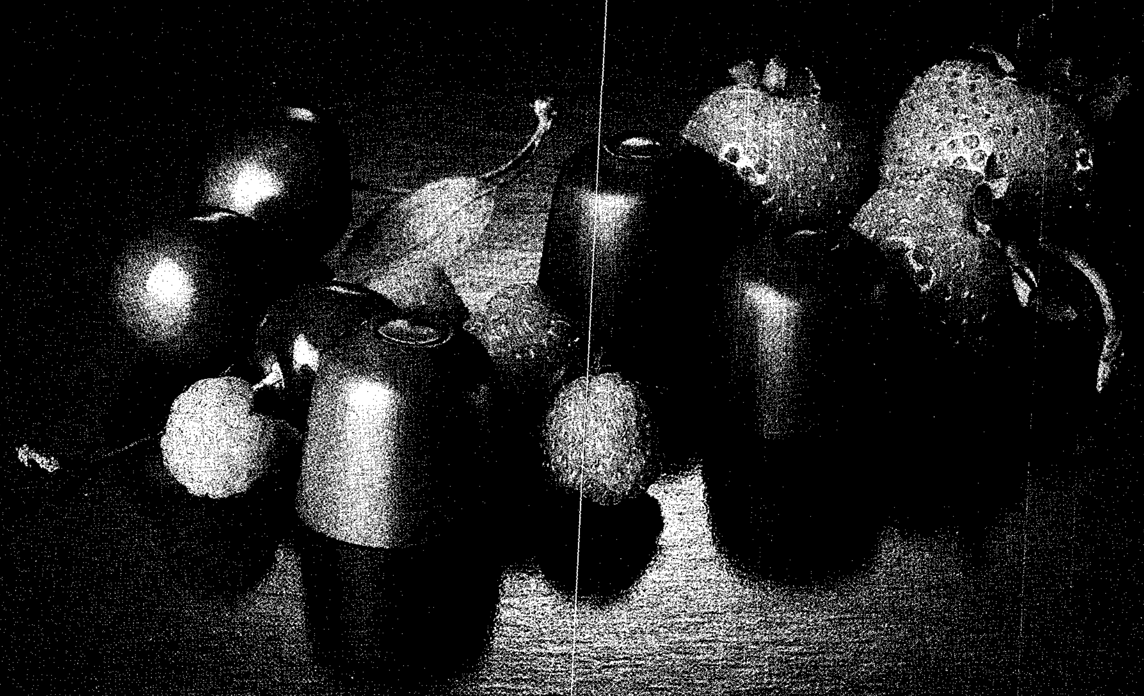

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ward something, asks why this should be the case. "Are you saying we're inferior?"

"I wouldn't say we're inferior," Timothy Wilson responds, somewhat hesitantly. "But we do have vandalism and graffiti."

"Why?" Smith asks.

"It could be anger," Timothy Wilson says.

"Sometimes it's just their way of fighting back," Pearl Dawson says.

"If you tear down enough buildings, they have to move you out of the neighborhood," Harris says.

"In order to get decent housing, you must be burned out, because there's a waiting list for the public projects," says William Block. "Most people say 'Fine.' So you get a lot of fires, because they know the only way to get into these projects is by fire."

"The landlords don't provide for many buildings," Smith says. "What does a landlord need to keep a building up? Is there a difference between a tenant who works and one on welfare?"

"He gives less care to welfare recipients," John Hicks says.

"A landlord feels that if you're working you'll take better care of the building, you dig," Harris says. "Whereas welfare people cause complaints."

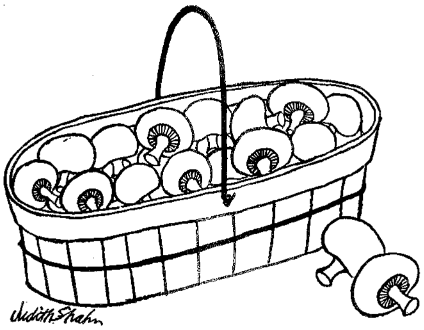
"From working people, he can get the dollars," Denise Brown says. "From welfare recipients, he can't."

"The cost of buildings is going up and up," Smith says, switching gears. "But what's happening to the welfare check? Is it keeping pace?"

"This building is a good example," William Mason says, ignoring the question and rubbing his hands to keep warm. "Everyone else in this building has no complaints about the heat. Those on the tenth floor do."

"Look, we got to have heaters," Harris says, cutting in.

Most of the class members, their coats still on, chime in, wondering whether they haven't been singled out and given less heat because they're



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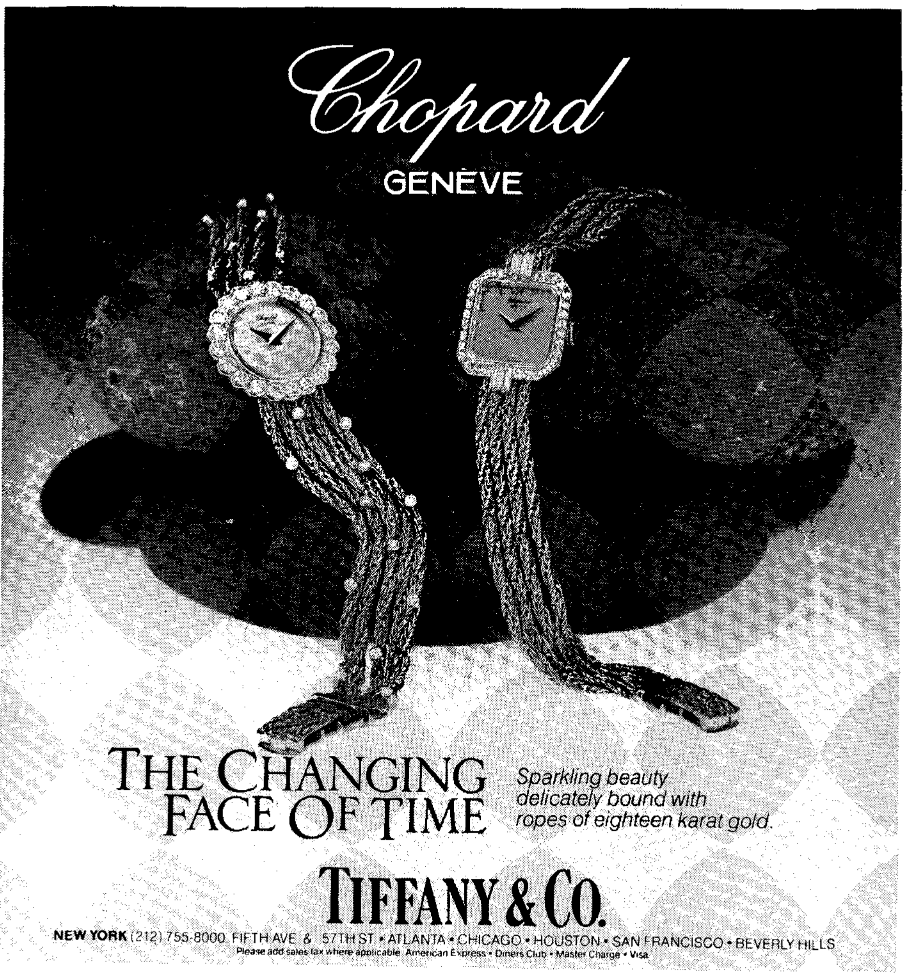

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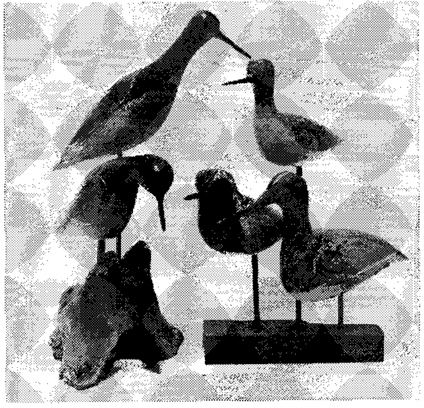

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poor and black or Hispanic. Smith allows them to complain for a few minutes. Finally, he asks, "How has welfare affected the family?"

Willy Joe says, "I feel you lose your integrity and pride. You don't have the necessities of life—nice school, nice neighborhood. Most families are not together."

"It takes your manhood away," Harris says.

"It makes you feel less than a man. They'd take my heart away before I'd go on welfare," says Hicks, who earlier told of trying to get on welfare but being denied.

"The man's supposed to be head of the household," Gladys Miller says. "But when kids see there's not enough money they go out and hustle."

"Think of a child growing up in this environment," Smith says. "He knows nothing else—deteriorated buildings, urine in the hallways, father on alcohol who can't fulfill his role. What happens to him?"

"A lot of kids just have the attitude 'I don't care,' " William Block answers. "They sit down and think of ways how to beat the Man out of welfare. For one person, welfare only allows I think a hundred and fifty dollars a month. A hundred and fifty dollars is really no money. Welfare will put you in these hotels that have all kinds of nuts in them—people from mental institutions, drug addicts. You can't keep anything of worth or value; to walk around with money in a place such as that is ridiculous. First thing you know, they got your wallet, if not worse." Block explains that he gets only thirty-two dollars a month for food stamps and until he entered the supported-work program he received a hundred and twenty-two dollars and eighty-five cents a month from welfare. "That leaves you nothing," he says. "That brings about an idleness that brings about trouble. You always in the street, trying to get money. And if an opportunity presents itself where you can get some quick money, you just may jump into it. That will lead you to a life of crime or hurting someone."

"I've seen some children willing to pull away from welfare," William Mason says. "So many end up in the penitentiary because they want to do better. They don't have a born instinct for crime. They may be sitting home watching their mother crying because she can't afford milk. So they commit crimes to get away from it."

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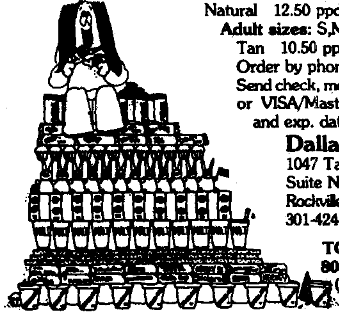

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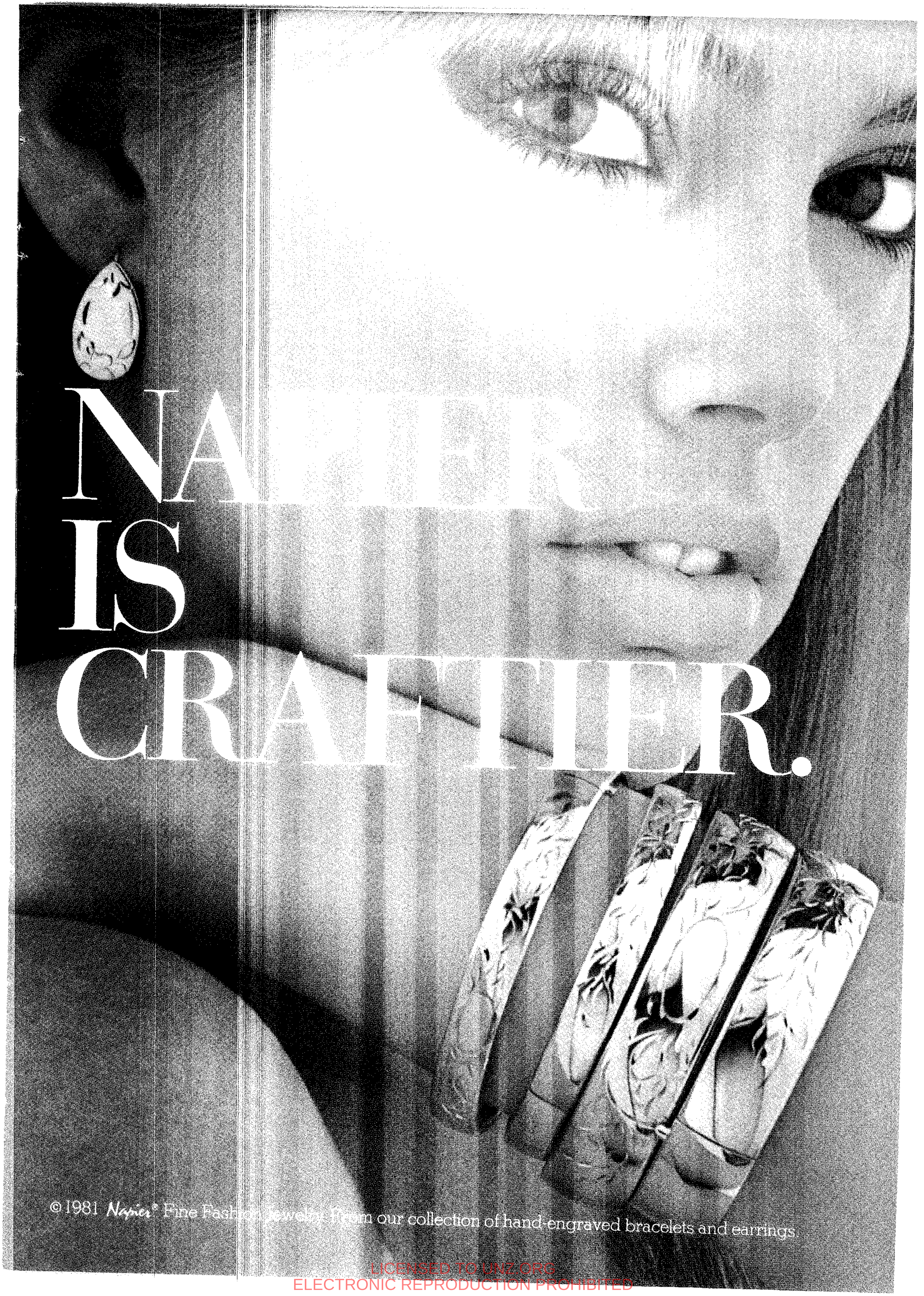
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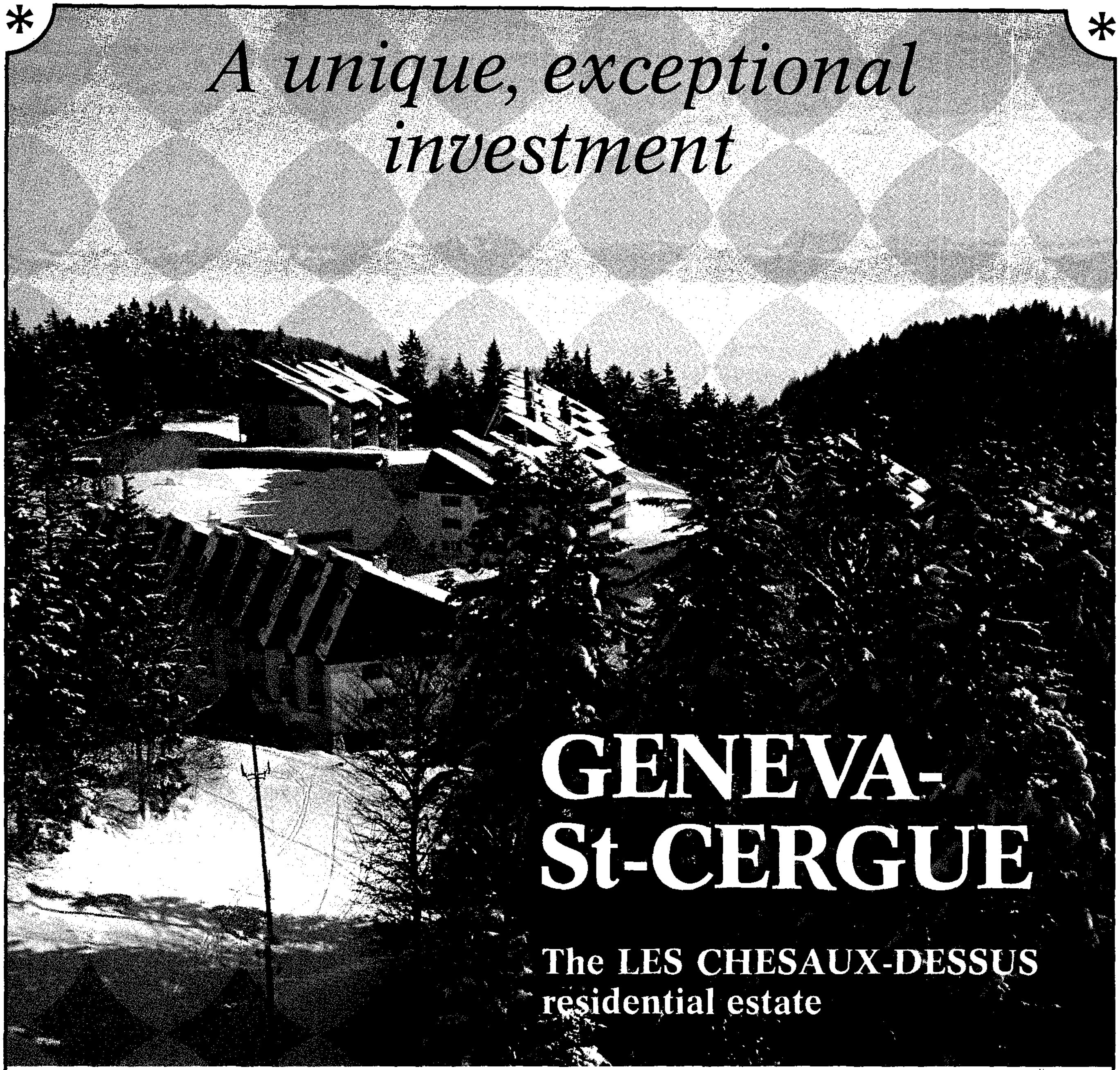
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building where he was constantly cold," Pearl Dawson says. "He set fires to keep warm."

"I know kids who did destructive things," Denise Brown says. "They broke up their rooms or didn't take care of their clothes. They did it to take out hostility."

"I think society tries to impose a welfare mentality on welfare recipients as far as the neighborhoods and the things that are presented to them," says John Painter, who has put his newspaper aside. "Something for some poor young child living in a predominantly welfare-recipient neighborhood, something that he can look up to and say he wanna be, is usually gonna be something he's seen and something he knows about. Might be something in the neighborhood, somebody driving a Cadillac. Whereas somebody else might wanna be a doctor or a lawyer or something. So if people do have a welfare mentality I think it's imposed on them by society, by the things that are presented to them. Most kids in ghettos and whatnot don't think about being a doctor. They be looking forward to being something closer to the reality as far as they can see. In a sense, welfare mentality is thinking you gonna get something for nothing."

To prevent that attitude, he is asked, should all welfare be terminated?

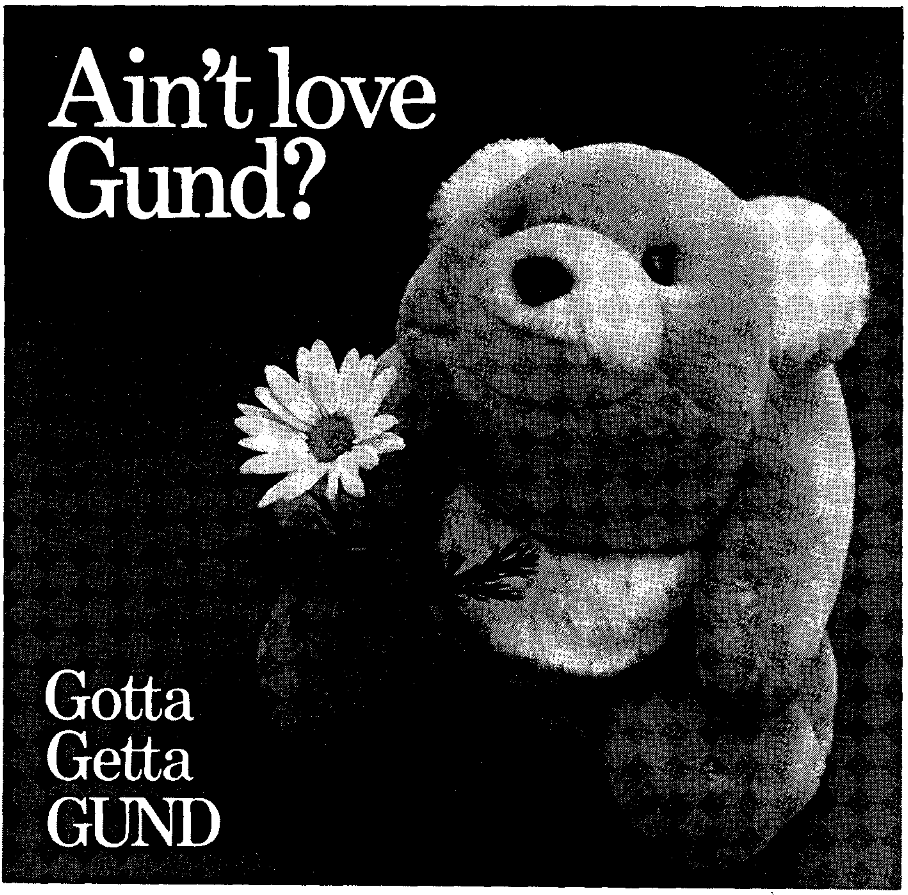
"No, no, no. That's essential in today's world, where you got this economical strife. That is an essential railing. But society plays a big part in the way the person is gonna accept it."

"You are what you eat," Timothy Wilson says, echoing the view, hinted by a few in the class, that the system, rather than the individual, is to blame. "If you eat garbage food, it affect you. If you have a kid and all he sees is pain and sorrow and garbage food, it's got to affect him. It hurts inside."

"Any hope for that child?" Smith asks. "Now he's seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty-one—in his early twenties. He's gone the route—drugs, jail. He wants to straighten out. Is there any hope? Is there such a thing as the person who doesn't want anything else?"

"Some people on welfare don't see anything else," Wilson says. "They're happy with it."

At this point, Smith veers off in a new direction, reading a series of questions and asking for yes-or-no answers: Is it true that more blacks than



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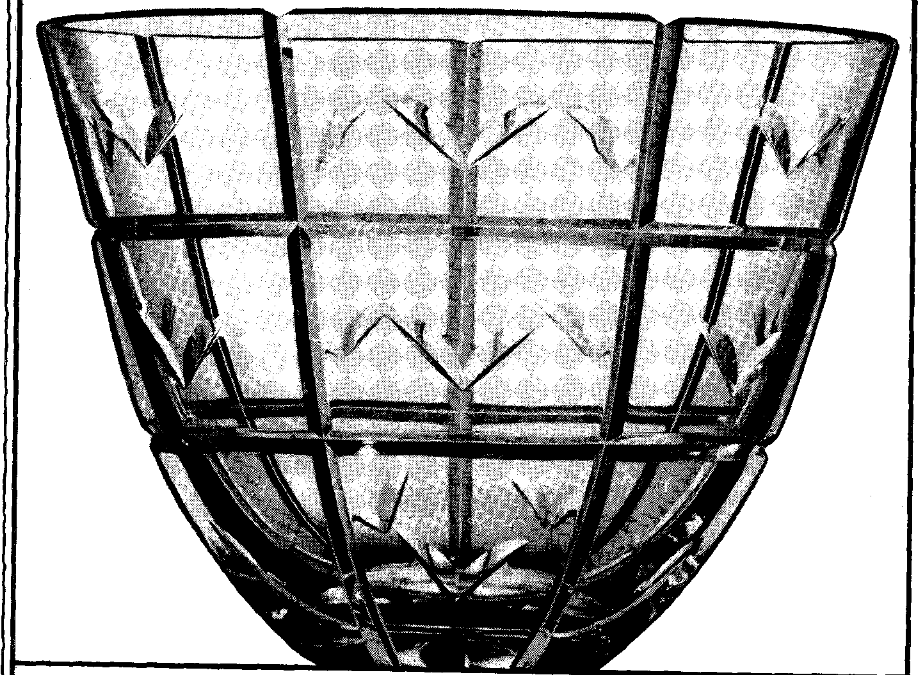

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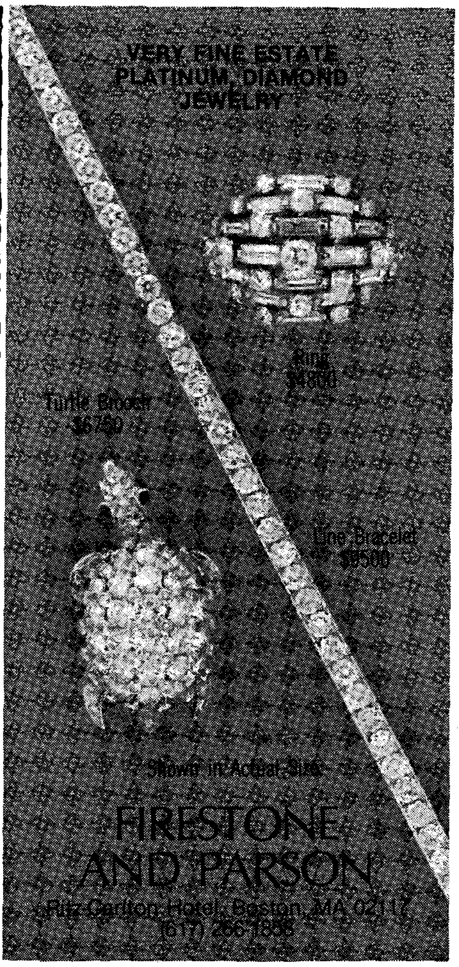
whites are on welfare? Unanimously, BT-27 says more blacks are on welfare. Smith reports that just over fifty per cent of those on welfare are white.

The conversation begins to meander, but Howard Smith has a satisfied look on his long face. All this, he tells the class, was useful preparation for the paper he wants the class members to write. Tuesday's session will be held at the Mid-Manhattan Library, where they will learn to do the research for this project. At 12:40 P.M., he hands out their weekly checks, and they go off for lunch.

When the class members have left, I ask Smith what his aim was in that day's class.

"I was trying to get them thinking about the effect of welfare on a person's development, on the child, on buildings, on our values," he says. "The other thing—I don't know whether you picked up on it, but there wasn't much condemnation of burning buildings and throwing garbage out the window, because they feel a lot of these things are justified. There's a lot of behavior in the class that is—for want of a better expression—'welfare mentality.' If you can get them thinking about welfare and its effects, then you can get them to change themselves."

Smith thinks that the families headed by women are largely responsible for "the welfare mentality." He says, "Their sons grow up without any positive male role models to emulate. Usually, by the time the son becomes a teen-ager he begins to resent that Mom is the one always giving orders. Especially now that he's beginning to feel his oats. Since he can't find a strong male role model at home, he turns to the streets for it. And what does he see? He sees Superfly, the reefer-smoking, coke-sniffing, numbers-running, drug-dealing, pimping, Cadillac-driving hustler, with expensive rings, expensive clothes, and lots of women." Smith knows that slavery ruthlessly uprooted the black family, that the extended black family often provides positive male role models, and that many mothers manage quite well against great odds. But he thinks that children—particularly minority children—are the victims of a seismic event that is shaking society: a crumbling family structure. "The difference between my generation and the majority of my class is that even *though we may have had a female*-oriented family, the average mother in the forties and fifties had different val-



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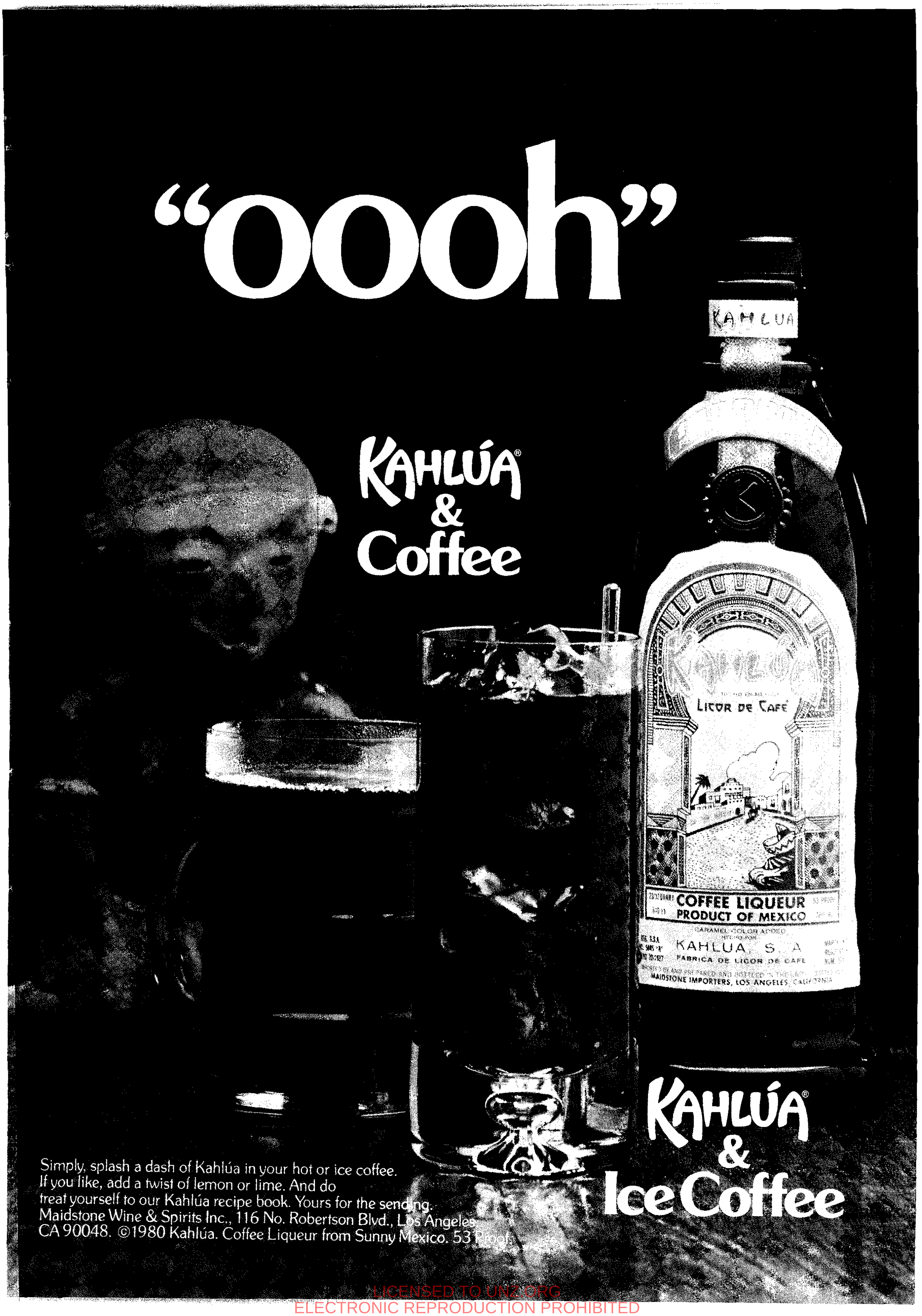
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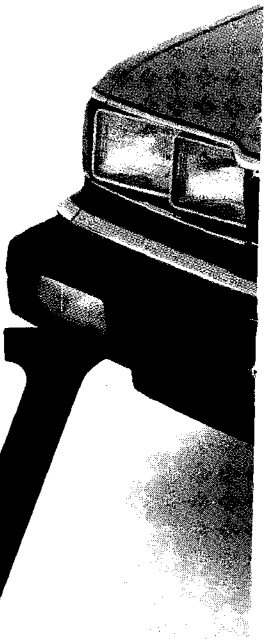

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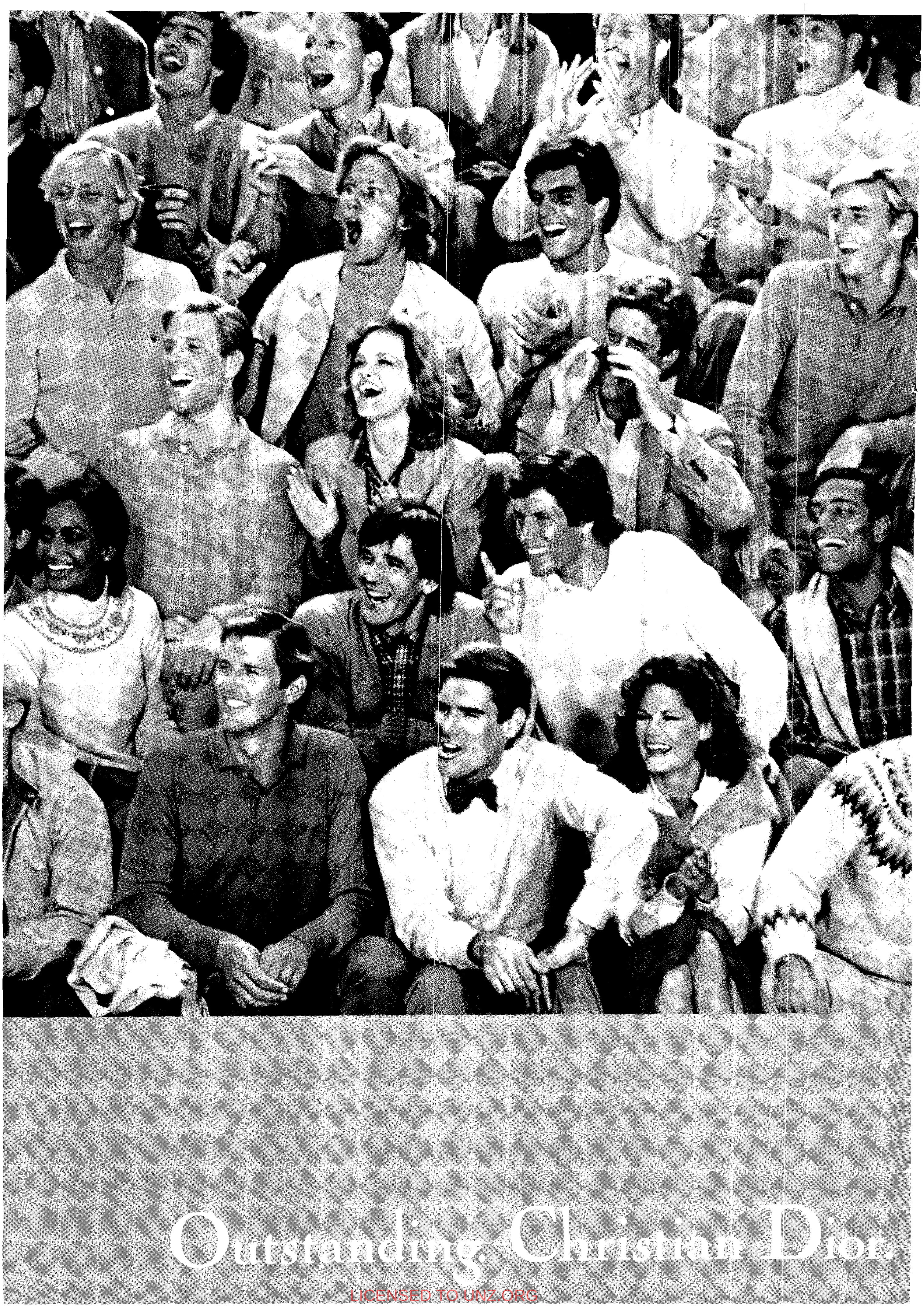
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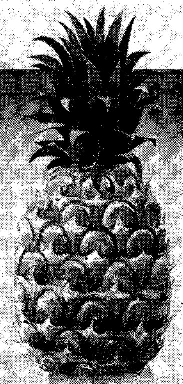
ues," he says. "Welfare was wrong. Drugs were wrong. Every Sunday morning, you had to put on a blue serge suit and a pair of shoes and go to church. In a segregated school, you may not have been getting the best education, but you had to go to school. And they thought nothing of 'cutting your behind' with a strap. You respected your elders and didn't talk back. Those mothers were tough. Today, it's a whole new ballgame. The kids aren't taught those same values. Now it's the parents whose behinds get cut with a strap. You have parents who are actually frightened of their kids. I'm frightened when I see a bunch of young kids on the street late at night. We have a generation of people coming up now with no family structures. The traditional institutions that taught them what was good and bad, church, schools, the family unit itself—there's an entire generation out there that has not had the benefits of family, church, or school."

THE generation of which Smith speaks now forms the core of the underclass. The fact that poverty is increasingly linked to the matriarchal family is revealed by two startling facts. First, the Department of Health and Human Services' National Center for Health Statistics estimated that in 1979 almost fifty-five per cent of all black children in the United States were born out of wedlock, whereas in 1940 only about fifteen per cent were. In some urban ghettos, the percentage rises above seventy. Also in 1979, forty-one per cent of black and forty per cent of mainland Puerto Rican families—compared with twelve per cent of white families—were supported by a lone woman. This leads to the second startling fact: One in three families headed by women is poor, compared with only one in ten headed by men and only one in nineteen headed by two parents. The issue is primarily one of economics, not sexism. Unavoidably, many of these single women become trapped at home, in poverty; in 1979, the median income of black and Hispanic families headed by women was only forty per cent of what it was for two-parent black and Hispanic families. Perhaps the single greatest change in American poverty is that it has been feminized. In 1979, twelve million eight hundred thousand people—just over half of those classified as poor—lived in families headed by women or were women living alone, or women living with non-rela-



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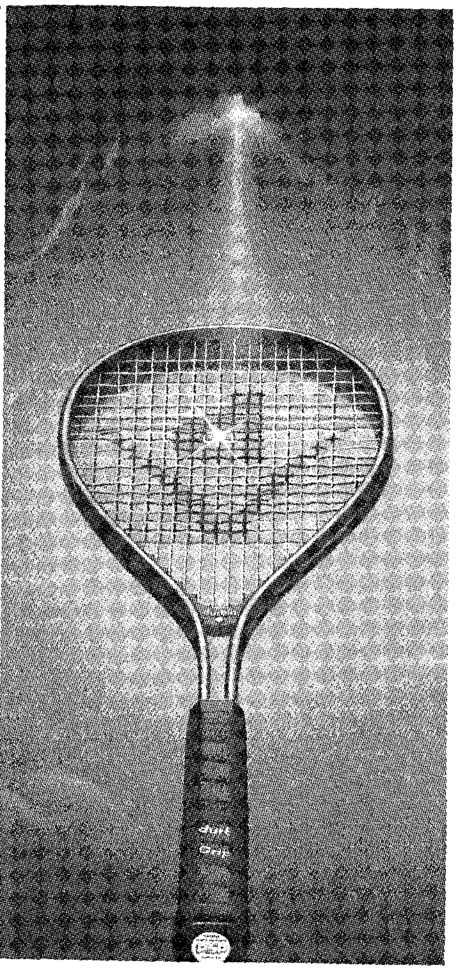

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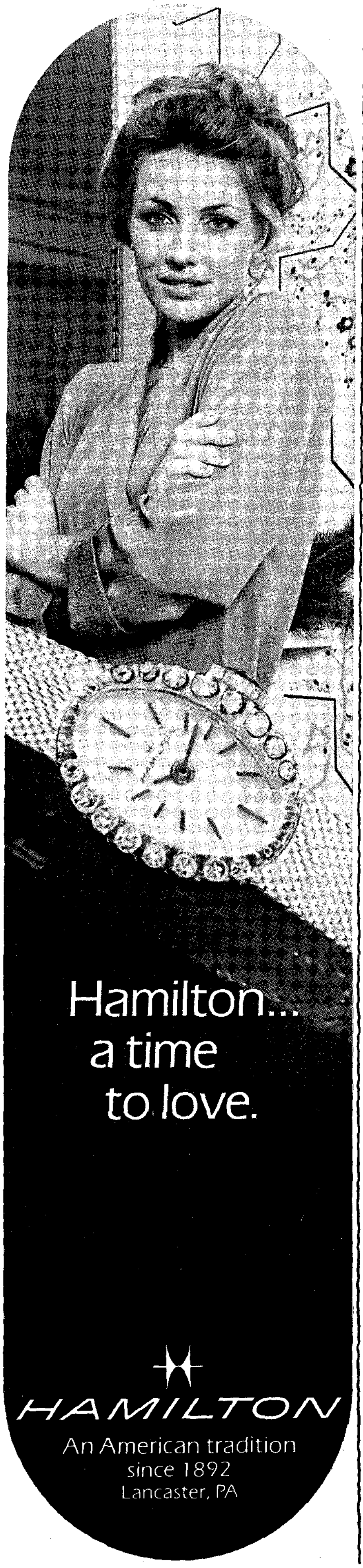
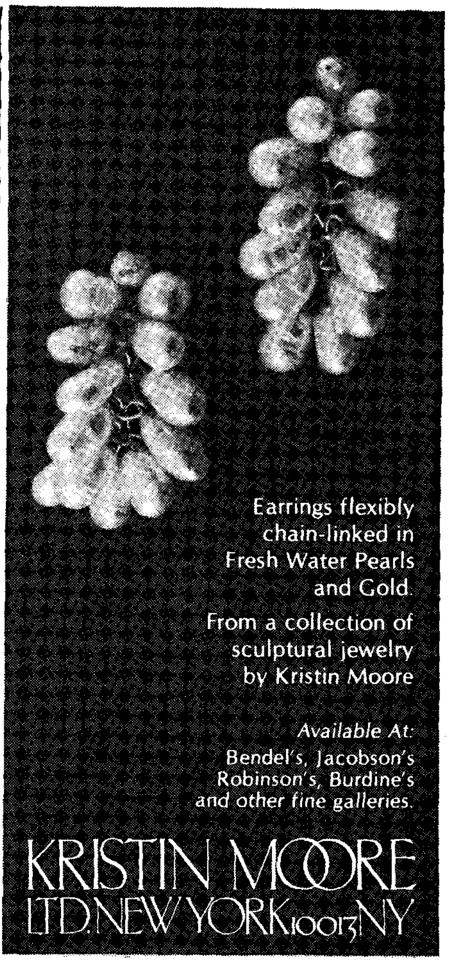


tives. Between 1970 and 1977, the number of those below the federally defined poverty standard declined by two million two hundred thousand, or 8.2 per cent. The number of poor families headed by men declined by twenty-five per cent. Meanwhile, the number of women who headed families below the poverty line jumped by seven hundred and ten thousand, or 38.7 per cent. And the thirteenth annual report of the President's National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity, published in September of this year, carries an ominous warning: "All other things being equal, if the proportion of the poor in female-householder families were to continue to increase at the same rate as it did from 1967 to 1978, the poverty population would be composed solely of women and their children before the year 2000."

The poverty vise, government statistics show, clamps tightest on teen-age mothers. About half of all out-of-wedlock births are to teen-agers. In March of this year, the Urban Institute, in a study entitled "Teen Age Childbearing: Public Sector Costs," reported that more than half of all A.F.D.C. assistance in 1975 was paid to women who were or had been teen-age mothers. In New York, an unpublished 1979 Department of City Planning document—"The Development and Growth of a Welfare-Dependent Underclass in New York City: How It Happened and What to Do About It"—found that "of all the children born out of wedlock in New York City in the last eighteen years, the equivalent of seventy-five per cent—266,000—are on A.F.D.C. today." In 1979 in the United States as a whole, more than five hundred and sixty thousand babies—one in six—were born to teen-age mothers; among blacks, the figure was one in four. Eighty-five per cent of these black teen-age mothers were unmarried. Among the industrial nations, the phenomenon of teen-age motherhood is most pronounced in the United States: in 1979, sixteen per cent of American births were to teen-agers, compared with nine per cent in England, five per cent in Sweden and France, and less than one per cent in Japan. Such births are not restricted to minorities; in the decade from 1969 to 1979, the birth rate for unwed white women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four rose by twenty-five per cent; the increase for black women was only 3.2 per cent. But teen-age births are disproportionately concentrated in



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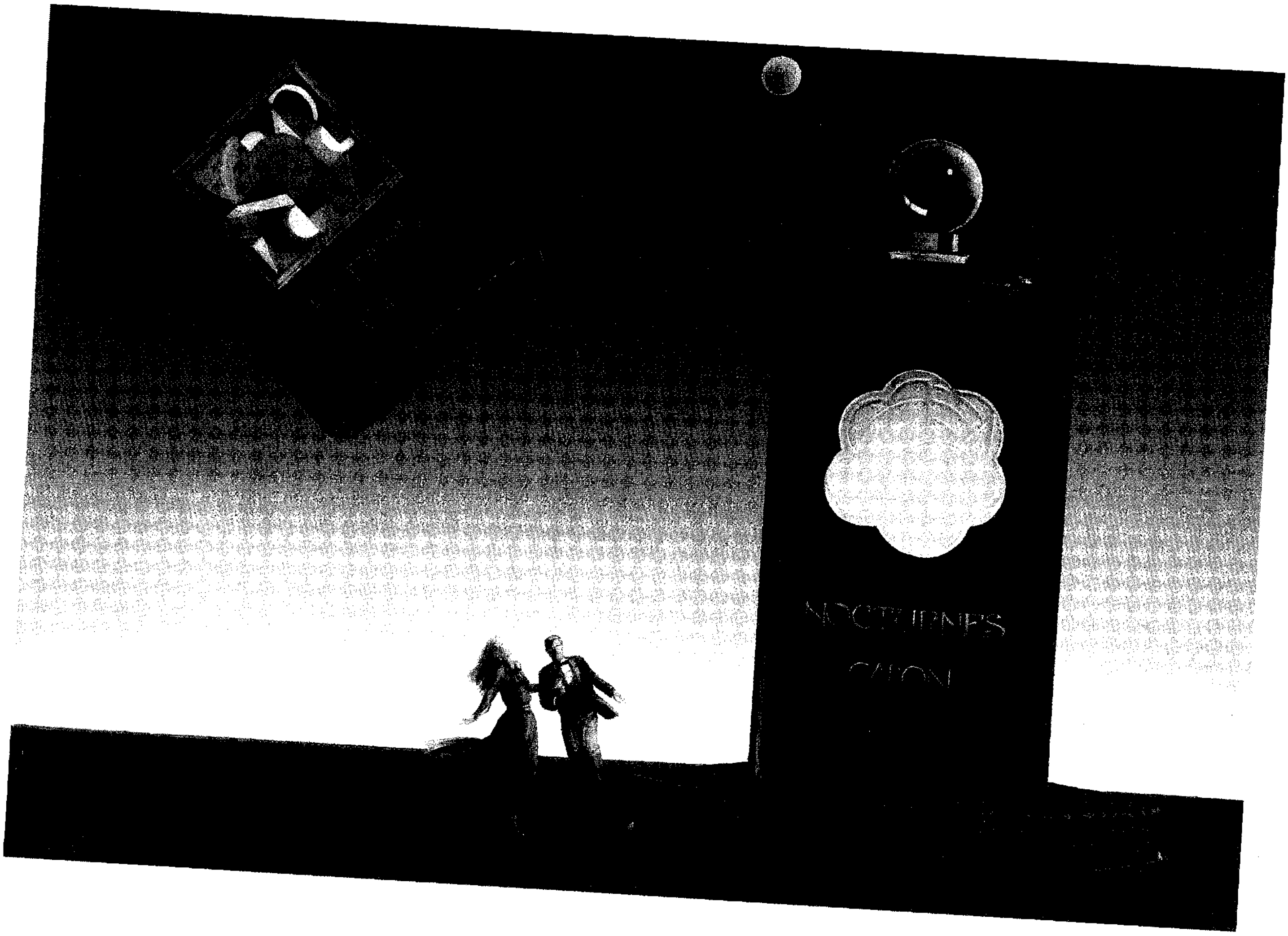
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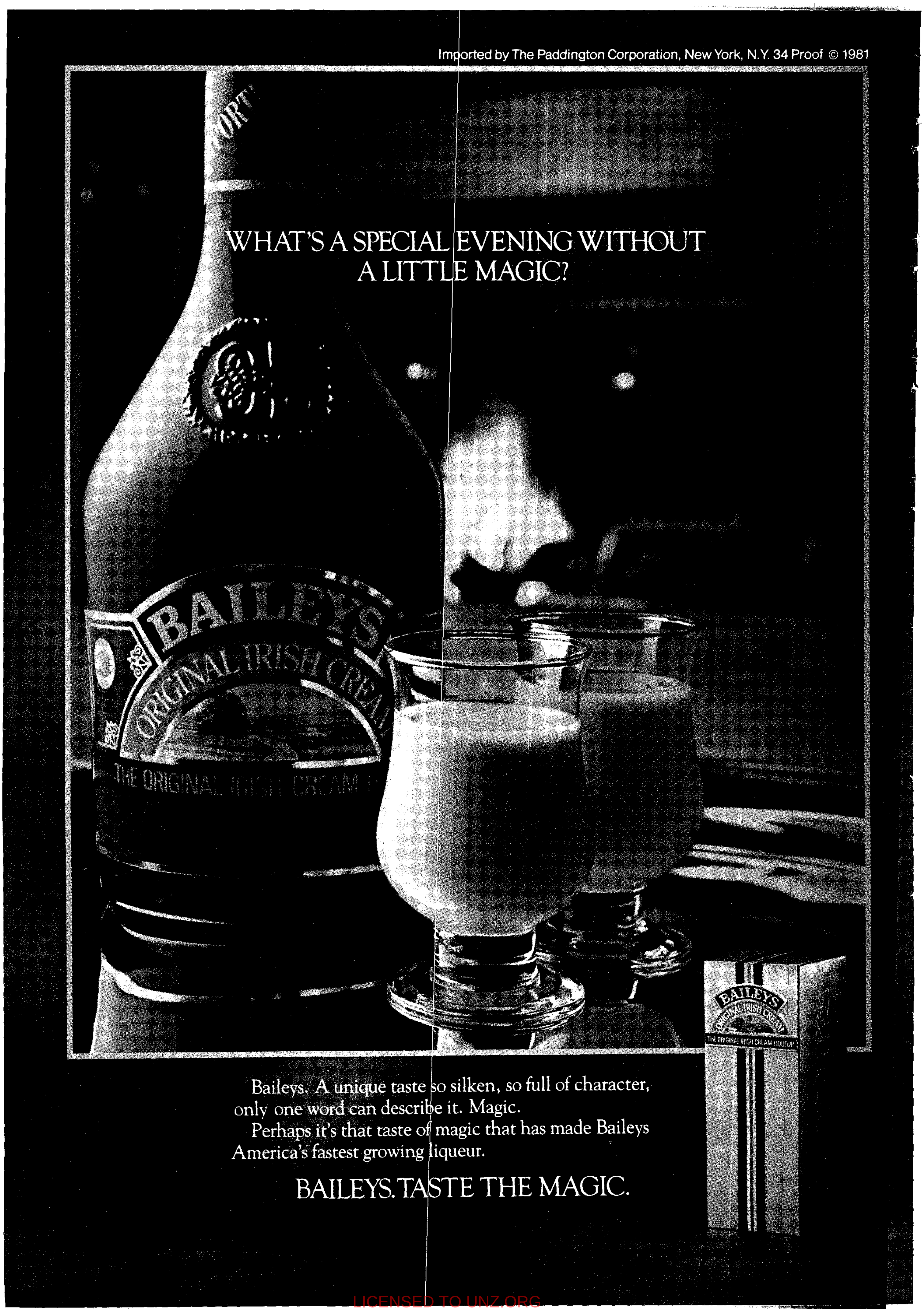
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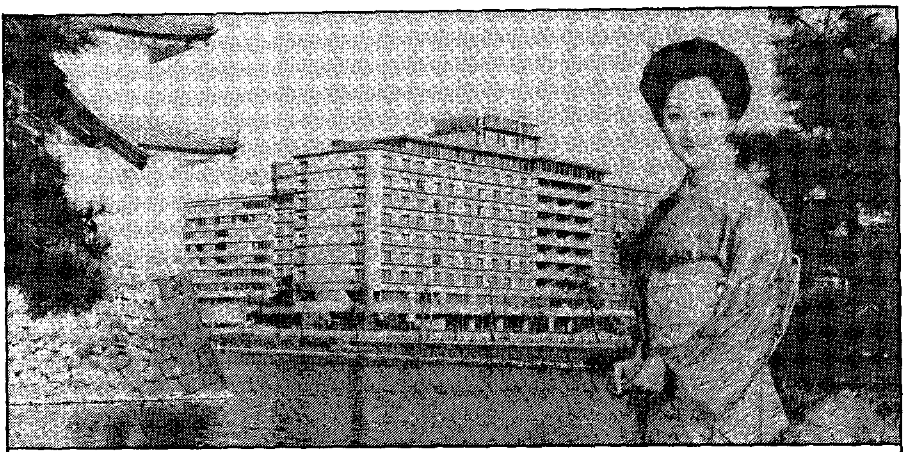
the minority community, as 1979 figures from the National Center for Health Statistics reveal: 13.8 per cent of white babies were born to teen-agers, compared with 18.9 per cent of Hispanic babies and 27.5 per cent of black babies.

"These teen-age mothers are raising children," says Marian Wright Edelman, president of the Children's Defense Fund, in Washington. "Many are illiterate, unskilled, without health care. This is compounded by unemployment and by the language problem if they're Puerto Rican. I think about how hard it would be to raise a child if I were fifteen and I had an eighth-grade education and I didn't speak much English and I were in a big city. I can't imagine it. I can't imagine the isolation, the feeling of hopelessness and fear."

The Little Sisters of the Assumption, in East Harlem, is one group that toils to overcome such isolation, providing surrogate mothers for forty-five families headed by young women who, in many cases, became mothers while they were teen-agers. The surrogates—older women—live in Harlem, and after getting permission from the young parent to enter her home they often instruct this child in how to mother her own child, and they also teach proper nutritional habits, demonstrate how to make appointments with the welfare agency or the local hospital, and free the young mother to leave the house and get away from adult responsibilities. These older women serve as both surrogate mothers and friends.

The surrogate-mother program of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, which the M.D.R.C. scrutinized in the course of designing its own program to help teen-age mothers, in 1980, is now five years old, and has its headquarters in a battered three-story row house at 426 East 119th Street, across from a wall of gutted buildings. Fifteen of the sisters who work here,



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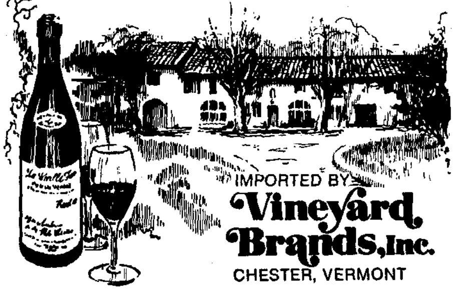

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including some from other religious orders, live in East Harlem and receive only expenses—a major reason that the surrogate-mother program survives on an annual budget of just forty thousand dollars. The bulk of this money goes to seven grandmothers who work twenty hours per week as surrogate mothers.

Seated in their basement kitchen recently, several of the sisters described the fears, isolation, and dependency of the mothers they assist. Sister Ann Hayes, a short, white-haired sixty-one-year-old social worker who came to East Harlem in 1968, told of a twenty-year-old welfare mother who "left the baby here to go for food stamps and never came back." The mother, she said, had a drinking problem, had previously given up another child for adoption, had failed to appear for a welfare interview, and had not asked her landlord for a letter to give to the welfare department certifying the rent she paid. "She just didn't have the energy to get herself organized," Sister Ann said sadly. "She had all the help she needed."

Sister Maureen O'Keefe, who came to East Harlem from Philadelphia, where she was a social worker, in 1973, and still speaks in the accent of her native Massachusetts, said, "Many of the people we're dealing with do not live in the organized world. Our society is work-ethic-related. Our people are so linked into the bureaucratic system. They just don't fit." They know no other life, she said, because most of their mothers were dependent, just as they are.

The welfare bureaucracy becomes intimidating, Sister Ann said. "To deal with organized life requires a sense of consequences," she pointed out. "Many of our people don't think of consequences. They're responding to crisis, to the immediate. They don't have just a welfare appointment to keep but several children and apartments that have no heat or hot water, and they have to fight that. You are formed into that life style. You can't think ahead."

Sister Maureen agreed. "Our families are dependent on the outside world," she said. "There is nothing in their existence that is not dependent on the outside world—their food, shelter, and clothing, and their medical expenses."

Why do teen-agers with little visible means of support have children?

"What else is life about?" Sister Maureen replied. "When they look

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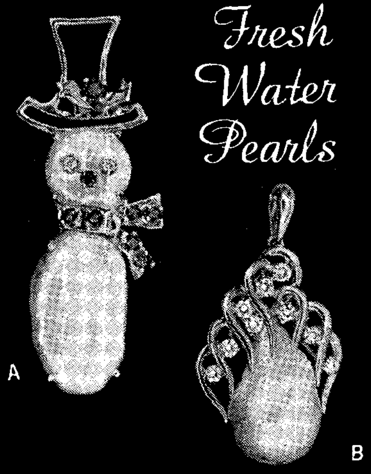

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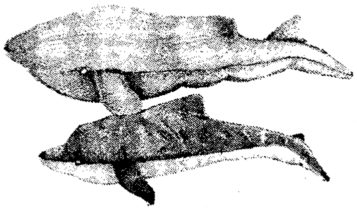

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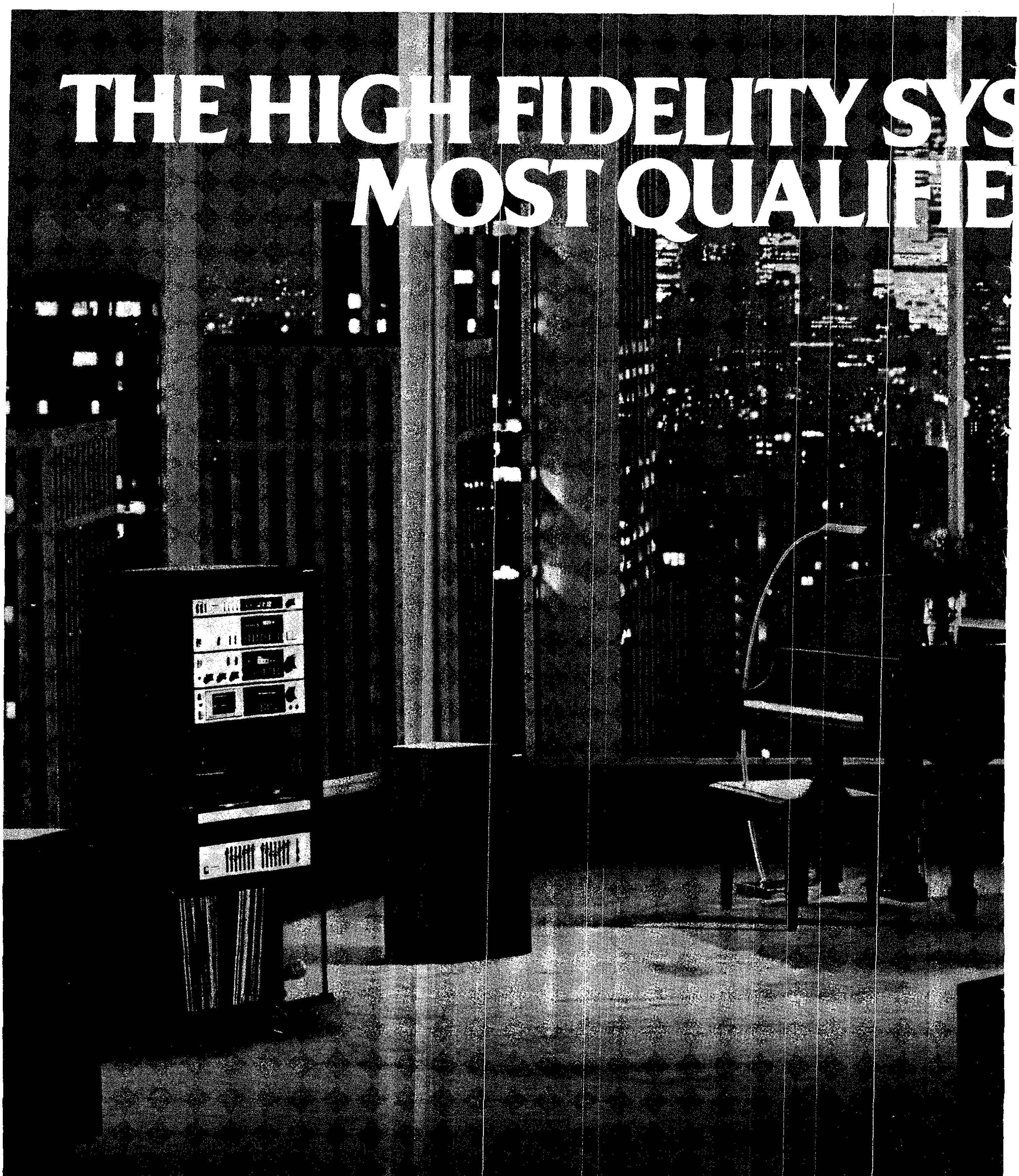

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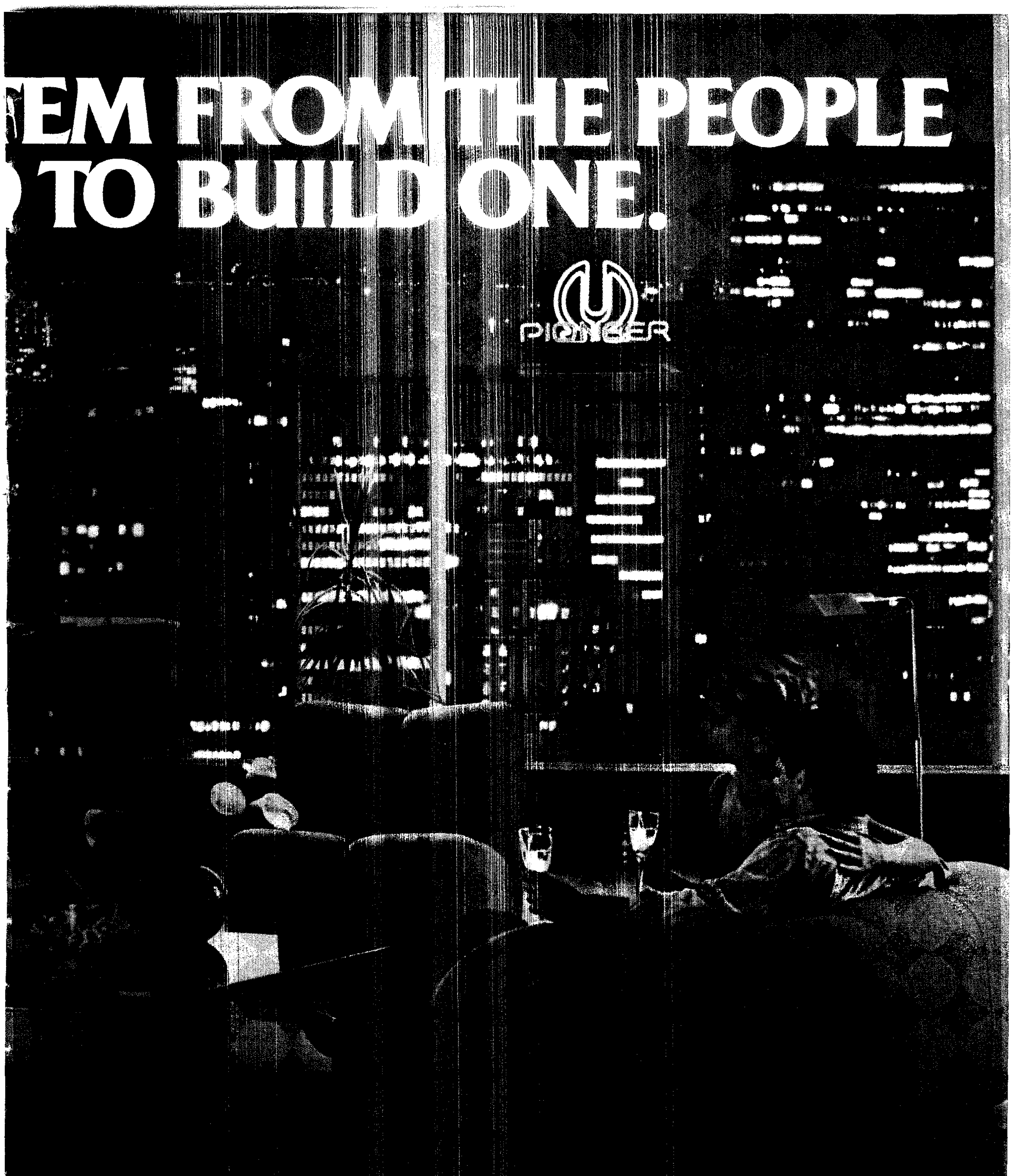

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New York, 695 Fifth Avenue at 54th Street (212) 751–4884 into life, what do they see? It's not as if they were planning their life. Their life is planned, in a sense." They become victims of dependency. "Maybe in one day the mother has to keep three appointments—food stamps, welfare, a clinic. Depending on these systems for survival creates a way of life whereby your life becomes more and more organized by the systems. And remember, these *are* systems of dependency. You can sense a taking-away of family by the system." Strangers poke into your fate and begin to take it over, she said. Some people consider this normal, because that's what happened to their mother. "Twenty per cent of the residential units here in East Harlem are vacant," she continued. "An additional ten per cent of the units are near abandonment. So what do people look at when they wake up? They have no hope. What is within your ability? Becoming a mother."

Sister Ann said, "I've heard sometimes the statement 'I want something for myself. Something I can call my very own.' They don't think far enough ahead."

"To me, the problem is cultural," said Sister Hertha Longo, of the Congregation of St. Agnes, who, at thirty-three, has been the program coördinator for the past year, and came to East Harlem in 1977 from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where she was trained as a nurse. "Lots of girls feel that if they get to be eighteen and they don't have a baby, they're not a woman. A baby is something everyone considers something of worth. You don't have anything valuable of your own. A baby is of value. People who are educated and work try to build something that lasts beyond them. It's the same for poor people." Returning to the subject of the twenty-year-old mother who had abandoned her child to their care, she said, "She was saying, indirectly, 'Help me. I don't want to hurt my baby.' "

The social and economic consequences of teen-age motherhood are all too clear. A young mother finds herself locked into a cycle of poverty. Forced to drop out of school to have a baby, she becomes dependent on welfare; lacking education and skills, she cannot find a job. Frequently, the child's father is unemployed and unable—and sometimes unwilling—to be the breadwinner. And marriage often disqualifies a person for welfare because it raises the family income. As time passes, welfare becomes the only

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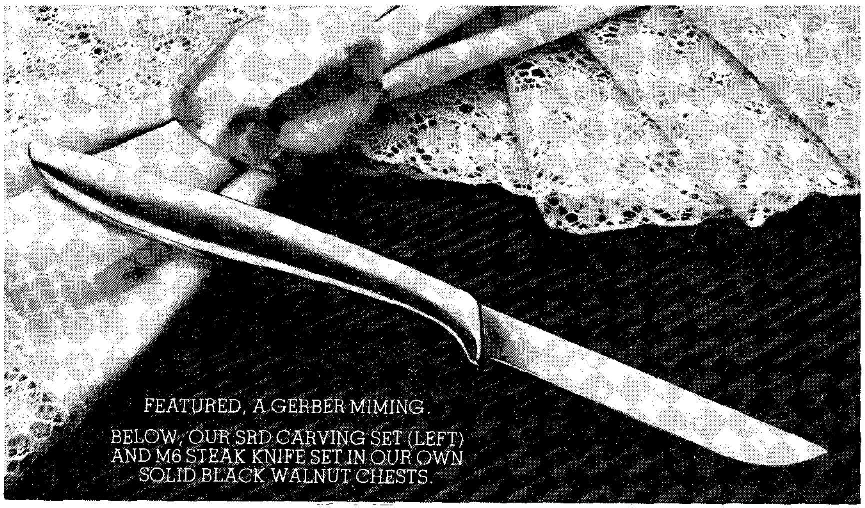

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world that the mother knows, the only world that her baby may know when he or she grows up. Many members of such families become resigned to dependency. Not surprisingly, teen-age mothers often feel deprived of their youth, and come to resent their children. Some mothers, especially if they are unable to afford babysitters and unable to find a day-care center, withdraw their love and neglect their children; others physically abuse or abandon them. Too frequently, the child is left to be brought up by the streets.

LIFE can be brutal for young unwed mothers, as two Harlem mothers, Brigette Skouloudes and Carmen Vives (the names of these women have been changed), can testify. Brigette, who is nineteen, is a thin blonde with a mop of frizzy hair, chalk-white skin, a puffed upper lip, and a chipped front tooth. In 1980, she received two hundred and fifteen dollars a month from welfare, ninety-two dollars in food stamps, and a hundred and seventy-five dollars as a rent supplement. She lives with her children—boys three and a half and one and a half—in a four-room fourth-floor walkup on East 118th Street. Carmen, who is twenty-six, is short and chunky and has straight black hair brushing against a round, pretty face. She received three hundred and ninety-four dollars a month from welfare, which included a rent supplement, and ninety-seven dollars in food stamps. With her children, two girls, seven and nine, and a boy, six, she lives in a two-hundred-dollar-a-month three-room walkup on East 114th Street.

Three times a week, Sister Dolorita Donachie, of the Sisters of Charity of New York, who is sixty-nine years old, conducts G.E.D. classes, so that young women like Brigette and Carmen can receive high-school-equivalency diplomas. Not long ago, Brigette and Carmen, seated together at a card table in a nearly bare second-floor conference room that serves as their classroom, discussed their lives. Living alone as a single mother was "hard at first," Brigette said. "My older son said he wanted to go back to his father. 'When are we going back on the train to see Daddy?' It's hard for him."

"Once they understand, they get used to you playing a double role," Carmen said.

"It's hard for me, too, being without a husband," said Brigette, but she added that living alone was better than

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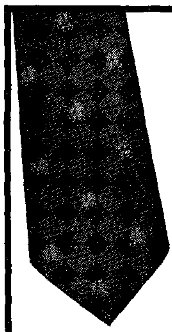

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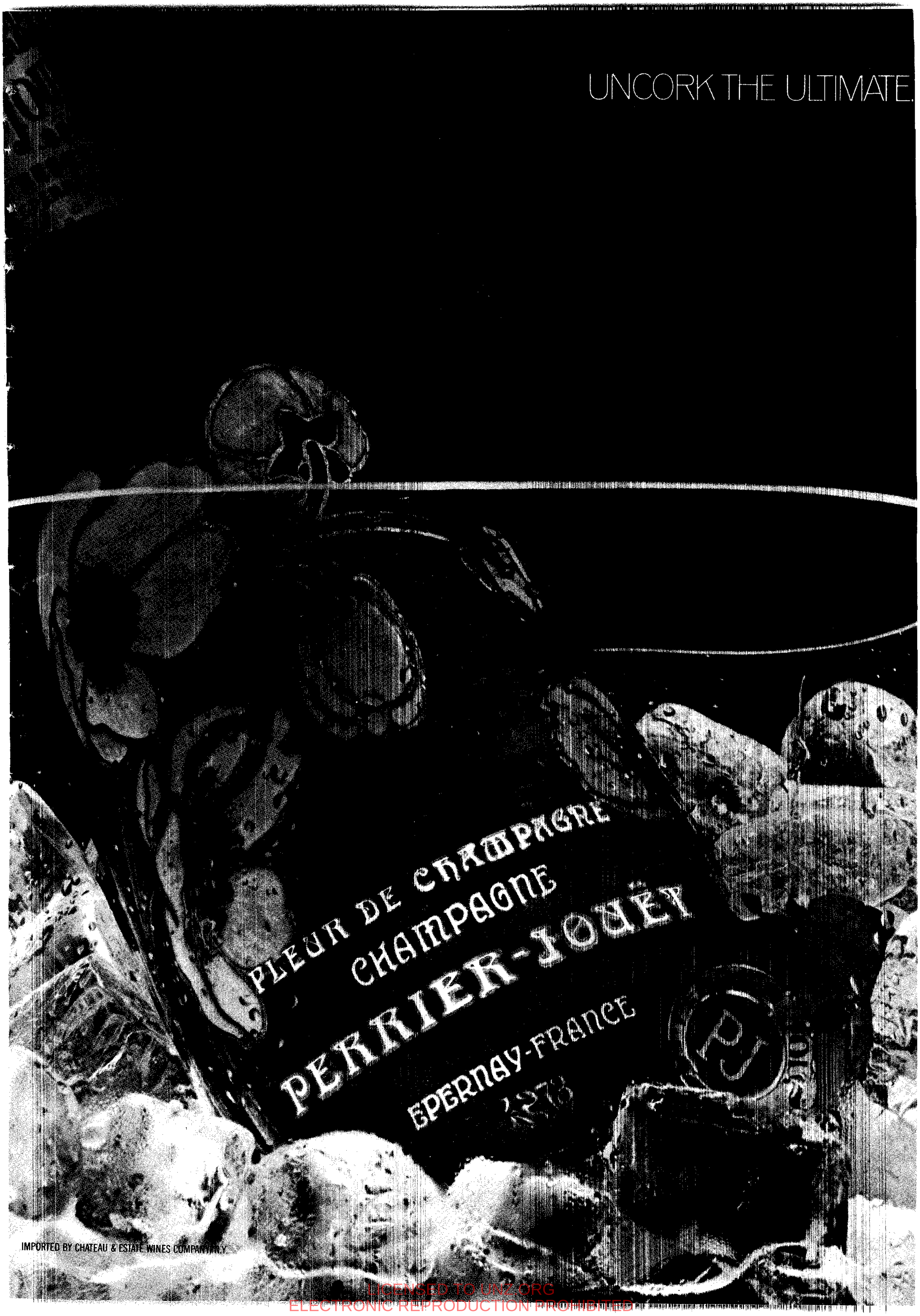
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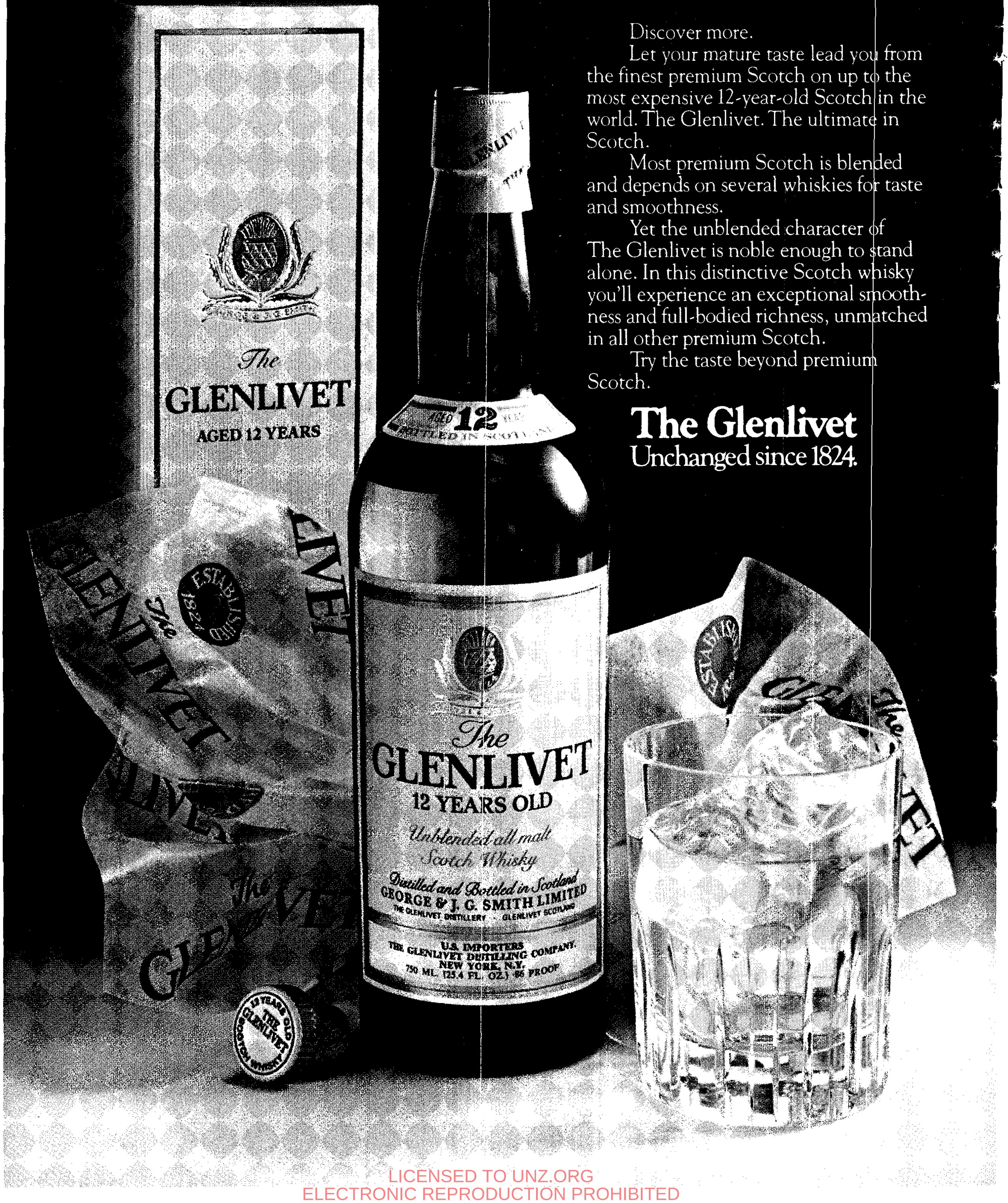
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being beaten by a husband, as she had been. Both are still terrified of their husbands, and don't let the men know where they are living. Brigette hardly knows her parents. Her father lives "I don't know where" in Florida, she said, and "I met my mother only seven years ago." Brigette fled her husband and their house, near New York City, after he stabbed her. She moved to Bedford-Stuyvesant, but he tracked her down, and then she moved to Harlem. Carmen became a fugitive after her husband, who is forty-four years old, cracked her skull with a bottle. She has not seen him in seven years, and he provides her with no support. Both men drank heavily, and both were extremely jealous.

"I never cheated on him," Brigette said of her husband. "He would come home and beat me up. He cheated on me a lot. This is the father of my two children! He cheated and came back to me, and it wasn't easy. He expected you to cheer. He'd say, 'A man is a man.' " In the middle of the night, after collapsing in bed from drink, he would wake up and start to hit her. She was thirteen and newly married when the beatings began. "My husband told me he'd shoot me if I ever left," she said. "I just took off one day. I started a fire in the kitchen, so the firemen would come."

"Calling the cops doesn't do anything," Carmen said.

"Right," Brigette said. "He stabbed me in the leg, and I was lying there in a pool of blood when five cops came in, and he said, 'Don't touch her. She's my wife.' All they did was take his knife away."

"He used to beat me in front of the children," Carmen said of her husband.

"And it got to the point where my older son would hit me," Brigette said. "He broke my tooth by throwing a bottle at me. He thought it was a joke, because he'd seen his father do it. My son might grow up thinking that's how you treat a woman."

Carmen's current boyfriend, who is in his forties, strikes her in front of her children. "This is a funny thing about my kids," she said. "They've seen me get hit by this man. I say to my daughters, 'What do you want to do when you grow up—have kids?' My daughters say they want to stay with me the rest of their life. They don't want anything to do with men. They think all men are the same."

Brigette feels the pressure of the conflict between her youth and her

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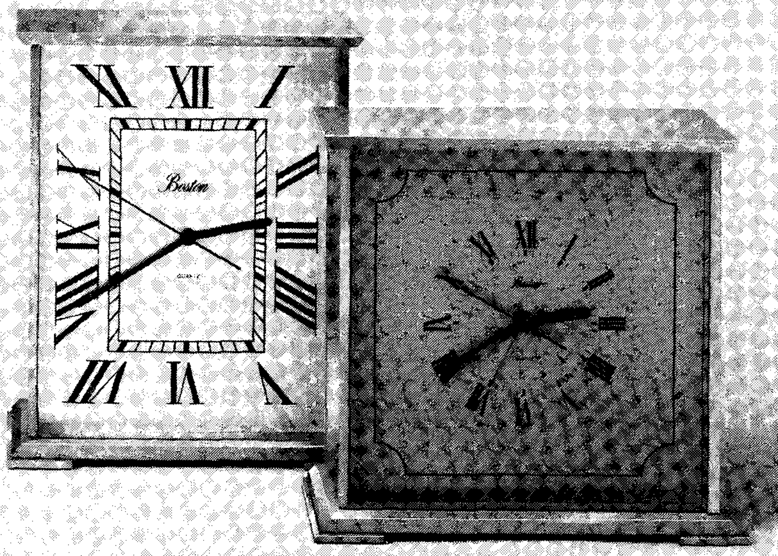

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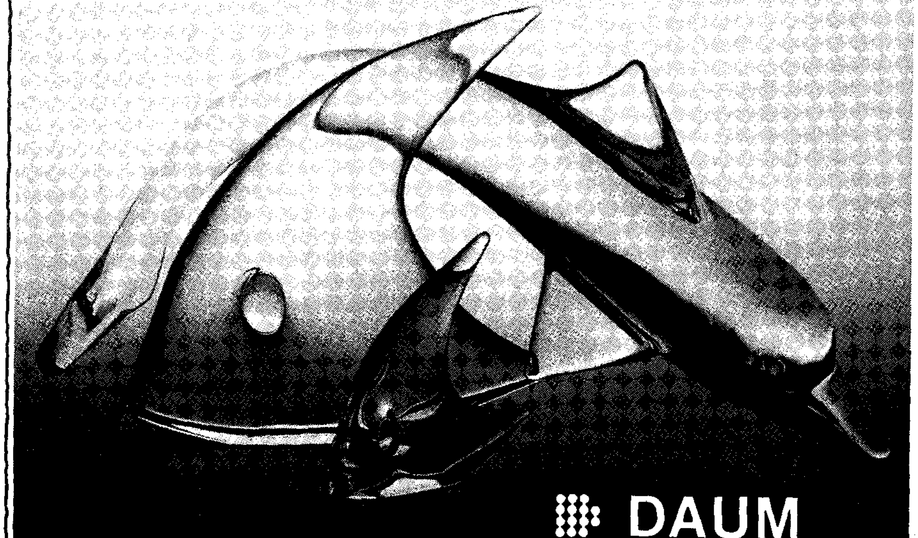

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adult responsibilities. "I don't have my own life," she said. "Sometimes I feel like I have too many responsibilities. I just want to get away from them. But I can't. If I want to go downstairs to the store, I got to get them dressed and take them. It was like that when I lived with my husband. It was like they were just *my* kids."

After a pause, she said, "He's still looking for me." She said that he had surprised her when she returned to her former home to have her welfare case transferred to Manhattan. "He had a gun on him. He said he wanted the kids back. He said, 'If you want to stay with me, O.K.' He wanted that because he didn't want to go back to work—I was supporting him." Brigette refused to stay but agreed to leave the two boys with him for two weeks. After two days, however, he gave them back. Her children are better off without their father, she says. "I'm giving them the best I can. They eat three meals a day. They're not suffering. They get what they need—but no extras, like rich kids have." Welfare provides the money for food and rent, but Brigette and Carmen, like most members of the BT-27 class, find welfare degrading. "They treat you like a number, not a person," Brigette said.

With the family and the church weakened, the dominant institutions of ghetto communities are often social-welfare institutions. Eventually, dependency robs many welfare clients of their self-confidence. "The key thing is lack of confidence—'I can't do it, man,' " observed Sister Helen Kieran, a forty-year-old Dominican sister who teaches high school in New York City, and who spent a year with the surrogate-mother program in East Harlem. "I'm a Spanish teacher, and I see it all the time. They feel they can't succeed. If they don't succeed the first time, their confidence is gone."

WELFARE-DEPENDENT mothers are one of several subjects that members of BT-27 discuss with me over sandwiches and sodas in a grim, cell-like conference room at the Wildcat Skills Training Center in February. For seven hours, members of BT-27, divided into groups of five or six, sit around rectangular tables and talk about growing up in broken homes, racism, unemployment, Wildcat, the cause of soaring crime rates, why people kill and whether they have remorse, and other topics.

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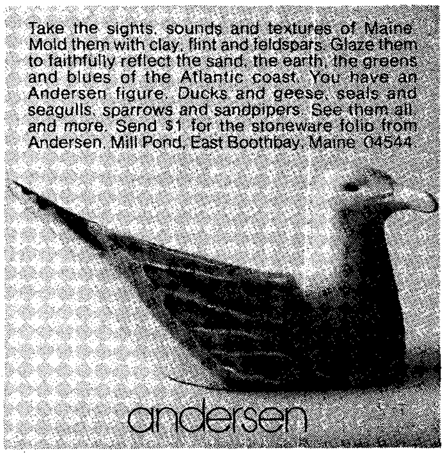

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Dawson says that single mothers and their children, especially in the city, face different kinds of problems from the ones she faced, because of different backgrounds. She explains, "Well, I was living down South, and it seems to me that most of the people from down South have different values from the people that left the South and came up here. Because in my childhood you don't see no child smacking its mother or cursing her out. In the South, we have more unity—family unity. It's like rooted. Your grandparents done it this way, your momma done it this way, and you in turn take it that way. But once you come to New York City it's a whole different aspect of life. When my family came up here, they came for opportunity."

Gladys Miller cuts in to say, "When you're reared up in New York, there's so many hustles and schemes and things people got to learn, you know, to get along with each other and stuff. Whereas in the South it was family. You say good morning to somebody up here, they look at you like you was crazy!"

Pearl resumes, "If you had, say, no food, no clothing, there was the church, the neighbors. You could always go there. Everybody had a house. It might not have been the biggest, but they had land to grow the vegetables, they had chickens, birds, and all of that, and a mother doing sewing, making clothes for them children. I think it's more a matter of pride. And schooling. If you went to school, and you don't know what you was studying, you gonna stay in that same place until you learn what you supposed to learn. In the first place, *respect*—you learn that in the home."

I remark to Willy Joe that statistics show that in 1979 almost fifty-five per cent of the black children in the United States were born to single mothers and forty per cent of Puerto Rican families living in this country were headed by women, and ask if he thinks those are the children who get into trouble.

"Those kids are under the influence of what they see," Willy says. "They looking at their parents. Now, the parents, they telling the kids one thing and they doing the other. They gonna look at this, put two and two together, and say, 'Why should I?' That's why you get a lot of disrespect between the child and the mother. Because the mother's poor, right, and don't have enough money to give the child food a lot of times, and clothing, and

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things of that nature. Plus the environment. The child's being around people who just cursing all day, getting high and drinking. That kid don't get a chance to see nothing else. So it's like what the child learns."

Why do some parents seem to communicate the wrong standards to their children?

"Mostly, it's that way because the fathers do not contribute to that family," Pearl Dawson says. "No matter if they can get along, it's still your child. It's there for you to clothe and feed. My husband and I, we separated. No problem. Best kids in the world. My kids are grown. One is in Germany, and the other one is still living here. But their father was always their father. And I was always their mother."

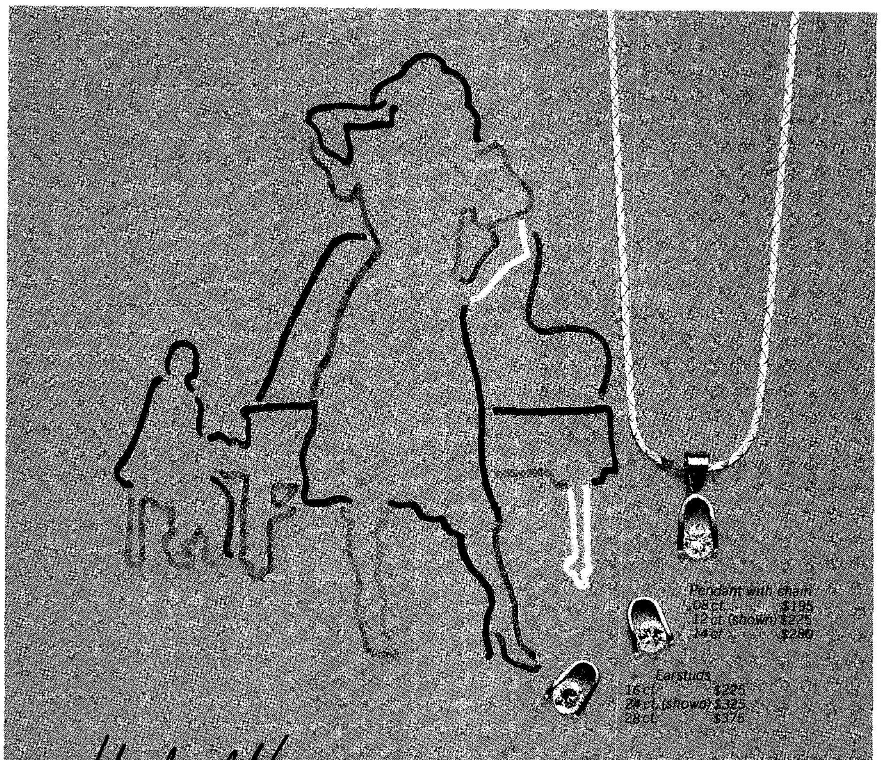
Gladys asks, "He was always there?"

"Right," Pearl says. "Might not be in the same house, or even in the same state. But his presence was always felt."

Leon Harris says that young males rarely fear their mothers. "It's hard for a lady to ever fill a man's shoes. I have friends who were brought up by their mother—and when we was younger, my father used to beat me. They used to get accidentally beat also, because they was with me. But not by my mother. It's that thing that *a man's supposed to do.* Certain things a woman just can't do. When I be bad, my mom only scolds. When she beats them, she's too aggressive. She tried too hard to be like my father. I used to say to my friend, 'Man, what's wrong with you? You got it made. You want a father to whup you?' And he'd say, 'Yeah, 'cause I miss it. I never had a man to hit me, to make me know that *I'm doing wrong.*' My mother told me right from wrong, but I feel that she's good at talking to daughters, you dig?"

Even with a strict father, though, Leon got into trouble. I ask him why.

"See, I left home when I was fifteen," he says. "I thought I was grown. And when I left home, see, I was hustling. Money was easy to me. I wasn't *even worried* about it. I got into trouble because I was hanging out with the wrong people. That society was wrong, and at the time I thought it was right. At the age of fifteen, I was one of the youngest guys on my block—in fact, the first young guy on the block—to buy a house for my family. My brothers, now, they got to compete against me—the youngest kid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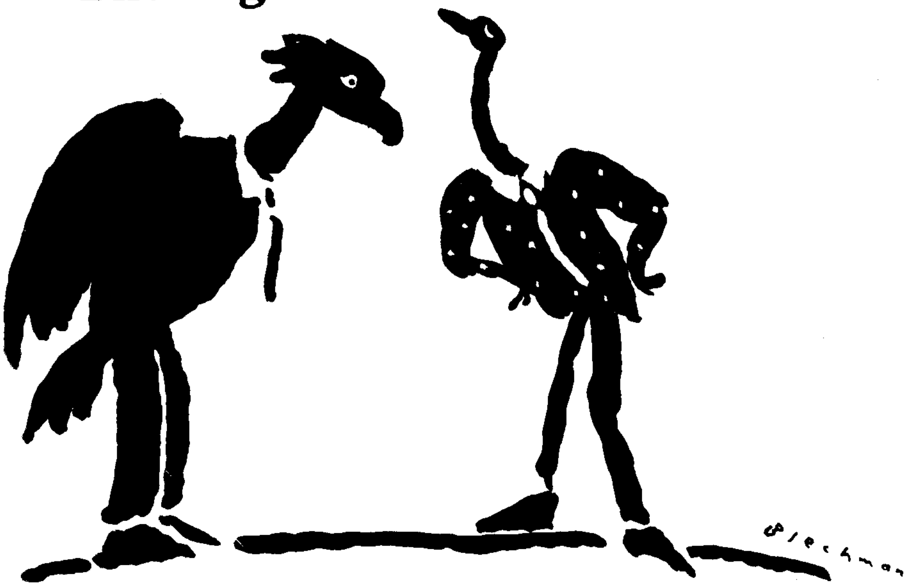

Before taking off on his annual winter flight to South America, the Goose stopped by to show the Eagle his vacation wardrobe: white patent leather loafers, purple slacks and silk shirts of all colors.

"These outfits aren't you," said the Eagle, who's a stickler for taste. "It's silly for a goose to try to look like a cockatoo. Stay with what suits you." "Out of the question," said the Goose. "I'm tired of being just one of the flock. This year, I'm going to stand out."

And stand out he did. Somewhere over West Virginia, a hunter selected him out of two thousand other geese and let him have it. In the wing. The Goose crash landed in Wheeling, where he spent the winter in a convalescent home while all the other geese were in Rio, taking Portuguese lessons and drinking Pina Coladas.

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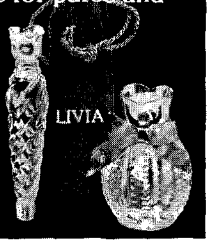

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in the family, out of eleven, doing more than the other ten. You dig? So that started hostility. And when you get hostility with your peers—brothers, sisters—you have a tendency to take it out on strangers. And that was me. I couldn't beat none of my brothers. I would be a fool. Like a five-year-old kid to run up on me now. Can he win? No. I'm no fool. It doesn't take much strength to pull a trigger. But, like I say, I couldn't beat them. So I figured, I know who I can beat. Them suckers out there. White, black, Puerto Rican—I didn't care. He could have been Jesus Christ at that particular time. When the frustration came on me, I said, 'Somebody gonna pay for this.' And I went out and did wrong."

Harris said that he made a lot of money being a stickup man and a drug pusher, and I ask how much.

"At age fifteen, I was getting something like fifteen hundred dollars a day, I was getting something like three grand a day. It was good money. I'm young. I'm not even thirty, and I'm getting this kind of money. And my father? He's still living, and isn't making that!"

I ask Harris where his father works.

"In Queens," he says. "He's capping tires and stuff. I didn't like supervision, dig? Somebody other than my family telling me, 'You got to do this to get this.' I'm gonna work forty hours a week and bring home maybe a hundred, a hundred and fifty dollars when I can work fifteen minutes and come back with a thousand dollars tax free?"

In an earlier class, Howard Smith mentioned the notion of defeatism, of people giving up. I ask the class members why they think people give up.

"It may have a little bit to do with values," Mohammed says. "In the sense of religious values, maybe moral values. Many poor people, some of them just give up, just accept their conditions, our conditions. It's like welfare, for example. I know many people been on welfare a long time. My mother was on welfare for a long time. And I'd hear her say such things as 'I can't get nothing else,' 'I can't do no better,' 'I'm too old to go back to school.' She's not too old to go to school. I mean, it don't give one ambition to a better life. We become satisfied with that condition."

In view of the notion that some people on welfare are passive, and so don't go out to look for work, I ask Leon if he thinks that they should be

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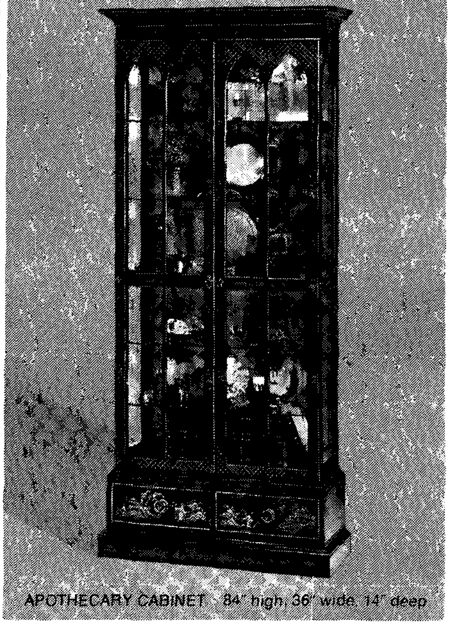

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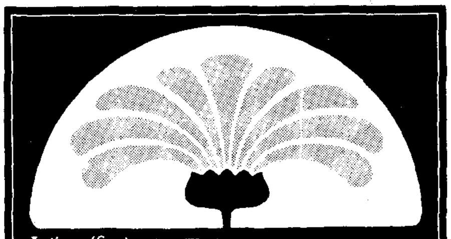

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taken off welfare and forced to work.

"You would take that passive person and change him into an animal," he says. "Because now he's got to survive. This is mandatory. He's still scared to compete against somebody that got more learning or more experience. So he says, 'Hey, a pistol ends all of that. If I go to jail, they gonna take care of me anyway. And if I die, all my worries are over.' "

Thirteen members of BT-27 are black. Do they think that racism has held them back?

Willy Joe says that whites "look at blacks as unskilled and lazy," and goes on, "Because they see black people robbing, doing this, that. So, generally, they look at us as if we all like that, which we are not. Some of us about 'good,' some of us about 'bad.' "

"But we always get the lowdown, the dirty part, of everything," Gladys Miller says.

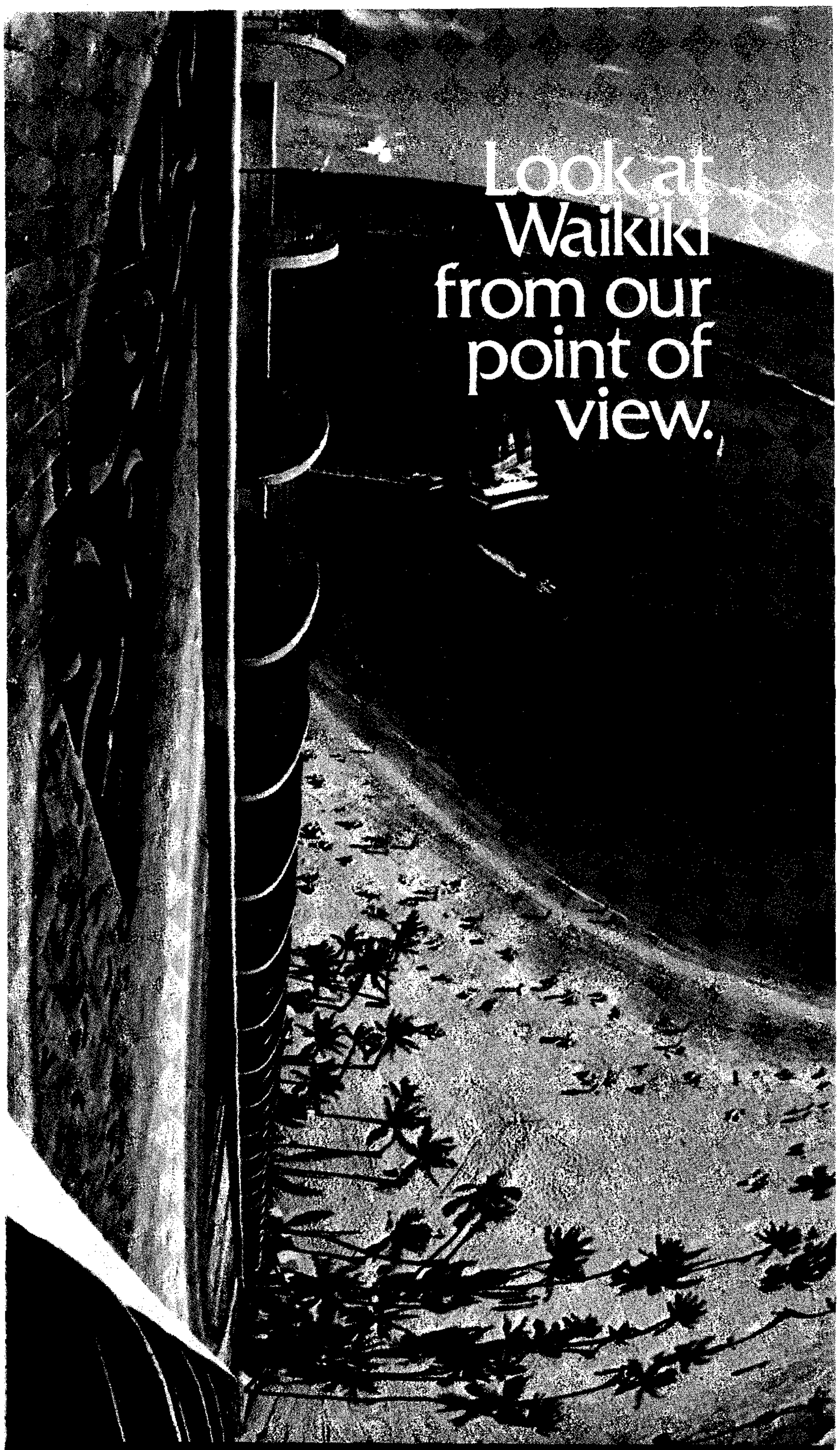
"If you see a crime in the paper and you read about it and it doesn't say 'black,' you know a white person done it," Pearl Dawson says. "They never say 'white.' You got more arrests at the police station that never get published. A lot of your own kids in the higher white middle class, they get busted with speed, they get busted with everything."

"I'm from the South and I've seen poor white people as well as poor black people," Gladys says. "The poor white people still look at the poor black person like they nothing, you know? And you on the same level."

In the 1980 Presidential campaign, Ronald Reagan said, "The Los Angeles *Times* carried sixty-five full pages of help-wanted ads, and you wonder how we call someone unemployed if there are employers taking out ads begging someone to come to work." I ask the class what it means when unemployment is high and yet newspapers advertise hundreds of jobs.

"That means those jobs are for people who usually have experience, education, or somebody who knows somebody," John Painter says. "I'd say half the new jobs, if not more, I could go any time of the day and they would be filled. You know how today is, you got Ph.D.s working on hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week jobs. So them things on paper look good. You go through the paper and see this and that, but once you go for them, you know it's not for you."

The members of BT-27 say that at one time or another they have all tried, usually unsuccessfully, to follow up



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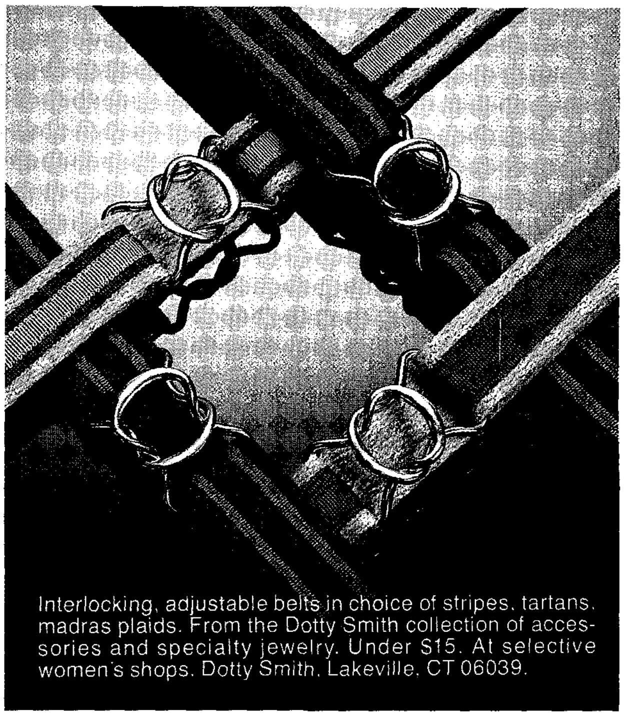

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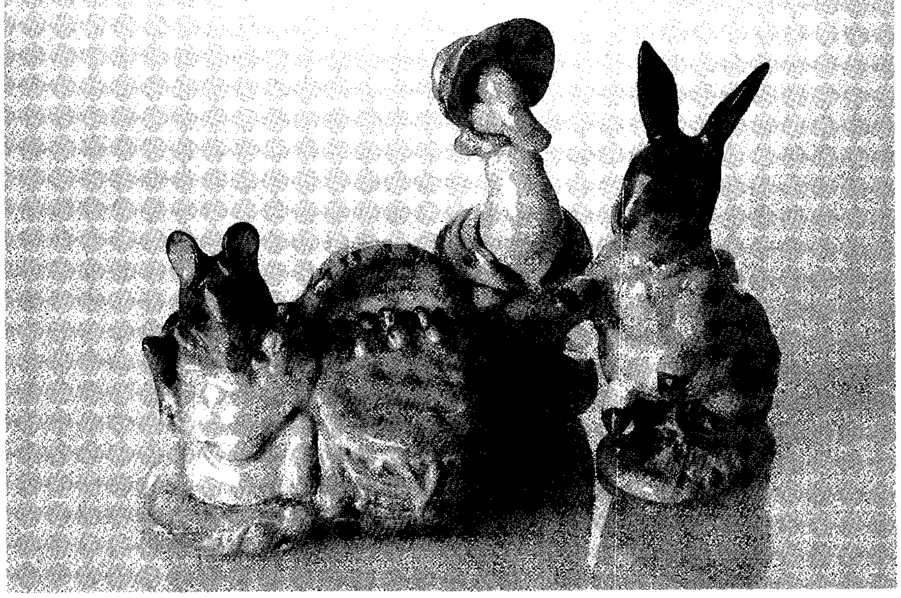

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help-wanted advertisements in the papers. "I have followed ads that speak on specifics of what they want," William Mason says. "I'll apply for the job. When I go for the job, the specifics are whitewashed—they might not want me for that position, but there's a place over in the corner that's open. They looking for somebody for this corner over here. So you ask, 'Why wasn't that corner in the ad?' And I wouldn't take the corner job, because I knew that I wasn't moving my best in that corner."

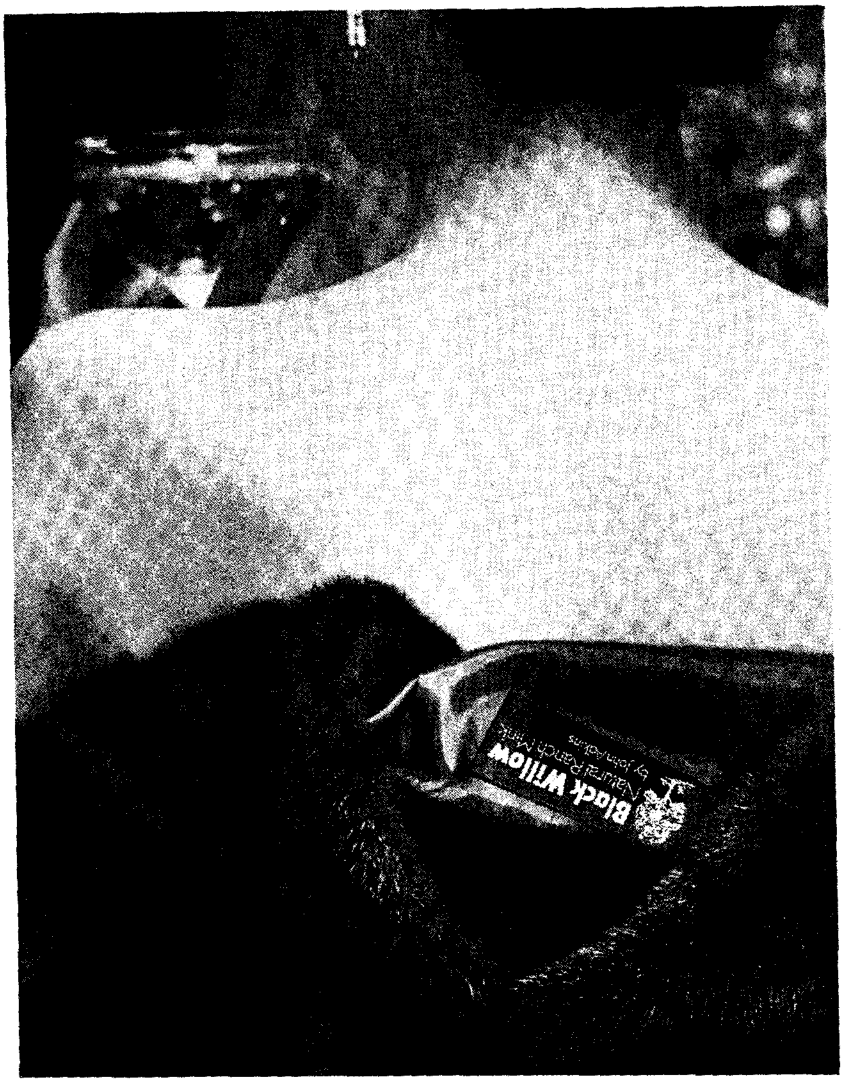
"Most of those jobs are agency jobs," Willy Joe says. "A lot of times, I'll go check out some of these jobs at lunchtime or something. And I'll get there and they say, 'Fifty dollars for the job.' Or fifteen dollars, or twenty. You got to pay the fee. Or you got to have a skill to get the job—three years' experience, or five years' experience. Always something you got to have before you can get the job."

Henry Rivera has been silent throughout the discussion, so now I ask him about the apparent contradiction between the high unemployment rate and the large number of job advertisements in the newspapers.

"But me, I never work in my life before," answers this thirty-six-year-old ex-addict. "I got no experience working. You need experience to work."

I ask why some class members lack interest in the Wildcat program.

"Wildcat doesn't show us anything that's going to set us for life," John Painter says. "Like, people are coming here mainly for the jobs. What Wildcat mainly spells to everybody is money, first of all. Now, this training, although it's nice and everything, they don't show us any promise that, you know, after you leave here you're definitely going to be able to go do this. And they have an old saying at some penitentiaries when you get ready to go up for parole—they say, 'You look for the worst, and you hope for the best.' And that's the same attitude a lot of people have to take about Wildcat and what kind of job they're gonna have after this, if they're gonna get one at all. Their absenteeism and lateness is probably a habit, something that they've had for years and years. If necessary, if they got a good job or something, that's probably a habit that everybody in the class could break. If they had something like a reward. 'If I do this, I'll be rewarded in this way.' But Wildcat doesn't seem to be very rewarding. When I sit down and look



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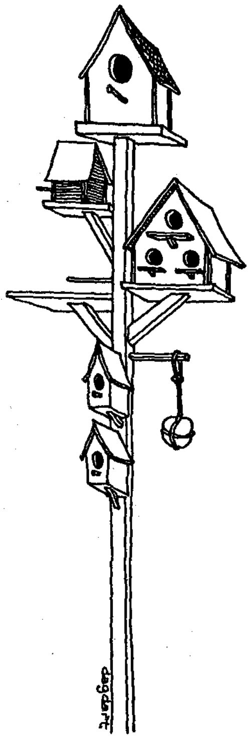
at Wildcat, I see them not as slave drivers, but we're like—how could I say it?—somebody who's making money for them. Because somebody has to be in the school for Wildcat in order for the program to get funded. They take us and place us next to city workers making three hundred dollars and two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and we not making a hundred. Yet Wildcat is making money off of us—off of us going out there doing a job for the city. If they could promise us, 'You definitely will be able to get a job here if you meet these requirements.' Well, they just tell us, 'You have to meet these requirements and then, maybe, you can go to an advanced class. And then, hopefully, you'll get a job.' ”

“I can't say I knew exactly what I was getting into when I came, because I didn't investigate the place,” William Mason says. “I didn't send no one to inspect it. But the way things were running with my life and my family, any one thing beat a blank, you know? So I came into Wildcat hoping that it would be better than what I was into.”

On being asked to explain the many absences and latenesses of the class members, Gladys Miller says, “Myself, that's a good one. Like yesterday. When I called in, she”—the deputy director—“said, 'What's the matter?' I said, 'I lost my—my will, the drive, you know?' I got up out of bed and called and told her I wasn't coming in. I don't want to come to some place that I know they going to get on my ass after I come in. First of all, it's a hassle getting on the train. Where I live, it's a job in itself trying to get to work. Then, once you get here, it's cold. Please. I live in whitey's house. I freeze to death there. Then I come here and freeze.”

Twenty-two people were enrolled in BT-27 the first day, I observe. This morning, only fourteen attended class. Some days, only half a dozen attend. Why?

“As far as I see, it's a lot of talking, you know, about work,” Willy Joe says. “Sometimes I feel like I just don't care, man.”



“I'm not too much up on Communism, but I think I know a little bit about it,” Gladys Miller says. “I think it should be like that. Because over there everybody's equal. Nobody has more than anybody else.”

“Well, I don't want to do that,” Pearl Dawson says. “Honey, that's the only thing you got—equals. You can't go where you want to go. You can't come in when you want. Here you can go right up and cuss the President if you want. That's your right. You go over there and cuss that man over there? You going to Siberia! If everybody was equal, there wouldn't be nothing to strive for.”

Turning to crime, I ask if some people prefer street crime to getting and holding a job.

“It's easier,” Willy says. “They figure like you make a hundred and twenty-five or a hundred and thirty-five dollars a week with a job. You got to be on time. You got to go through a lot of changes. They don't want to have no responsibility. They just want to hang out all day, make some money, get high, dress a little. They in a fantasy world. They looking up the flicks—'Superfly,' 'The Mack.' They think about having prostitutes, big cars, telephone and bar inside.”

“Poor people don't get too many opportunities to, you know, to be good, to want to do things the right way,” Ramon Lopez says. “What they see on television is a lot of violence all the time. All the time is violence on television.”

“You know, we are human beings like everyone else,” Leon says. “And we have these needs—for shelter, clothing, food, for good jobs, good-paying jobs. Violence is committed for these necessary things. And unfortunately we commit unnecessary crimes on our own. It don't matter. Because in a sense this is a cold, cruel world, you know? People are real cold. New York breeds this into a person. You go to the West or the South, people are more hospitable.”

I recall for them what happened to Herbert Finn and his wife, Ruth—an elderly couple from Phoenix, Arizona. The Finns were visiting New York in

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October, 1979. As they were parked outside a relative's house with other members of the family, in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, three young men armed with guns robbed them. One of the robbers took Herbert Finn's money and demanded his wallet. Without becoming belligerent, Finn tried to hold on to his wallet, hoping to save his credit cards. Finn's assailant shot him, and he died instantly. The story was on TV and on the front page of the papers. If the three robbers picked up the newspapers the next day, I ask, do you think they felt sorry?

"I would feel sorry," Ramon Lopez says. "I say there's no need for that."

"That happens," Harris says. "That stuff's always happening, 'cause that kind of people have no respect for authority. . . . They were afraid. The man might not have had nothing in his hand, but they didn't care. They got what they wanted. And by him making that sudden move to reach, dig, they didn't think to look in his hand. They just shot him. And this is how I used to be, you know, because I used to be a stickup kid. Before I was that, I was a potential stickup kid. I was always scared. I always pulled a pistol. And, you know, they say, 'If you pull it, use it.' "

I ask whether that means he would use a gun right away if the victim made any move.

"He asked for their credit cards and then he reached, which was wrong," Harris says. "He should never have reached. We were taught, 'You don't reach for nothing.' When you reach for things, especially if they have a pistol on you, you don't know if they gonna shoot, if they're nervous, if they're bluffing, or what. Now, you can find some that'll pull a pistol and you can say, 'Get that out of my face or I'm gonna hurt you,' and the guy will figure you're crazy, you dig, because he's got a gun in his hand. Or you don't care about life. And if you don't care about life, one bullet won't stop you."

Harris has admitted to having shot people in the past, and I ask if he has ever felt any remorse about this.

"That's a hard question," he says. "At that time, I was young, you know, and stupid. I use the word 'stupid' not in the sense of education-wise but street-wise. A young guy with a big pistol. Man, I could whip the whole block, you know. Anybody mess with me and I'll show them how bad I am. But as far as feeling sorry, hmm—maybe a little touch of remorse. A

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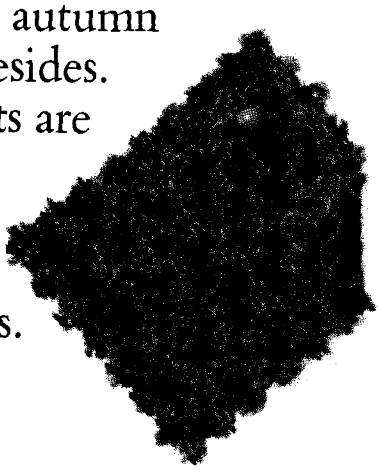

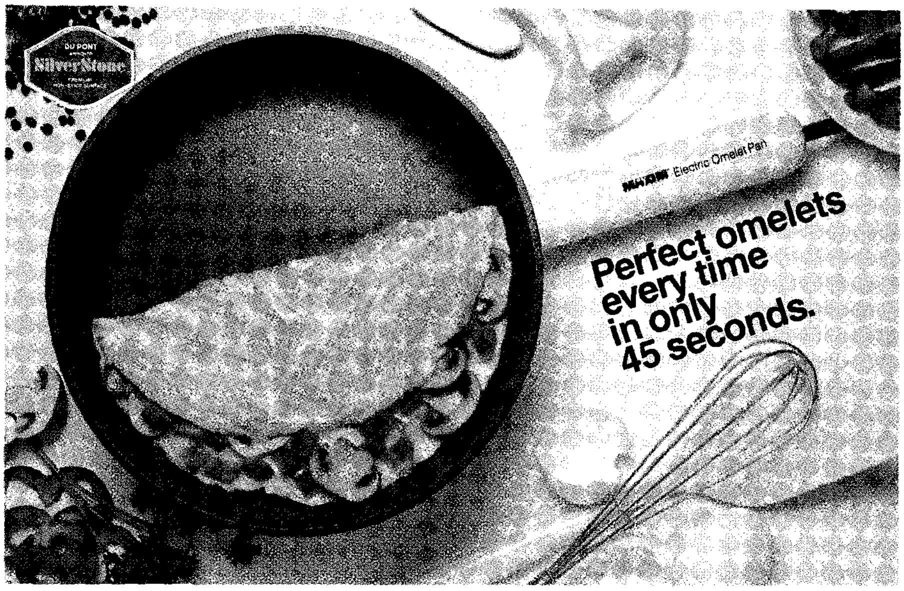
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little. Because I really didn't understand it. How could I be sorry? 'Hey, brother, he asked for it. Should have never made *me* scared.' I'm standing there with a pistol, and he ain't got nothing to be scared of. He scared *me*. Because he showed me he didn't care. That authority, that pistol, is just like a badge of a cop. When it says *stop*, you stop. Or it stops you. He made me scared, so I pulled the trigger. So feel sorry? I doubt it. I didn't want him to go down like that, but better him than me. That's an old cliché—better the next one than you. That's how most of them think. I sent him something with no return address. A sorry letter. No money. Now, don't get me wrong. I've sent cards. You know, they say 'Sorry for what happened.' "

"Listen, when you go out with a gun and you do not intend to hurt anybody with it, you leave the bullets home—right?" Pearl Dawson says. "Because you cannot shoot no gun without bullets. When you go out with a loaded gun to rob somebody, I call that premeditated from the word 'go.' "

John Painter cuts in to say, "The dude was supposed to be in control of the situation. And by his saying, 'Give me back my credit cards,' as far as I understand it he snatched it back, his wallet back. That's like him rebelling. The average black guy who's robbing don't like a white person. They can't look at you and say, 'I don't like white people.' But if they know one person who's white, and he's all right, they don't hold it against him. But they might still say, 'I don't like white people, but he's all right.' So when they're robbing somebody, especially whites, they say, 'Well, I don't like them anyway.' . . . When you robbing somebody, you supposed to be in control of everything at all times. That gun makes you the boss."

A little later, I ask them whether the threat of punishment serves to deter street crime.

Painter answers, "No, why should it? I seen people when I was incarcerated. They just run around like it's an everyday thing. What they worry about, first thing in the morning, is that they got the latest tape, or the latest sex magazine, herb, wine, whatever. It's just a brag: 'Oh, yes, well, I did this to such-and-such a person.' He brags because this person may have three years for the same thing. 'Oh, I got off lucky—I only got three months.' Another reason is because a

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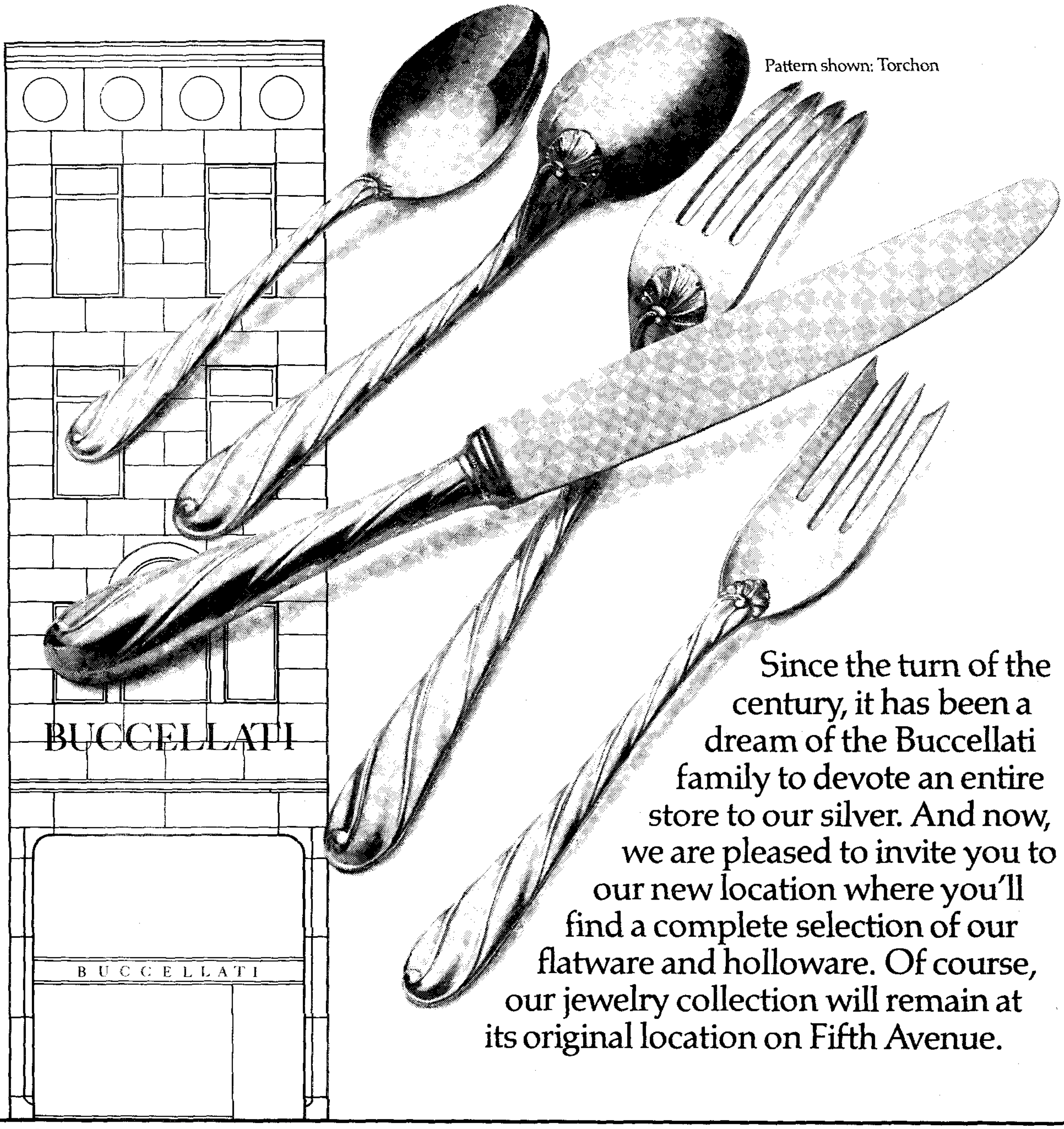

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lot of people don't value death—especially a cop's death. A lot of people despise cops . . . A lot of cops, they're punks."

OBVIOUSLY, a different viewpoint is expressed by law-enforcement people. Still, if we go beyond those who view criminals as victims and those who view criminals as villains, there is a third group—one that identifies the criminal as both victim and villain. Mario Merola, the Bronx District Attorney, belongs to this school. Asserting that there is no simple answer to the question of what causes crime, Merola says, "Kids view it as the haves versus the have-nots. They can't cope educationally. Don't ask me why. They can't hack it. The education system doesn't want 'em. You got to be an idiot not to recognize what the sociologists and the philosophers say—that society is to blame. But, on the other hand, that can excuse people." Merola says that many of the criminals he prosecutes are "monstrous": "They'll kill you for nothing. . . . They'll stare through you. They're cold and callous. They have no remorse." To explain street crime as a form of protest, he and others believe, ignores an inconvenient fact: many street crimes are committed against fellow ghetto residents. For instance, in 1978, the most recent year for which statistics are available, on a national per-capita basis, black citizens were murdered at six times the rate of whites, and raped and robbed more than twice as often.

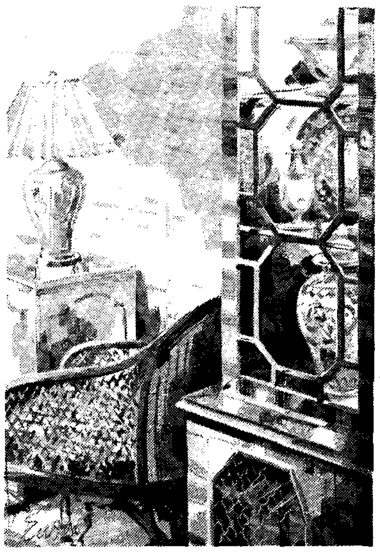
What produces street criminals and what to do about them are hotly debated. Their effect is not. Though violent crime is not unique to this time or this country, the extent of random violence is new. As a result, many urban residents feel under a state of siege; they alter their living habits, change their locks, bolt their doors, and nervously glance over their shoulders. According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, violent crimes have risen in eleven of the past twelve years (it rose eleven per cent in both 1979 and 1980). In 1980, New York City averaged five homicides daily (1,814)—more than triple the number of murders that year in all of Canada and ten times the number in Tokyo, which is larger, and where the number is declining. That year, in New York, there were also 3,711 rapes, 43,476 assaults, 210,703 burglaries, and 249,421 cases of theft. These totals refer only to crimes reported to the police. If all crimes were reported, the totals for most kinds of offenses would be substantially higher.

Citing F.B.I. reports, Charles Silberman writes in "Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice":

> The chance of being the victim of a major violent crime such as murder, rape, robbery, or aggravated assault nearly tripled between 1960 and 1976; so did the probability of being the victim of a serious property crime, such as burglary, purse-snatching, or auto theft. . . . In some ways, the crime statistics understate the magnitude of the change that has occurred, for they say nothing about the nature of the crimes themselves. Murder, for example, used to be thought of mainly as a crime of passion—an outgrowth of quarrels between husbands and wives, lovers, neighbors, or other relatives and friends. In fact, most murders still involve victims and offenders who know one another, but since the early 1960s murder at the hand of a stranger has increased nearly twice as fast as murder by relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

In Los Angeles, police estimate that more than half of the total of one thousand twenty-eight murders in 1980 were committed by people who did not know their victims. What is also new, Silberman says, is that today people "kill, maim, and injure without reason or remorse." Gruesome, senseless crimes are chronicled daily in the press—so routinely that citizens have become almost inured to them.

THE police tend to view criminals —particularly the ones they identify as "career criminals"—as opportunists taking advantage of a "permissive society." Approximately seventy per cent of all the robberies in New York City, according to Deputy Police Inspector William P. Rose, are committed by only approximately twenty-one hundred and fifty individuals. These crimes—muggings, chain-snatchings, purse-snatchings, rapes, burglaries, and armed robberies—are the ones that most terrorize citizens. In Manhattan, the Felony Augmentation Program was established as a pilot project by the Police Department in January of 1980 to keep a watch on five hundred of those twenty-one hundred and fifty individuals, most of whom had long criminal records and committed at least two robberies in the borough subsequent to October of 1976. Under the program—which the department expanded in September of this year—each person merits a separate folder, containing mug shots, known aliases, and computerized arrest sheets, often running to



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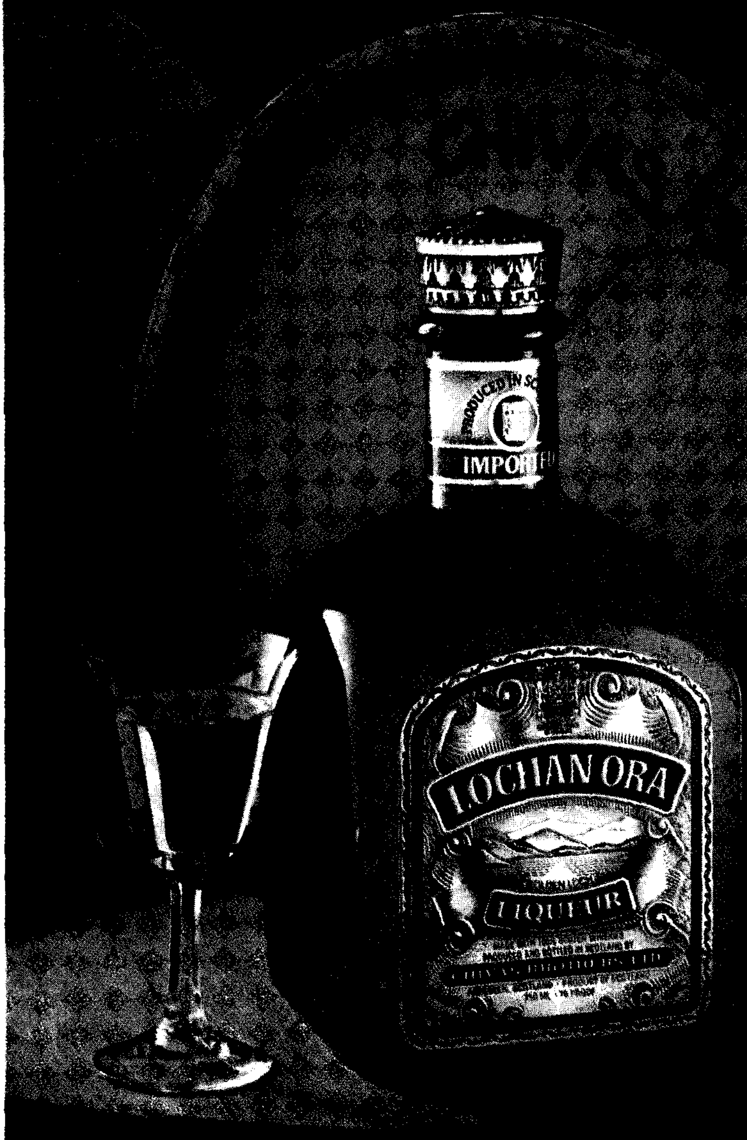
several pages. "We have fellows with thirty-six, thirty-seven arrests," said Sergeant Daniel Hannon, who is white and was formerly one of fifty policemen assigned to this special unit, which is based on Randall's Island, in the East River. "It's a pattern of life. I'm not talking about the organized-crime sort of criminals. I'm talking about street criminals. People who turn streets into nightmares." The fifty policemen in this special unit study the faces, the folders, the aliases, and the hangouts of these criminals. They drive in unmarked cars and dress casually as they try to track down these fugitives, place them under surveillance, and apprehend them in the commission of a crime.

After an arrest, the unit calls in a special investigative squad, which seeks to build a solid court case by getting witnesses to appear in court and alerting the district attorneys to these cases, in the hope that the suspect will not slip through the cracks of the criminal-justice system. People in every segment of that system protest that their job is made impossible by a lack of funds. The district attorneys say they lack the resources to bring all those cases to trial, the courts say there are too few judges, the corrections system says there are too few prison cells, the police say there are too few policemen. By beginning to narrow their focus to career criminals, law-enforcement officials hope to seal the cracks.

Leafing through a stack of folders that contain mug shots mostly of black and Hispanic males, Sergeant Hannon displays the folder of a white male with three aliases, six arrests, and one conviction. Another folder features a six-page arrest sheet listing four aliases, ten arrests, six convictions, and only seventy-two days spent in jail. Another shows twelve convictions and seven months spent in jail. Portraits of the kind of people that this police unit tracks can be glimpsed by an inspection of the records of several street criminals recently prosecuted by District Attorney Merola's office.

In June of 1979, Robert, Ernest, Henry, and Curtis Bolden ranged in age from seventeen to twenty-one. They lived in the Bronx, and, among them, had been arrested approximately a hundred and twenty-five times. According to Neal Hirschfeld, of the *News*, who first brought them to public attention, the police say that the Bolden brothers were responsible for "anywhere from twelve hundred to six



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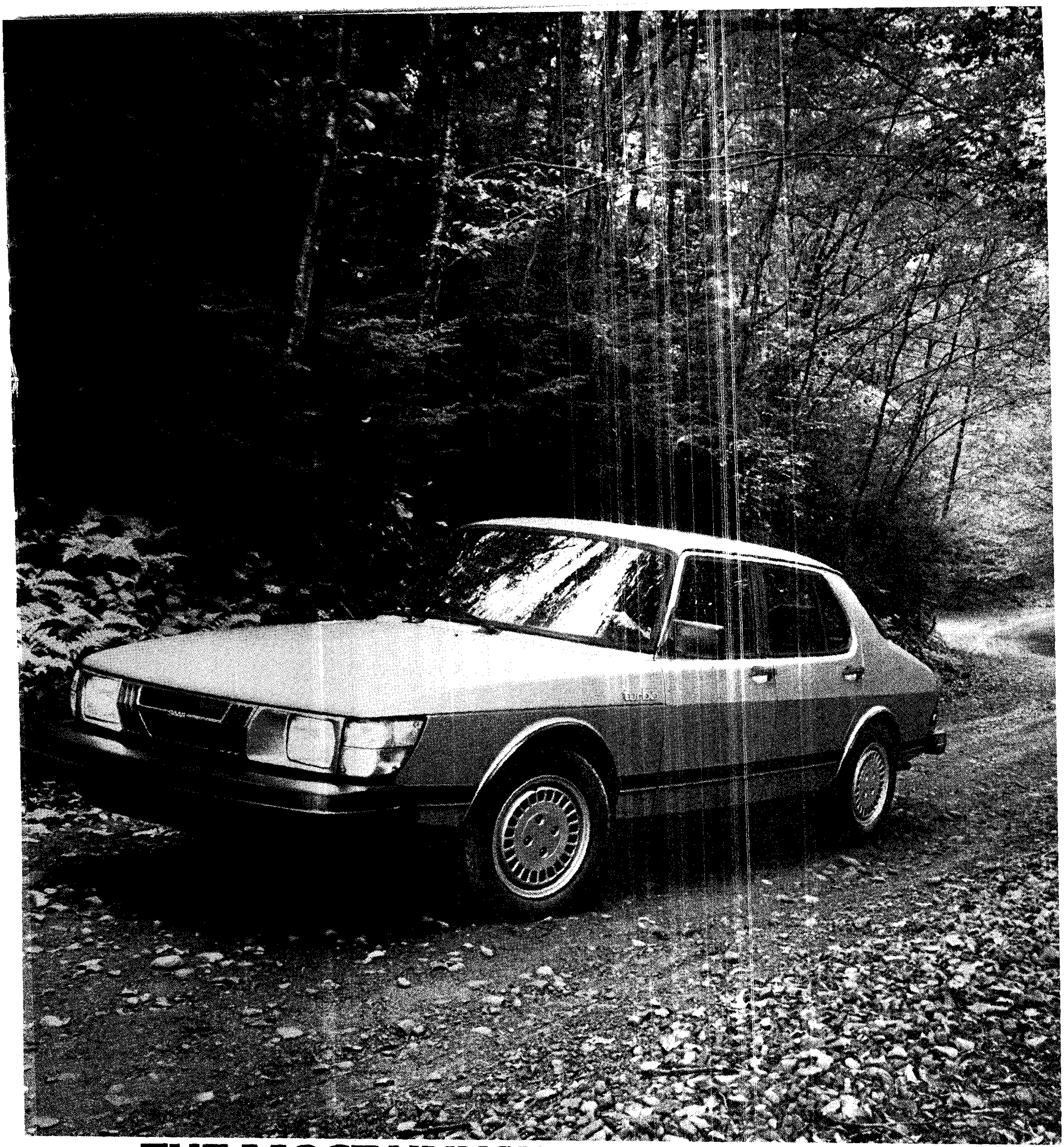
thousand crimes." All were street criminals, and Henry, then nineteen years old, was serving eight to twenty-five years in jail for a 1977 robbery conviction. It was no ordinary robbery. While an accomplice held a knife to the throat of a seventy-four-year-old woman, Henry Bolden was said to have ripped the teeth from the mouth of her eighty-four-year-old husband. On the day Henry was sentenced, Hirschfeld reports, he "entered the Bronx courtroom laughing." Robert Bolden, then seventeen, had been arrested eighteen times before his sixteenth birthday, according to Hirschfeld, and the charges included robbery, grand larceny, jostling (picking pockets), possession of stolen property, and burglary. He was then in jail. Ernest Bolden, then eighteen, was back on the streets after completing a ninety-day sentence for drug possession and criminal mischief. In the eighteen months before his incarceration, Ernest had been arrested sixteen times. Before his sixteenth birthday, he had been arrested twenty-three times. The oldest brother, Curtis —then twenty-one—had been indicted for the rape of three Bronx women, one of them an eighty-two-year-old widow, who had been kicked by her assailant with such force that an impression of his sneaker sole was implanted on her left cheek. He had previously been arrested at least twenty times and served two years in prison for robbery. In March of 1980, after having been convicted the previous month for two of the rapes, Curtis Bolden was sentenced to thirty years in prison. The Boldens' parents were divorced, and their mother could not control them. Their father, the Reverend Henry Bolden, who is the pastor of a Bronx Baptist church, told Hirschfeld that he did not know for certain whether his sons were in jail or out.

A detective who has reflected on the attitudes that prevail in the slums in which the Boldens grew up said not long ago that to people like Curtis Bolden "education is not important," and added, "Impressing your girlfriend is important. Wearing fine threads is important. Getting revenge against whitey is important."

The Bolden boys' father saw something else. "This whole thing is a frameup," he said. "It's ruining our name."

Curtis's victims remember him as an animal, but Anne M. Andersson, one of his elementary-school teachers at



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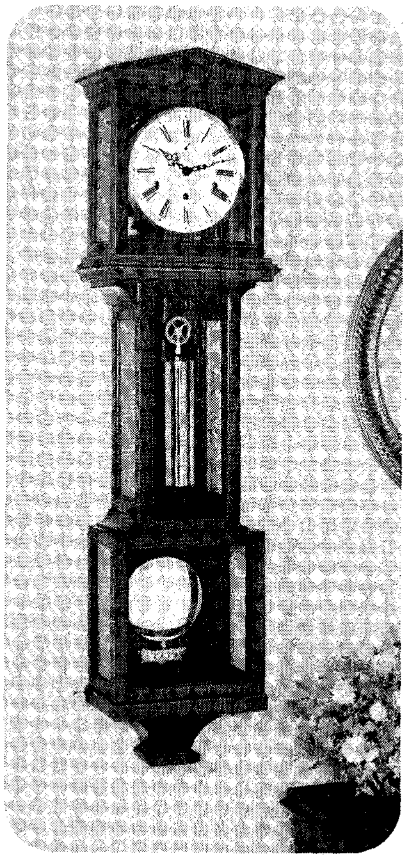
P.S. 55, in the Bronx, has a different recollection:

> I was Curtis and Henry Bolden's second-grade teacher and of all the children whom I have taught, I was the closest to Curtis Bolden. Curtis and Henry were not hardened in the second grade. I know because I loved them. I was very close to Curtis' desperate need for love and acceptance. In reaching beyond his troubled exterior, I found a frightened little boy who wanted to be good, who diligently struggled and successfully overcame his delinquent behavior, if not his retarded academic performance. This was a boy who craved his mother's love, but who still cared about other living creatures.
>
> Curtis needed daily doses of praise for behaving well and also for his nice clothes, which stood as proof of his mother's love.
>
> We had a close relationship, Curtis and I.
>
> In return, on Valentine's Day in 1966, while the class wrote cards to their parents, sadly but poignantly, Curtis wrote his card to me.
>
> On the last day of school, he wanted one of the classroom plants to care for during the summer. I gave him the plant along with an award for good behavior and then the class went out to the park for the final time.
>
> My lasting image of Curtis, at age nine, is in that Claremont project park—an image of a superb basketball player in midair, sinking the basket as always. At that time I had silently prayed, "Maybe his athletic ability will save him—just maybe, he'll make it."

The psychiatrist retained by the prosecution saw still another Curtis Bolden. In a report dated January 17, 1980, Dr. Daniel W. Schwartz, an associate professor of psychiatry at the Downstate Medical Center, in Brooklyn, wrote:

> On examination the patient shows no indication of psychosis. He is alert and passively coöperative, responding to all questions in a relevant and coherent manner. . . . There is no indication of delusions, hallucinations or otherwise disordered thinking. His mood is neutral and his display of feelings quite subdued.
>
> The patient is well aware of his present legal situation, correctly identifying the other two men as "my lawyers" and myself as "a psychiatrist." He knows that he has been arrested for "robbery and rape" and that in regard to his defense, "one possibility is a plea of insanity."
>
> The patient shows no indication of mental deficiency. He reads such words as "for Municipal Credit Union information" correctly, subtracts 56 from 80 with pencil and paper and correctly adds 16 and 17 in his head. He correctly names the President, says that he watches the news on television every night, and correctly gives the current big news as the fact that Russia has been "coming in on other countries and stuff like that."

Dr. Schwartz, who is also director of forensic psychiatry at Kings County Hospital Center, made this diagnosis:



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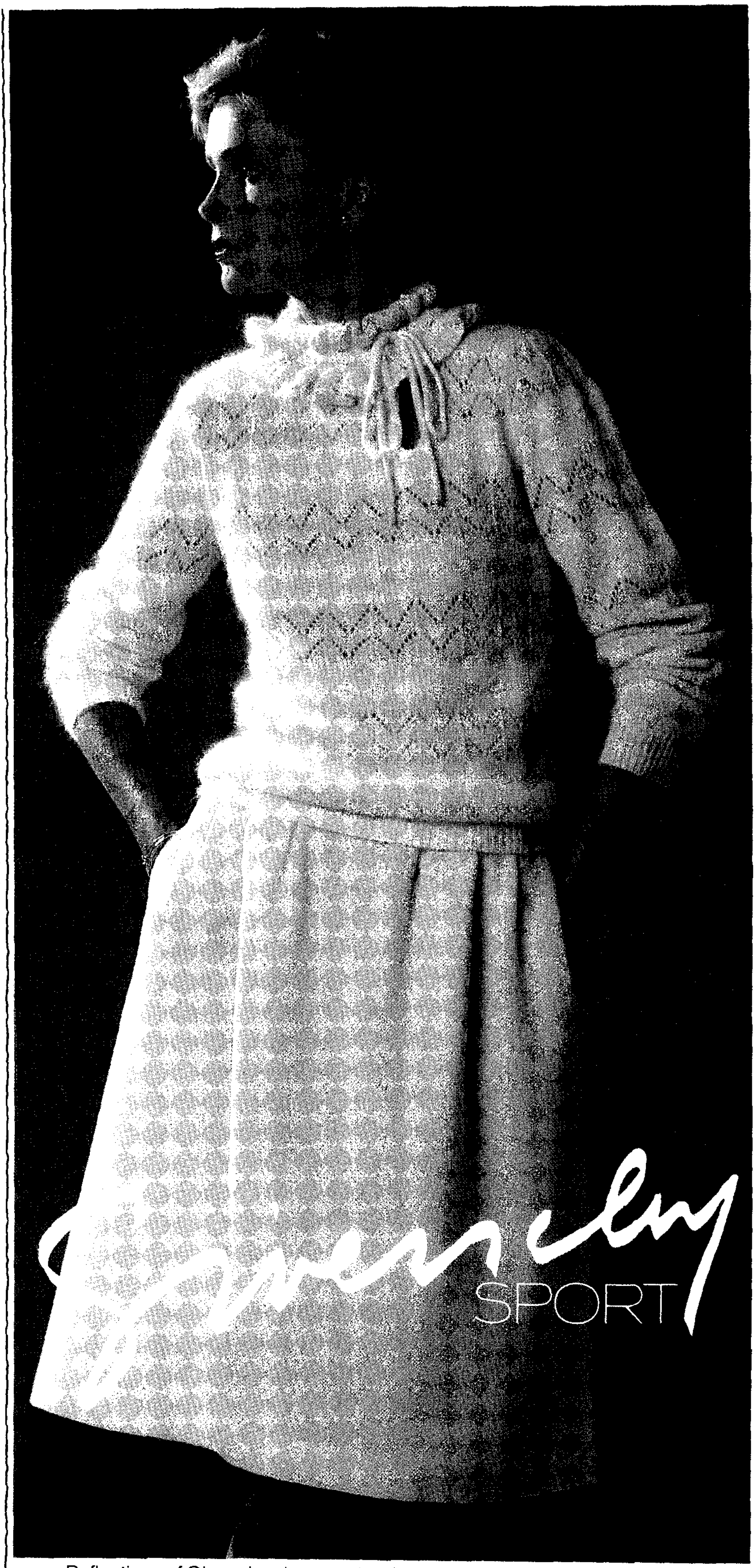
"Anti-social personality disorder." His conclusion: "It is my professional opinion, with a reasonable degree of medical certainty, that at the time of the present offense the defendant did not, as a result of mental disease or defect, lack substantial capacity to know or appreciate the nature and consequence of his conduct or that his conduct was wrong."

The psychiatrist retained by the defense, Dr. Augustus F. Kinzel, who is a clinical instructor in psychiatry at Harvard and was formerly an associate in clinical psychiatry at Columbia, looked at the same defendant and saw someone else. His report, dated December 28, 1979, stated:

> There may have been a considerable discrepancy between the way the [two] girls were raised in this family and the way the boys were raised. . . . On direct examination he appears mentally dull. His responses are quite slowed. His affect is very flat. He attempts to answer questions relevantly, but appears unable to bring any judgment or insight to his situation. His responses are impoverished. He is unable to elaborate on anything. . . . He draws the hands for 3 o'clock imprecisely. Asked to subtract 7 from 100 and keep taking 7 from his answer, he shows marked confusion, actually subtracting 6, 8, 5, 12, 11, 7, 10, 2, 7, 4, 7, 7, 0, 7, when all of these should be 7's. Asked to interpret the proverb don't cry over spilt milk, he states, "Never cry over something that you lose," indicating poor comprehension. He believes the day is Wednesday (it is Tuesday). . . . He is able to write the sentence My name is Curtis Bolden, but omits the period.

Dr. Kinzel offers this diagnosis: Curtis Bolden was "so psychotic at the time of the alleged incident that he lacked substantial capacity to understand the nature and consequences of his acts and know they were wrong due to acute mental illness." His recommendation: "Attorneys on both sides should consult to consider dropping criminal charges in view of lack of criminal intent (mens rea) and arranging for civil commitment to a psychiatric hospital for treatment." Dr. Kinzel's report is so different from Dr. Schwartz's that one wonders whether they interviewed the same person.

These disparate views did not perplex Acting State Supreme Court Judge Howard Goldfluss. He told a crowded courtroom on March 12, 1980, "The attacks inflicted upon aged and defenseless women defy description. They are almost too horrible to relate. So vicious. So cruel. So lacking in sensitivity and compassion. I am totally bewildered as to how one human



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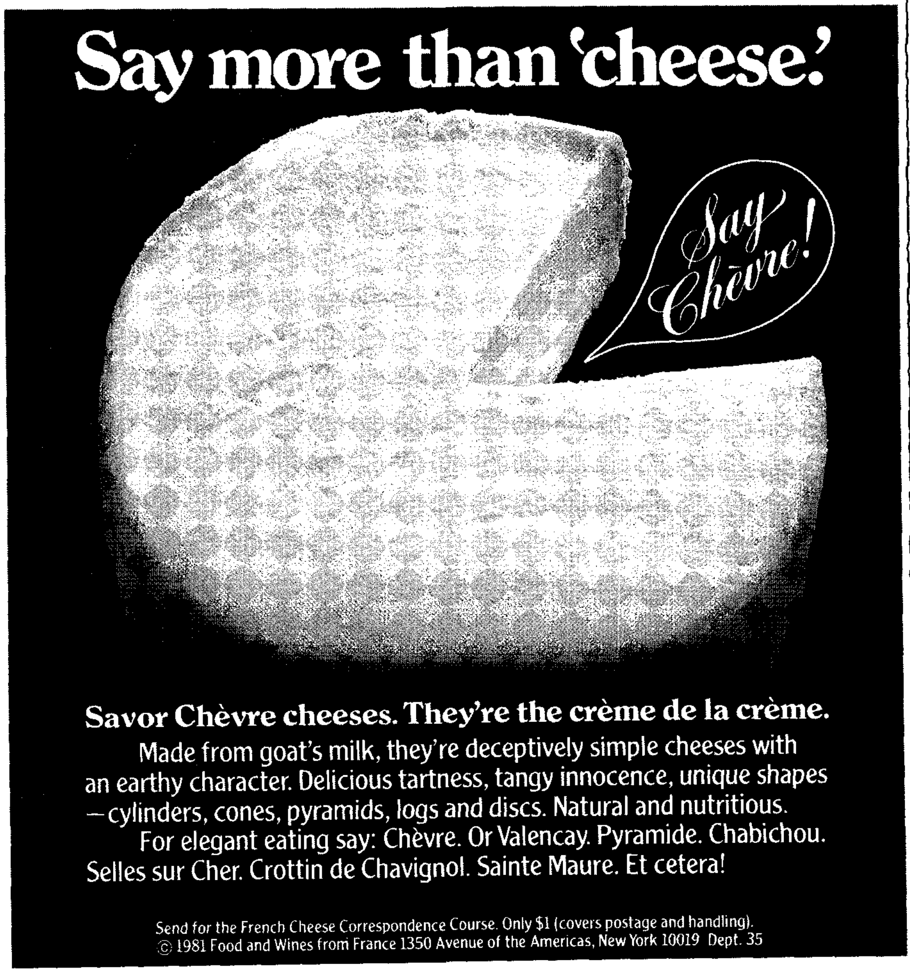

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being can treat another human being in this manner." He sentenced Curtis Bolden to thirty years in prison.

Unlike the Boldens, Clifford Brighton is a pro, who planned his crimes carefully. He is, like the young Leon Harris, a hostile professional stickup man, and, like Harris, he got caught. On April 5, 1979, he gave a videotaped confession to Bronx Assistant District Attorney Ross Weaver at the Forty-seventh Precinct station house. Brighton, a wiry six-footer, sat behind a desk, his legs casually crossed, and, faced by Weaver and several police officers, was openly defiant. "Man, shoot the shot if you going to shoot it, man," he challenged, sitting up and pounding the desk. "All these questions are not relevant, man. I don't even want to hear it. I want to hear what's going to happen."

Weaver said, "I need to know the answers to these questions."

"You don't need to know no more than I tell you," Brighton replied.

It was established that Brighton and an accomplice robbed a supermarket, Brighton brandishing a nickel-plated five-shot .38 pistol. When police surrounded the store, Brighton took a hostage rather than surrender. The police ordered him to drop his gun; Brighton did. "That's when they came in and started kicking me," he said, displaying large welts on his face and a nasty cut under one eye. As the camera continued to record the session, Brighton loosened up, referring to his rather lengthy arrest record, and boasting, "I'm the best stickup man in the business. I do things on my own." Previous charges were dropped, he said, and he continued:

> Nobody didn't want to complain, 'cause I didn't hurt nobody. It's not about hurting nobody. It's survival and out there in the world you have to survive, my man. You sit here; you got on a tie, sports jacket, whatever. Me, I'm casual. . . . Whatever you going to do, do it, baby. Could I get a cigarette please, sir.

"You ever rob a grocery store before?" he was asked, and he replied:

> Yes, I did. . . . I did a lot of them. That's my business. That's all I been doing all my life. . . . I never rob anybody on the street 'cause there's no money on the street. Really, if you go in somebody's pocket the most money you going to get is four hundred dollars. I carry—the less amount of money I ever had in my pocket was nine thousand dollars. . . . I have big knots in my pocket 'cause when I went to the movie and seen that picture "The Mack," I said to be black and rich means something and in another part of the movie they say, the nigger told Goldie, she said, "I'm going to

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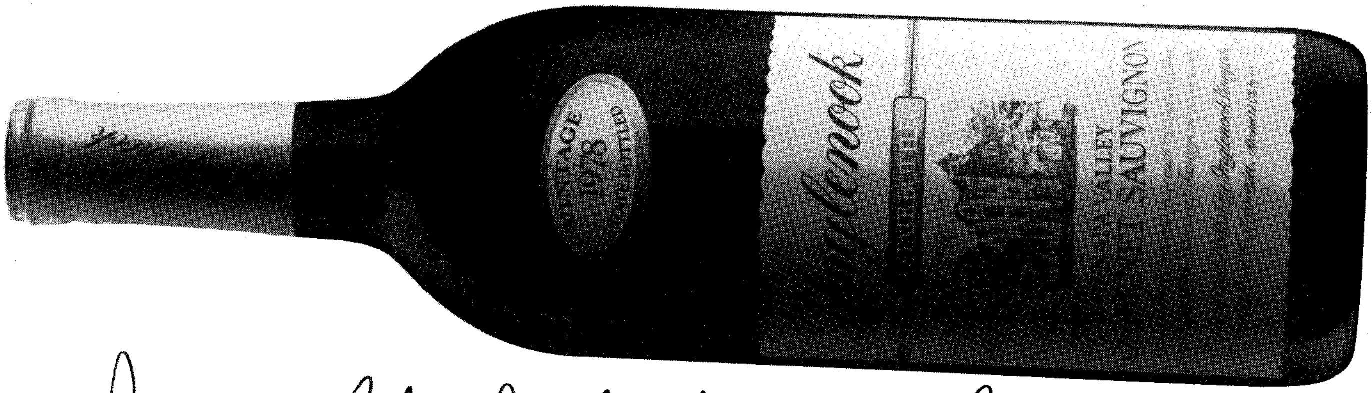
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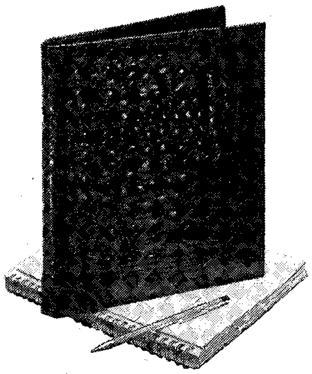

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have you walking around like your pockets have the mumps."

Others who often frighten citizens, and even police officers, are those so traumatized that now and then their minds snap. Some are capable of violence at the slightest provocation. According to police and psychiatrists, "traumatized" people incubate in the underclass. They may be the shopping-bag ladies wandering aimlessly through subway arcades, the released mental patients who populate single-room-occupancy hotels, the children rejected at home and left to roam city streets, the zombielike men who loiter on West Forty-second Street or brood behind a cabin door in Appalachia. Some are black, and some—like the "Son of Sam" killer David Berkowitz—are white. These are people who, for whatever reason, cannot cope with the pressures of their environment. The anthropologist Nancy Scheper-Hughes, in her book "Saints, Scholars, and Schizophrenics: Mental Illness in Rural Ireland," published in 1979 by the University of California Press, has written of a white "residual population" in rural western Ireland, where the land and the society can't support the population, which partly accounts for the fact that Ireland has "the highest hospitalization treatment rate for mental illness in the world."

> The combined effect of the steady erosion of the community through childlessness and emigration, the disintegration of traditional values and familism, the constriction of village social life and institutions, and the national policy to retire even young and able-bodied farmers can be observed in the contagious spread of a spirit of despair and anomie . . . This anomie is expressed in drinking patterns and alcoholism, in a sexual devitalization, and most profoundly, perhaps, in the high incidence of mental illness, especially schizophrenia . . . The concept of anomie focuses attention on the primary importance of men's and women's work to their sense of self-esteem. . . . For the more psychologically vulnerable . . . a gradual withdrawal from peer activities, such as sports events, Sunday dances, and coöperative turf-cutting and haymaking, signals the onset of an engulfing spirit of depression and despair—sometimes climaxing in fits of rage or violence directed against neighbors or self.

ROY MILLER, Tom Fennell, and Vinnie Pepitone were assigned as a team to the fifty-man Manhattan Felony Augmentation Program. Roy Miller, the eldest of the three, has been a policeman for sixteen years. He is in his mid-forties, and on one winter day his undercover outfit consists of

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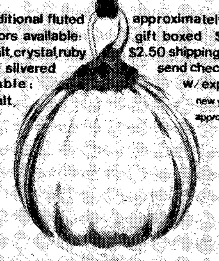

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thick blue corduroy pants, a shirt, a heavy sweater, a windbreaker, and loafers. Tom Fennell, a short, bearded man, has been a cop for nine years. He wears a green-and-blue ski jacket zipped to the neck, with jeans and casual shoes. Vinnie Pepitone lives in Brooklyn, where his older brother, Joe, became something of a sandlot baseball legend—"the next DiMaggio"—before rising to become a New York Yankee. Vinnie has been a policeman for twelve years. He sports a cap atop long black hair, a brown-and-white checked lumber jacket, wool sweater, jeans, and Hush Puppies. All are white.

A typical day on patrol consists of trying to find and trail three of the five hundred "career criminals" identified by the Felony Augmentation Program. From the folders they've selected, Miller, Fennell, and Pepitone study mug shots, aliases, last known addresses, and hangouts before setting out in an unmarked four-door 1977 white Plymouth to hunt their prey. Experience has proved that the best spots to search for career criminals are near Macy's and Gimbels, in the West Thirty-fourth Street area; outside the department stores and shops on West Fourteenth and East Eighty-sixth Streets; in Minetta and Washington Square Parks, in Greenwich Village; in Bryant Park, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street; in the diamond district, on West Forty-seventh Street; on Third Avenue in the low Fifties; around the Port Authority Bus Terminal, on Eighth Avenue; and on the north side of West Forty-second Street between Times Square and Eighth Avenue. These are places where they can blend into the urban landscape and where wealthy commuters, shoppers, and tourists with unguarded habits often make inviting targets.

Most policemen don't blame society for criminal behavior. "There's got to be poor people no matter where you go," Miller says as their Plymouth crosses the bridge into Manhattan. "But because you're poor you don't have to steal, right?"

"I come from a neighborhood of poor people," Fennell says. "Yet most made it. You know what it is? It's becoming so easy. Here's a guy arrested ten times." He flips open a folder. "And he's done less than two months. If you can make a killing and not do any time, it more or less pays."

Miller calls criminals of the type they're seeking "businessmen, not animals," and adds, "I'd be quicker to

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"I think that the juries must not believe us," Fennell says. "They think we have something to gain."

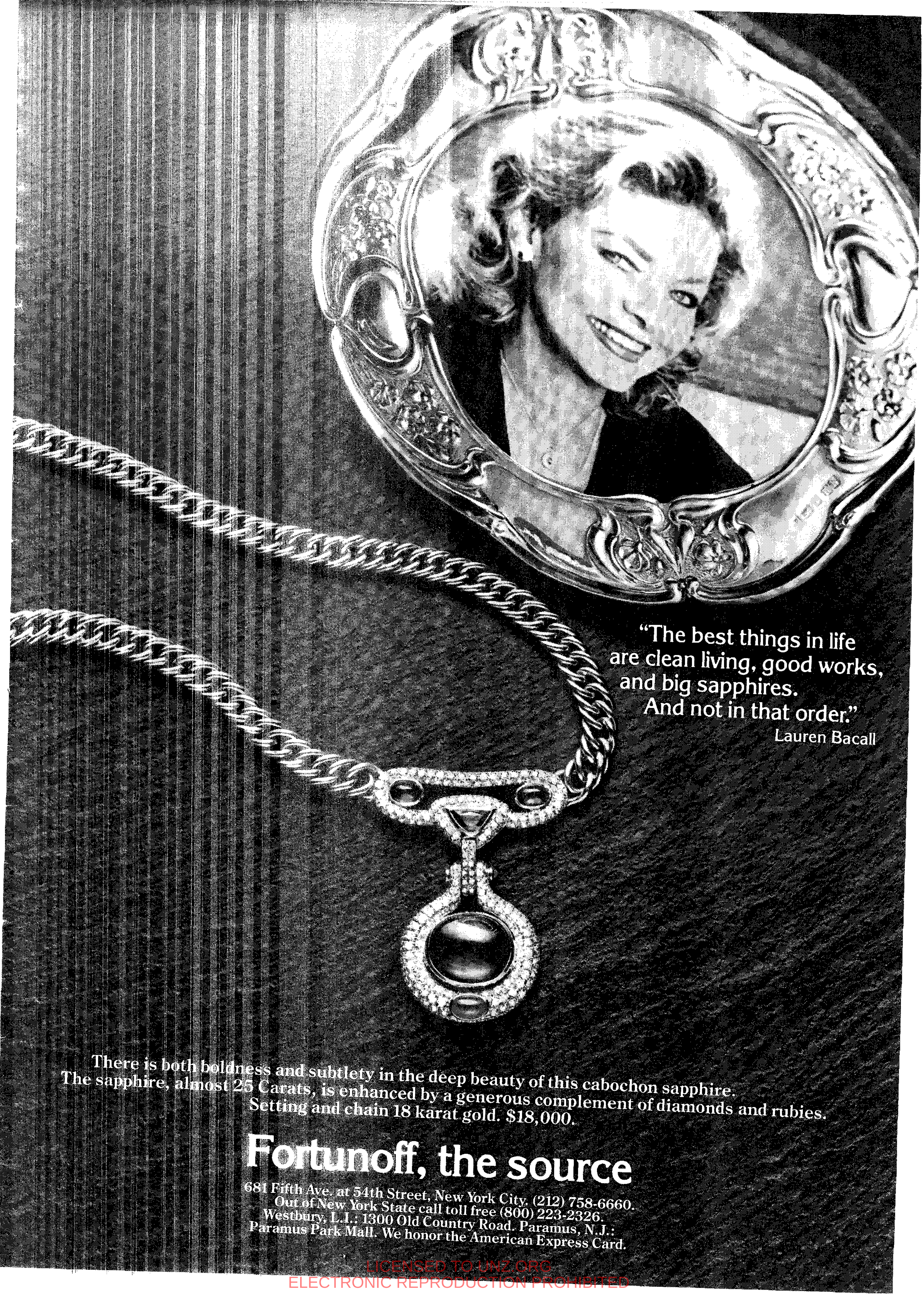
"You can kill a cop and maybe get seven years," Pepitone says.

"Jail is the furthest thing from their minds," Miller says. "They know they can get away with it. You lock up the same people all the time."

Miller says, "I don't blame the kids. I blame the parents. If my kid came home with a watch or a bicycle that I didn't buy him, I'd want to know where he got it. But those parents are delighted. I'd lock the parents up."

Many of the career criminals use and sell drugs or drink heavily, and these addictions, because they diminish earning capacity, often qualify them for welfare. Many are professional burglars or stickup men. The younger street criminals, in particular, make their living by mugging and jostling, on occasion armed with a gun or a knife. Their weekly haul can range from about five hundred dollars to two thousand.

Today, the three undercover policemen are searching for someone named Hally and two other career criminals. First, they will check a list of last known addresses, showing neighbors or doormen mug shots for leads. Hally has vanished, but if they can find where he lives and place him under surveillance, perhaps they can catch him in the commission of a crime. Their list of last known addresses usually comes from parole or arresting officers, whom Hally, obviously, has conned. After leaving the second address, a stately brownstone just off Fifth Avenue, Pepitone angrily says, "How can a guy accept that address?" They check a methadone center that Hally once attended, then a fourth address. No luck. They turn to the folder of Willie and his last listed address, in the West Nineties. It is a seedy five-story residential hotel—the kind of place that houses released mental patients, addicts, and single welfare recipients. The man at the desk is locked in a small, glass-encased office that has no openings for a potential robber. The main foyer is pervaded by the smell of marijuana and the stench of urine; faint moans rise from behind closed doors. After considerable prodding, Fennell and Miller get the clerk to acknowledge that Willie, a known drug pusher and professional mugger, lives there. But Willie is not in. After



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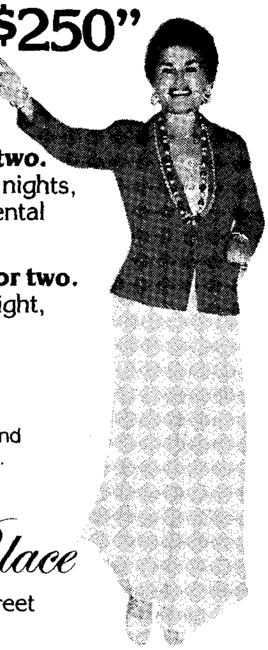

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waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, the policemen decide to go to Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street in the hope of spotting Hally, Willie, or another familiar face.

"I don't think these people"—blacks and Puerto Ricans—"are ready for society," Miller blurts as they leave the West Nineties. "Civil rights came too fast, too soon. Most blacks don't have a family. There's no father image. I see the way these wise guys dress. They dress like broads. They wear flowered hats and weird colors. They relate to their mothers. I see more black fags than white fags. There's no father that runs the family. Kids rely on their mother. Whereas in the white family the father runs the family. So you don't have discipline. You know yourself that you can always con your mother out of something."

Unlike John Painter, of BT-27, who views policemen as an occupying army of "punks," a policeman like Miller sees himself as a victim of punks and public attitudes, locked in an unending and unyielding war against crime. Members of BT-27 would consider Miller a racist, particularly when he speaks of "these people;" Miller considers himself a realist. Yet despite the differences, it is not uncommon in talking with policemen to find that they harbor the same feelings of helplessness as members of BT-27. "I feel that the public doesn't realize what's out there, the garbage on the street," Pepitone says as the Plymouth moves down Broadway. "My wife is very liberal. She don't believe what I come home and tell her."

"See, we're the good guys, they're the bad guys," Miller says. "But we live by their rules, they don't live by ours."

"By the same token, not every kid in Harlem is a thief," Fennell says.

"Many kids go to college, become cops and firemen. Many middle-class kids have parents who are alcoholics. Many kids from places like Harlem don't succeed. But to have someone say 'I didn't make it because of my neighborhood' is crap. Where I grew up, you either played basketball or played with drugs. People make choices. I seen a lawyer say to a black judge, 'My client was forced into this way of life.' The judge said, 'I grew up on Eighth Avenue. That's crap!' "

One great obstacle to winning convictions, says Pepitone, is getting witnesses to coöperate. "They're afraid that if this duck gets out he'll come after them. They always ask, 'If he goes in, will he go in for a long time?' What do we do? We can't say yes. They want to be helpful, but they're afraid. They want to tell you. They want to be good."

Miller parks the Plymouth on West Forty-third Street, just off Eighth Avenue. He remains there while Pepitone and Fennell get out, take their pistols from their holsters, and slip them into their jacket pockets. "With these people, there may not be time to reach for your holster," Fennell explains. As a further precaution, Pepitone walks about fifteen steps behind Fennell as they enter the subway arcade on the west side of Eighth Avenue—"the subculture station," Fennell calls it. Here they pass a gallery of derelicts, prostitutes, winos, shopping-bag ladies, sneakered young toughs, gaudy transvestites, mink-coated pimps, heavy-lidded addicts, and drug peddlers. Fennell, whose right hand remains fixed on his gun, emerges from the arcade and stations himself to one side of a fast-food store just east of Eighth Avenue—a place he calls the single worst hangout in New York. The store's front window is broken—the result of a fight and shootout earlier that day. Within inches of Fennell's shoe is a pool of dried blood, either from a mugger who was killed or from a policeman who was wounded just hours before. Young boys saunter by, many of them wrapped in expensive-looking coats. A few feet away, a teen-ager leans against the broken store window, beckoning passersby—"Smoke, smoke, smoke"—to buy marijuana. The faces are familiar to Fennell and Pepitone, and the two policemen are familiar to the inhabitants of this gallery. The regulars long since recognized them as "deeks"—street slang for cops—but not because they had seen the police-

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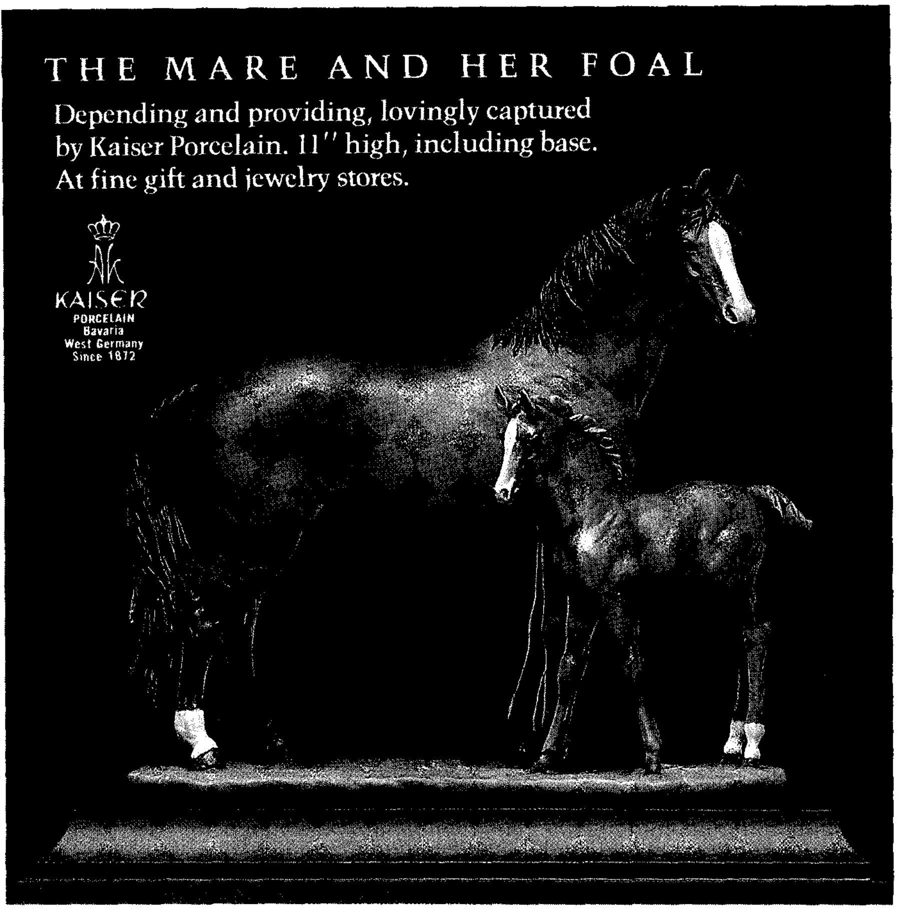

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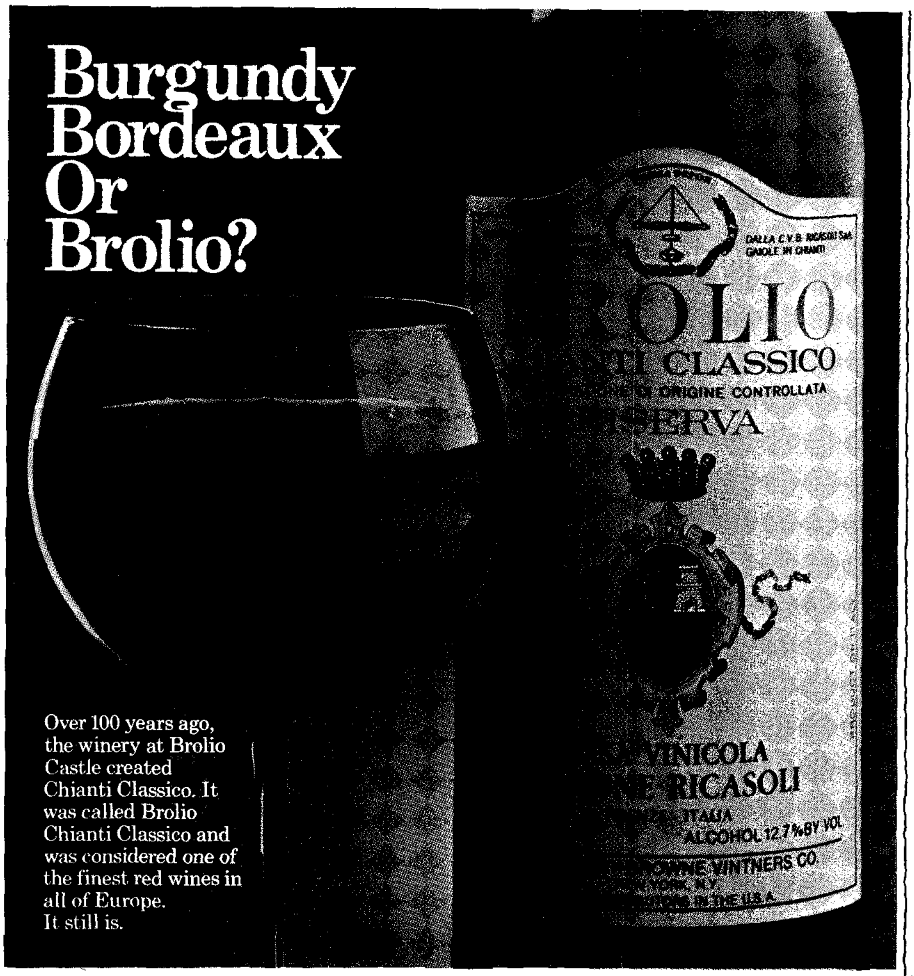
men's snapshots or because they were white. (Other whites congregate here.) Perhaps it was because they were strangers, and were not quite scruffy or cool enough.

West Forty-second Street is a subterranean world. "The urban, middle-class idea of the street is that it is fraught with potential trouble," Terry Williams and Vernon Boggs wrote in the chapter they contributed to "The Bright Light Zone," a sympathetic study of Times Square street life prepared for the Ford Foundation in 1978. "There is violence, danger, and harm to be found on the street. After a certain hour, the streets are to be abandoned for the safety of the home. But for others, the street is a home—a place to stand, sit, drink, eat, sleep, converse, defecate, urinate, fight, and work." After observing West Forty-second Street for two months, the authors estimated that "more than 12,000 drug transactions alone took place between Seventh and Eighth Avenues."

To Fennell, Pepitone, and Miller—and to much of the public as well—that street is populated by parasites, shrewd and sometimes skilled at what they do. But the cops do not think of these street people and dealers as nonviolent. Standing nonchalantly beside a pay phone on the corner of Eighth Avenue, Pepitone, who is six feet four inches tall, is bumped by a beefy black man wearing a gold earring. "Push me, man, and I'll beat the shit out of you," the man suddenly says. Pepitone looks away, ignoring the taunt. Why? Because, he says later, to arrest the man would tie up an entire day in the precinct house and in court, diverting him from more important duties. Besides, such behavior is customary on the streets he visits. For these policemen, the outrageous has become normal, just as crime has become a normal burden of urban life. At the end of their shift, the three-man police detail will file a report stating that all of Hally's listed addresses are phonies, and supplying Willie's address so that another shift can place him under surveillance. In the war on crime, progress is measured in inches.

IT is a wet, brisk winter morning, and once again the students in BT-27 are to meet at the Mid-Manhattan Library at nine o'clock. By nine-thirty, only five have appeared. By ten, nine of the sixteen class members have shown up, and Howard Smith escorts them to the fifth



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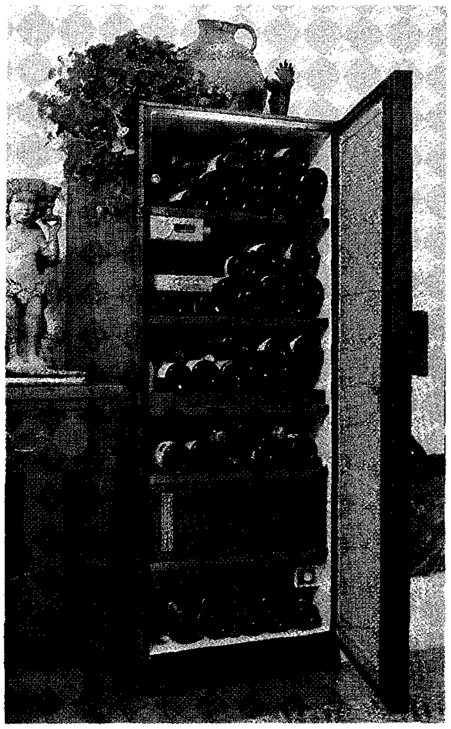

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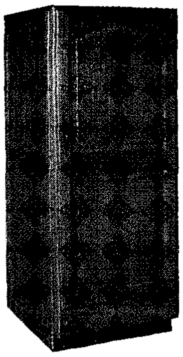

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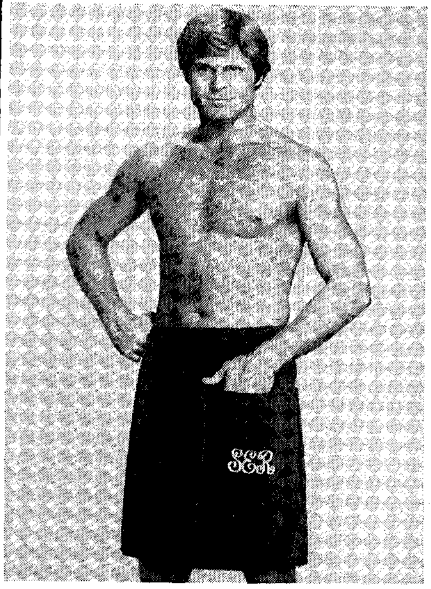
floor. There they flounder about, leafing through the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and author indexes, unsure of what they're looking for. Finally, with assistance from visitors on how to look up "Welfare" and "Dependency," all nine disappear among the stacks of books and periodicals. They return after a while to sit at vast wooden tables and read, or pretend to.

In a quiet corner behind the stacks, Smith finds a chair, extends his long legs, wraps himself in a rumpled raincoat, and, sniffling from a bad cold, expresses the fear that many in BT-27 have a drinking or dope problem. "They find it difficult to function for any length of time without getting high," he says. "For most of them, it's always been an integral part of their environment—in the home, at school, in the neighborhood. It's part of being in the ghetto a long time. The younger generation are proud of the fact that they don't drink, but from the time their feet hit the floor in the morning they're high on marijuana."

Even though Smith decries the effects of marijuana, he concedes that without alcohol or drugs there would be "hell on our hands." He goes on, "I'd hate to be in the South Bronx if someone should suddenly stop the flow of cheap wine or drugs. The younger people, especially, wouldn't be able to tolerate the environment."

Everyone needs to escape, Smith says. "I did it as a youth through reading. One day, I was Rhett Butler. The next, I was Tarzan. Now you have ten-year-olds and eleven-year-olds on drugs." He is confused about the reasons. "I don't know what's happening to them. I really don't know. Is it because of a kid's need to escape? Or because he sees everyone else around him doing it?" On balance, Smith thinks that this dependency is part of what he calls the welfare mentality. Like the American Psychiatric Association, which labels substance dependence a *mental* disorder, he believes that the mental addiction precedes the physical.

"Another aspect of the welfare mentality," Smith says, "is a lack of concern about one's environment because of the feeling that there is no real personal stake—in the apartment, the building." He pauses, and then says, "I know damn well that if I'm working hard every day and I'm paying rent to live in a nice place and I bought expensive furniture, I'm more interested in its upkeep than I would



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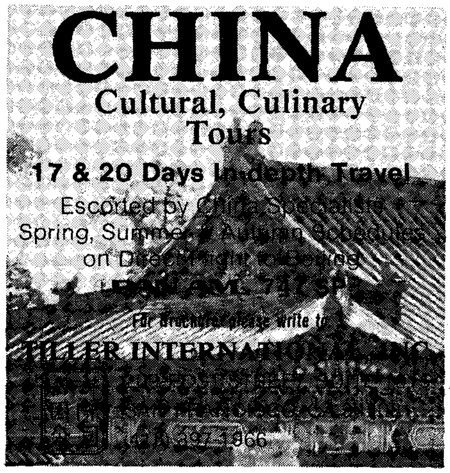

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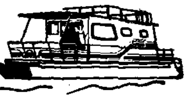

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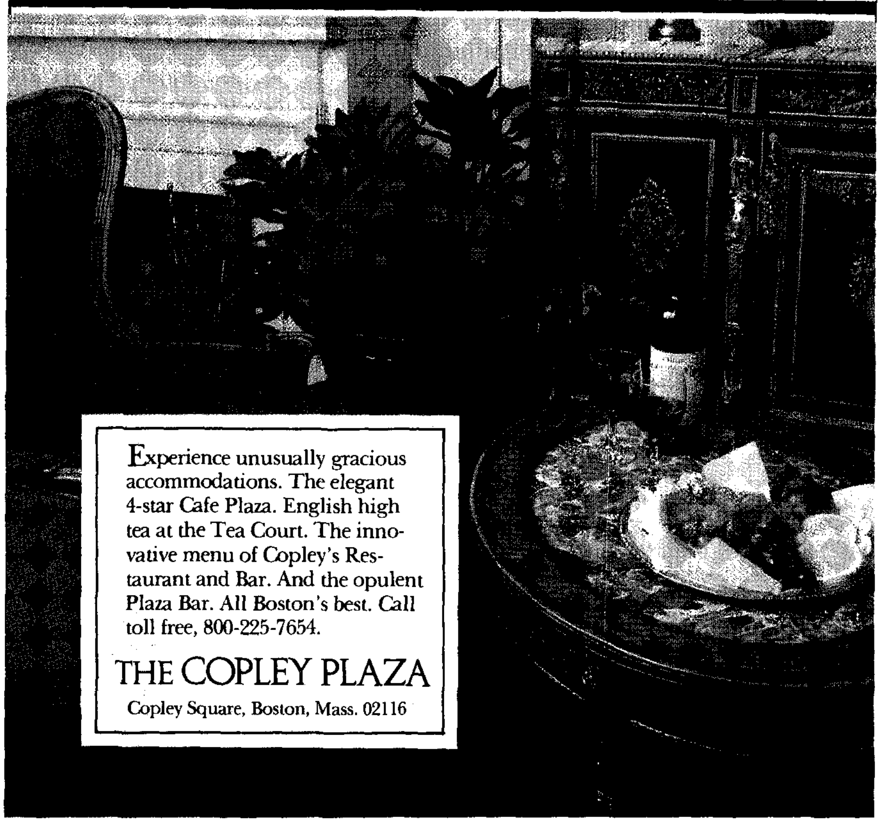

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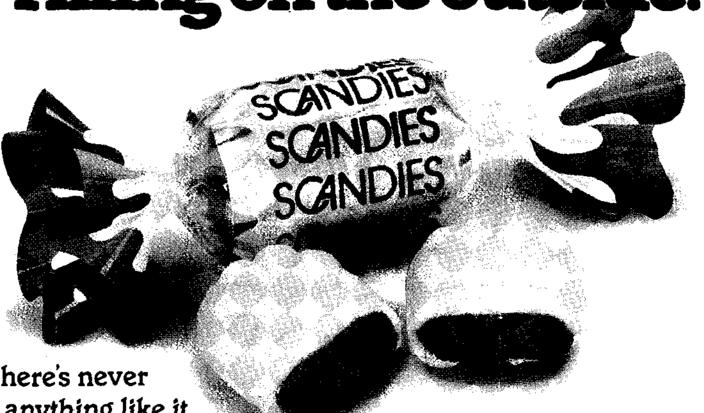

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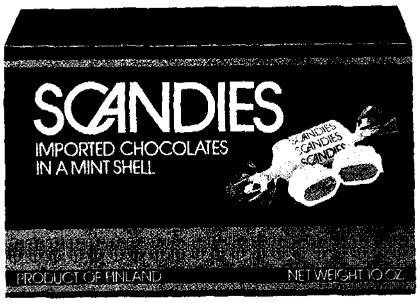

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be if these things were given to me. How can you have respect—I've thought a lot about this; I refuse to accept that we're an inferior species. How can a man have respect for himself who is a member of a family that has been on welfare for more than one generation when everything that's good and decent is supposed to be the opposite of welfare? Our entire system and society is based on the idea that a good man is one who works hard and provides for his family and is able to show some degree of success. If he was in Sweden and on welfare, it wouldn't have the same impact. In this country, it's definitely a stigma."

Members of BT-27 feel this stigma, but, according to Smith, their difficulties do not end there. If the Wildcat program adhered strictly to its stated policy of allowing no more than three unexcused absences and five unexcused latenesses during the first ten weeks of class, "we'd lose just about everyone in the class," Smith says. "It's my gut feeling that if we can extend ourselves a little there are a few it will pay dividends for." He's confident that Denise Brown, Timothy Wilson, William Mason, Carlos Rodriguez, and Hope Parker will win their certificates and, on graduating from the seven-month Wildcat program, go on to successful new careers. Pearl Dawson, John Painter, and William Block can make it, he feels, if they don't succumb to the lure of alcohol. He doesn't think that Henry Rivera will survive, and worries that the "peer pressure" of Henry's smoking marijuana and drinking will ensnare his friend Ramon Lopez. Smith is similarly concerned that John Hicks' surly attitude and William Penn's heavy drinking will snag Willy Joe, who moves in their orbit. He's not sure that Gladys Miller or Leon Harris will make it, but he suspects that if they fail it will be because of their low tolerance for frustration. Mohammed is another question mark, with a limited attention span and a constant tug between his organized Muslim religion and organized society. The life-skills class and supported work will succeed for any of them, Smith says, "only if they come to us with something." He explains, "They already have to have something going for them. You reach a point where you get tired—tired of being scared when you see a patrol car, tired of hating your family, tired of going back and forth to jail, tired of hustling. Most of us get tired. Some can break away. With others, their rocket doesn't have enough boosting power."

Smith talks about his grandfather, with whom he lived for two and a half years. "He remembers when things were worse for blacks than they are now," Smith says. "He tells me stories about South Carolina that sound like 'The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.' Yet in some respects we're so much worse off than when he was young. Here's where I feel most of my contradictions. A society cannot subject some of its people to the things blacks have been subjected to over long periods of time without certain abnormalities' manifesting themselves. Take what the Jews were put through with the Holocaust. That was a relatively short period of time. But I've read accounts of abnormal behavior—pathological behavior—when people got out of the concentration camps. So, yes, American society has a responsibility for the pathological behavior of some blacks. And yet, even though I believe, as Dr. Kenneth Clark believes, that society is responsible, individual responsibility also comes into play. That's where I get in trouble. Where do you draw the line? You can't get away from individual responsibility."

—KEN AULETTA

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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"A lot of water under the dam," he said aloud, surprising himself.

Yes, a lot of water. And he thought there ought to be a better way than that tired cliché to express what he felt about the changes and crises of a single life, not just his own, but any life, every life. —*"Random Winds," by Belva Plain.*

Oddly enough, there *is* a better way.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening News]

Wyoming legislators enacted a law making it illegal to photograph rabbits in January, February, March and April without an official permit.

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A businessman as shrewd as his father, a great gourmet, a man who read, in the original Greek, one of Horace's sonnets nightly before going to sleep, an avid huntsman, an amateur horticulturist and a virile lover of many women, Mikhail Essayan would have been an extraordinary man at any time.—*"The Last Romantics," by Ruth Harris.*

Horace would have said so, too.

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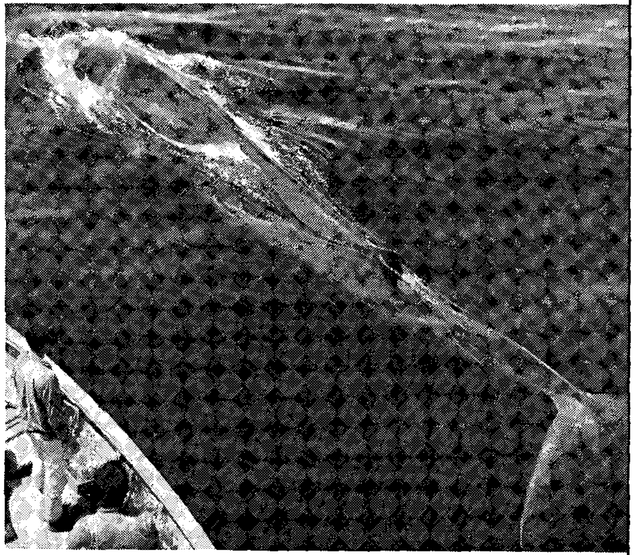


THE THEATRE

Backstage

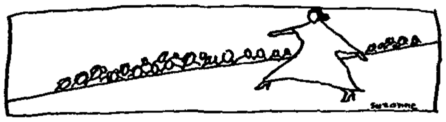
"THE DRESSER," at the Brooks Atkinson, comes to us from over the water, after achieving an immense success in Manchester and London. It is a play with a surefire idea, written with suave literary assurance by Ronald Harwood, and the leading roles are acted to perfection by Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers. The period is 1942, in the darkest days of the Second World War, and somewhere in the English provinces an aging actor-manager, known to us only as Sir, is going out of his mind and getting ready to die. He and his travelling company devote themselves to playing Shakespeare—one night they will be performing "Richard III" in Eastbourne, and the next night it will be "The Merchant of Venice" in Brighton. Sir is a ham of the old stripe (back in the fifties, Mr. Harwood worked as an actor under Sir Donald Wolfit, and surely it is of Wolfit that we catch some amusing glimpses in Sir), who likes nothing so much as to tear a passion to tatters. On the day with which "The Dresser" deals, Sir is scheduled to give a performance of "King Lear," but something odd and terrible has befallen him; Norman, his dresser, has come upon him in the town square taking off his clothes and bellowing nonsense. After a brief stay in the local hospital, Sir escapes from the doctors and makes his way to his dressing room at the theatre, where, with Norman's vehement encouragement, he prepares to go on as Lear. The action of "The Dresser" takes place partly in Sir's dressing room and partly in the wings of the theatre; to complicate matters, for much of the time an air raid is in progress, and the sounds of the storm in "Lear" mingle with those of bombs exploding in the streets of the city.

The role of Sir provides many opportunities for bravura acting, and Mr. Rogers seizes these opportunities with relish. The role of Norman—a tippling, sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney tiger—would seem at first glance less promising, but Mr. Courtenay has no difficulty in keeping up with Mr. Rogers and, on occasion, outdistancing him. The soliloquy with which Norman brings the play to an end is like an aria sung on the theme of the pain of loss and the desolation of loneliness; to our astonishment, a robust comedy leaves us in tears.

Aside from the two stars, the cast is primarily American, and it proves adequate to its task. The handsome setting is by Laurie Dennett, the costumes are by Stephen Doncaster, the lighting is by Beverly Emmons, and the direction is by Michael Elliott, who is one of the Resident Artistic Directors of the Royal Exchange Theatre Company, in Manchester.

"NED AND JACK," at the Little Theatre, isn't so much a play as a conversation in two acts between a couple of old friends. Because these friends are celebrated characters in American theatrical history—the Ned of the title is the playwright Edward Sheldon and the Jack is John Barrymore—we already know a good deal about them, and not least that they were infinitely more fascinating in life than Sheldon Rosen, the author of "Ned and Jack," has managed to make them seem in his doggedly talky script. Scion of a wealthy Chicago family, exceptionally handsome and intelligent, Edward Sheldon was born in 1886, took his master's degree at Harvard in 1908, and immediately began writing hit plays on Broadway. Barrymore was four years older than Sheldon but was his junior in every other respect: a prankish, amorous scapegrace, whom Sheldon, part companion and part Dutch uncle, encouraged to practice a discipline worthy of his talent—among other things, to become a serious actor instead of a mere matinée idol. The limited action of "Ned and Jack" takes place in the early morning hours of November 17, 1922—after an evening on which Barrymore has scored a sensational triumph in "Hamlet" and on which Sheldon is facing, with characteristic gallantry, the slow destruction of his body by an obscure arthritic disease. Over the years, his joints turned to near-stone; eventually, he went blind, and at the time of his death, in 1946, he was going deaf as well, but it appears that his generous, affectionate nature remained unimpaired. As for poor Barrymore, he had died four years before Sheldon, old and broken at sixty.

Some playwrights tend to suppose that writing about real people will be an easier task than writing about invented ones. Nothing of the kind! In the present instance, we have every reason to expect a constant flow of revelatory remarks to go flashing back and forth between Sheldon and Barrymore, and when, on the contrary, their long-drawn-out palaverings strike us as tiresome we aren't simply disappointed, we are indignant. Shakespeare could make his Henrys speak like the kings they were, and Shaw could make his Julius Caesar wittier (I suspect) than Caesar actually was, but in "Ned and Jack" we encounter and resent an unexpected transformation of what must have been gold into what is surely dross. John Vickery and Peter Michael Goetz play Sheldon and Barrymore at an uneasy distance from the originals, and Barbara Sohmers is miscast in a small, unnecessary role as Ethel Barrymore. The setting—the drawing room of Sheldon's East Side penthouse apartment—is by James Leonard Joy, the costumes are by David Murin, the lighting is by Robby Monk, and the direction is by Colleen Dewhurst.



THE Off Broadway production of Beth Henley's "Crimes of the Heart," which played here last season, deservedly winning the Pulitzer Prize and several other honors, has arrived intact on Broadway (at the John Golden) and is sure to enjoy a long run. Though it is Miss Henley's first play, it has a daffy complexity of plot that old pros like Kaufman and Hart would have envied, and it marches at a pace that keeps us from ever questioning the degree of clever manipulation that we are being made subject to. We laugh almost from the first moment of the play to the last, and the curious fact of the matter is that what we laugh at is a succession of misfortunes inflicted upon people who lack the capacity to avoid them. It's evident that Miss Henley, who was born and raised in Mississippi, has sat at the feet of several of our most admired Southern writers, especially Eudora Welty, and her rueful comedy is all the richer for the high quality of its antecedents. Southern writers are masters of the art of exaggeration, of the tall tale that consists of a piling up of improbable incidents. Northern writers appear to have inherited a Puritan disinclination to tell whoppers; Southern writers tell little else.

The time of "Crimes of the Heart" is the nineteen-sixties, the place is the little town of Hazelhurst, Mississippi, and the lives that Miss Henley invites us to observe are those of the three MaGrath sisters—Lenny, unmarried at thirty; Meg, who has come home after a failed singing career on the West Coast; and Babe, who has just shot her husband in the stomach and doesn't much care whether he lives or dies. The other members of the cast are a young lawyer, bent upon keeping Babe out of jail (and helpless not to fall in love with her); Doc Porter, a former beau of Meg's; and a priggish female cousin of the MaGrath girls. Offstage, in hospital, lies their ancient grandfather, whose death they look forward to and dread. It is typical of Miss Henley's uncanny artfulness that when the girls learn that their grandfather has just suffered a possibly fatal stroke they burst out into silly, unstoppable giggles, and it strikes us as the most natural thing in the world for them to do so.

The members of the cast play together with a finesse even greater than that of the earlier production; they are a true ensemble. Mia Dillon is Babe, Mary Beth Hurt is Meg, Lizbeth Mackay is Lenny, Peter MacNicol is the young lawyer, Raymond Baker is Doc Porter, and Sharon Ullrick is the priggish cousin. The setting—the sunny kitchen of the old MaGrath house—is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Patricia McGourty, and the lighting is by Dennis Parichy. The play has been directed with a welcome boldness by Melvin Bernhardt; he takes big chances, and his troupe never fails him.

—Brendan Gill

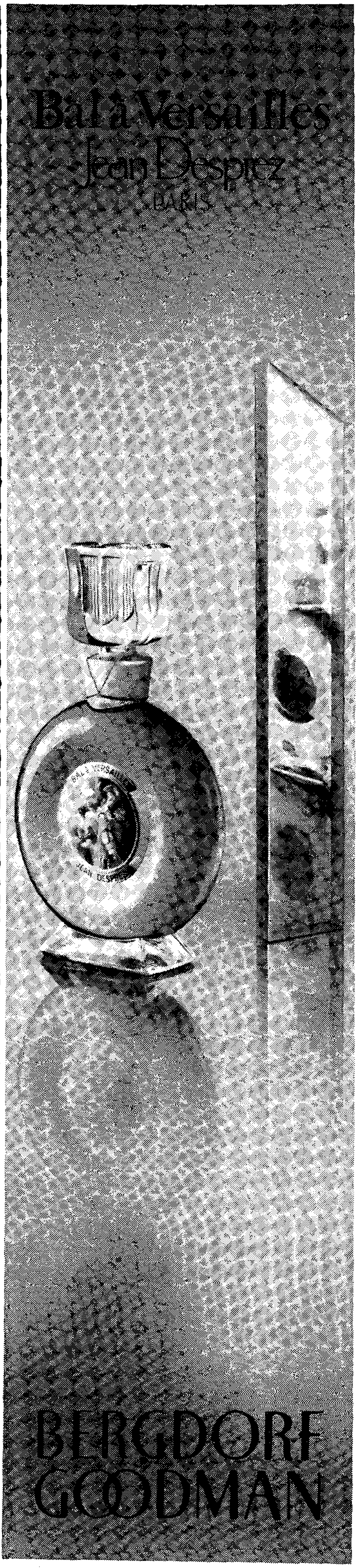
OFF BROADWAY

High Octane

"Pump Boys and Dinettes," the merry, very musical, irresistible (I tend to resist microphones onstage, but not this time) little show at the Colonnades, is, strictly speaking, a cabaret, with a few gestures toward theatre. Most of the songs are by Jim Wann (with a sprinkling by his wife, Cass Morgan, and by others). They come in all varieties—ballads and rock and ragtime and several kinds of jazz and country music galore—and they add up to a most satisfying amalgam. The setting is a gas station and diner on Highway 57, somewhere in the South, and the company is the four pump boys and the diner's counter girls. Mr. Wann is the lead singer and plays guitar, John Schimmel plays bass, John Foley is another guitarist, and Mark Hardwick, grim-faced and sly and humorous and full of surprises, is a demon pianist. Miss Morgan is a counter girl, and so is Debra Monk, and they double as singers and percussionists (with kitchen utensils) to comic effect. Everybody sings well, both solo and in combination, and Mr. Hardwick, singing a song by Mr. Wann with the cryptic title "T.N.D.P.W.A.M.," brought down the house as he chronicled The Night Dolly Parton Was Almost Mine. The performance gains momentum as it goes along, and whatever acting is required—and some is—is absolutely right. "Pump Boys and Dinettes" is a presentation of that enterprising group called Dodger Productions; the good setting was designed by Doug Johnson, the good lighting by Fred Buchholz.

Alonso Alegría's "Crossing Niagara," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is an odd one, all right. An artificial and curiously empty play, it is about a renowned French tightrope walker of the nineteenth century called Blondin. As Mr. Alegría tells it, in 1859, when Blondin has already crossed the Falls twenty-two times on a tightrope, he is persuaded by an eighteen-year-old named Carlo to do so once more, but this time with the boy perched on his shoulders. The script is almost entirely a matter of the conversations—often intertwined monologues, autobiographical or mystical in content—between the two of them, and the events, such as they are, all but drown in the talk. It's the sort of dialogue in which the speakers, for some sort of elocutionary effect, incessantly call each other by name, as if they were on an old radio program, where constant identification was needed. For all that, Alvin Epstein, who is always interesting to watch, and is especially so here, cuts through the guff to make Blondin credible. Paul McCrane does well, too, as the rather foolish, passionate Carlo. The action takes place in Blondin's rooms until the dramatic final scene, which takes place on the rope. There, midway between the United States and Canada, the visionary Blondin—his partner piggyback and his balancing pole wavering in his hands—comes to a stop, paralyzed by panic. Mr. Epstein is fascinating here, and the scene, as rapturously set by Santo Loquasto and lighted by Jennifer Tipton, is worth waiting for. André Ernotte was the director.

—Edith Oliver



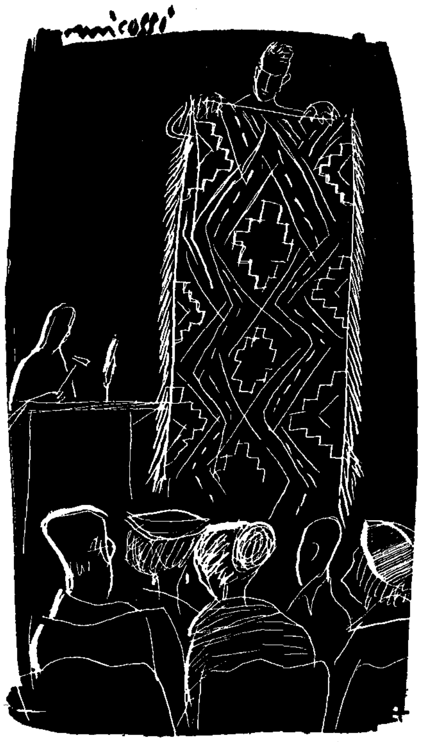
THE ART WORLD

Alfred Barr

THE Museum of Modern Art held a memorial service on October 21st for Alfred H. Barr, Jr., its first director and its animating spirit, who died last August. Barr had retired from the museum in 1967, and for the last few years he had been incurably ill; in a sense, the service brought him back. The speakers—William S. Paley, chairman of the museum's board of trustees; Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd, president of the board; Meyer Schapiro, the art historian and teacher; Beaumont Newhall, whose long service at the museum included a stint as its first curator of photography; Philip Johnson, who started the Department of Architecture before becoming an architect himself; and Richard E. Oldenburg, the current director—all paid tribute to Barr's extraordinary qualities as teacher, guide, scholar, and shaper of our visual culture. But it was Johnson, I thought, who put his finger on the essential element, when he spoke of Barr's passion for art—a "torrential passion that I have never known anyone else in my lifetime to have had."

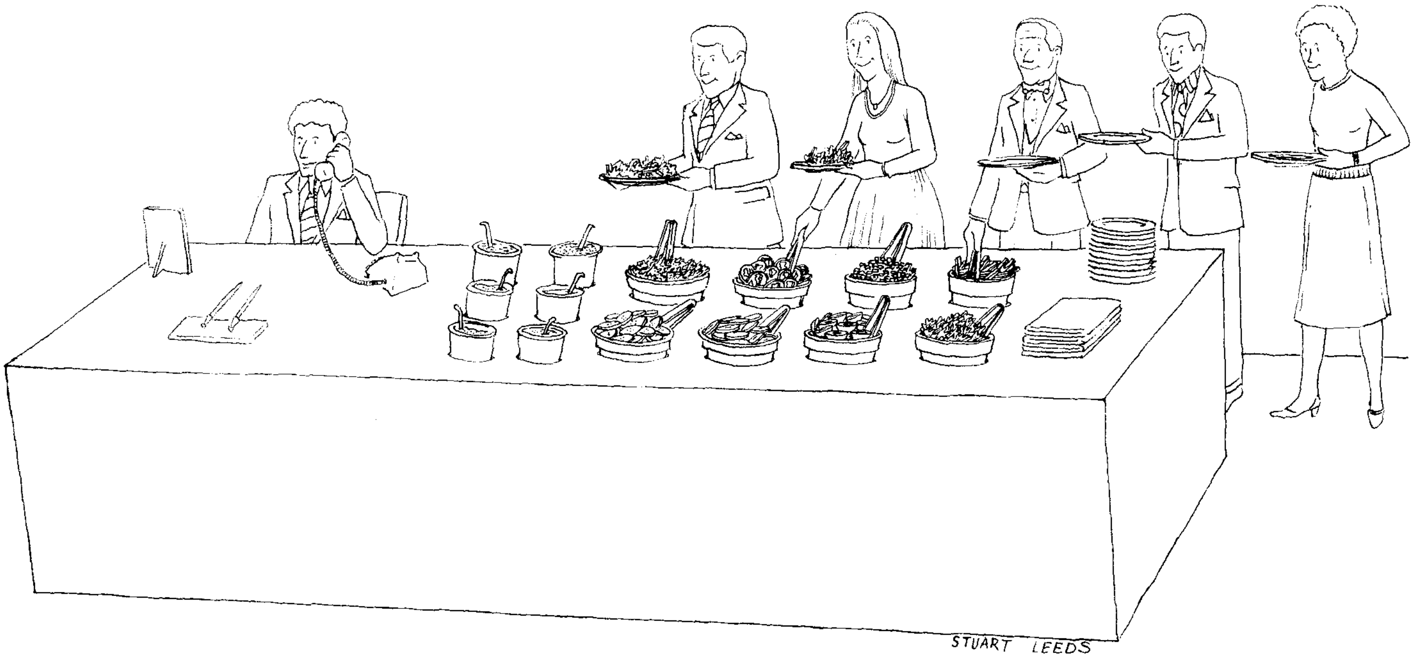
Unless you worked with Barr at the museum or were close to him in other ways, this side of his nature was not readily apparent. He came across as a shy, soft-spoken, exquisitely polite, and deeply thoughtful man, and his silences were famous. When asked a question, he would sometimes look out the window for several minutes, formulating his reply, while the questioner nervously wondered whether his presence, to say nothing of the question, had ceased to register. Once, lecturing to an audience, Barr started to read a definition from a speech by Lenin, fell silent for quite a long time, then looked up with an apologetic smile and said, "I'm sorry. I got interested." His mind on these occasions was never absent. It was occupied full time, at a level of intensity that few of us can sustain. Some of the younger members of his staff never got over being afraid of him. "We were just in awe of his brains," according to Dorothy Miller, who eventually became Barr's principal assistant and, with his encouragement, organized some of the museum's enormously influential exhibitions of new talent.

It is impossible to guess how many careers were leavened by Barr's encouragement. Impossible also to see quite how the man did it—how he first conceived and then built the institution that, more than any other, has influenced the visual culture of our time. There were no precedents when he started. "Alfred got there without a chaperon," his wife, the art historian Margaret Scolari Barr, said once. "He jumped into modern on his own." From the museum's conception, in 1929, Barr wanted to show the modern movement in all its aspects—in movies and buildings and kitchen appliances as well as in painting and sculpture—and during the early years the trustees would occasionally find that a new department had been formed without their notice. Museum trustees who contribute large sums of money to their institutions are not generally inclined to be docile, and MOMA's trustees have been, on the whole, less docile than most. They fired Barr in 1943, exasperated by his policies and by his shortcomings as an administrator. Fortunately, they failed to get rid of him. Although he was the most highly respected man in his field by then, and could have had a top museum job virtually anywhere in the world, Barr chose to stay put. He was given a tiny office within the museum's library, where he came every day to work on the manuscript of his book on Picasso ("Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art"). "Of course Alfred would not leave," Marga Barr said later. "It was his museum." Staff members kept going to see him in his new quarters, because, as Dorothy Miller explains, "everybody had to ask his advice about everything." In 1947, after a great many upheavals and firings, Barr was given the title of Director of Museum Collections, and René d'Harnoncourt, that extravagantly tactful man, became Director of the Museum; the two of them evolved a miraculous division of authority, which lasted until Barr retired in 1967. D'Harnoncourt told Philip Johnson and others that his one essential function, as he saw it, was "to preserve and nourish the genius of Alfred Barr."



After his return to power, Barr had virtually complete control over acquisitions. He financed many of his most important purchases by selling lesser works from the collection—a practice that has been much maligned of late, but without which MOMA could never have achieved its preëminence. Barr had authority over acquisitions in every department except films, and his eloquence was such that he could usually prevail over the doubts of trustees on the acquisitions committee. He never talked down to anyone, either orally or in his vigorous and lucid writings, and that was one of the secrets of his greatness as a teacher—he raised others to his own level of discourse. When doubts did prevail on a proposed acquisition, Barr often managed to persuade a loyal benefactor to buy the rejected work and present it to the museum in due course as a gift. Philip Johnson performed this useful service many times—notably in the case of Jasper Johns' "Flag," one of four Johns paintings that Barr had selected from that artist's first one-man show, in 1958. The trustees refused to purchase Meret Oppenheim's fur-lined teacup in 1936, when Barr had it in his Fantastic Art, Dada, and Surrealism show. Barr quietly acquired it for the museum's Study Collection, and in 1946, after the object had become a modernist icon, the trustees were thrilled to accept it for the permanent collection.

Barr and his colleagues were all zealots in the cause of modern art, and most of them lived long enough to see their cause succeed almost too well. J. Carter Brown, the director of the National Gallery, in Washington,



"You may serve the croutons now, Miss Pomeroy."

• •

D.C., has called MOMA "the most significant tastemaking factor in twentieth-century America." It is in no small part MOMA's doing that modern art, once considered a hoax or an aberration by a large proportion of the people who took any notice of it, has become a social necessity; that every self-respecting city has or yearns for its own modern museum; and that even the wealthiest of trustees subscribes, more or less, to what Harold Rosenberg called "the tradition of the new." The climate of acceptance in which contemporary artists work is often blamed for the mediocrity of so much of the art being produced and shown today. We are told, in fact, that the modern movement is over, its discoveries finished, its vital energies spent. In that case, what is going on now—all the furious activity in the lofts and the galleries and the museums—must be something else, something new and different, but, if so, nobody has figured out what it is, and the term "post-modern" is hardly helpful.

What would Barr have made of the current art scene? Certainly he would not have dismissed it as irrelevant or without interest. Barr never stopped *seeing*. He knew how easy that was to do—most collectors reach a cutoff point where they lose interest in new work. Stephen Clark, an avid collector of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, and the president of the board of trustees that fired Barr in 1943, quit the acquisitions committee a few years later because he could not stand the work of Alberto Giacometti. Barr was determined not to let this sort of thing happen to him. I like to think of Barr going around to galleries today, wrapped in that enormous black overcoat of his (bought for a trip to Russia and never relinquished), subjecting "new wave" or "narrative" or "energist" works to his quiet and expressionless scrutiny. In the nineteen-forties and fifties, Barr and Dorothy Miller could make the rounds of all the leading contemporary galleries in a single day; they could not do that now—too many galleries and too much work. I doubt whether the vast expansion of the art world would have dismayed him, though, any more than the endless variety of species discouraged his lifelong passion for bird-watching. I also tend to doubt whether he would have used the term "post-modern." Although Barr did more than anyone else to spread the gospel of modern art, he resisted the urge to codify it. "The truth is that modern art cannot be defined with any degree of finality, in either time or character," he said in 1941. Modern art came out of the art of earlier periods, as Barr, in his writings and his exhibitions, made brilliantly clear. Certain impulses and preoccupations may be unique to twentieth-century artists, but the making of works of art is a continuous activity, and the periods and epochs into which we divide it, mainly to serve the convenience of historians and scholars, are beside the fact. Modern art is neither a hoax nor a religion, and it has neither a beginning nor an end.

Like many gifted individuals, Alfred Barr was modest about his gifts. He had once defined the museum's function as "the conscientious, continuous, resolute distinction of quality from mediocrity," but later, with rueful candor, he said that if one in ten of the museum's choices stood the test of time he and his associates would be doing their job. The distinguishing of quality from mediocrity is a moral action, and above a certain level it requires passion as well as intelligence. MOMA's collections show that Barr's average was a lot higher than one in ten. There is simply no way to thank him.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

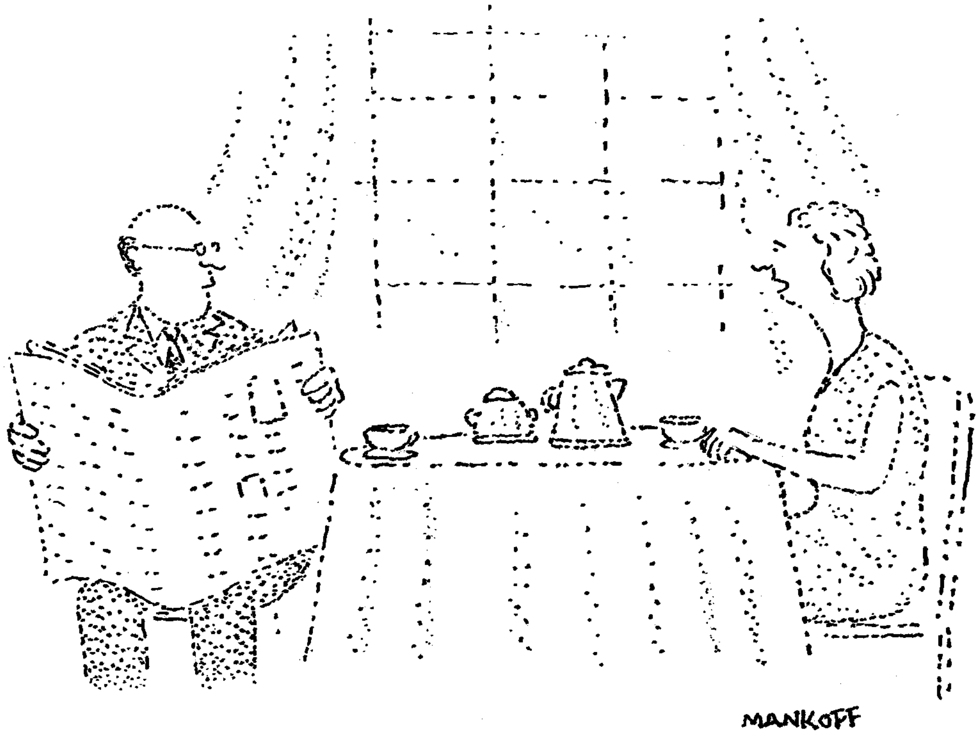
[*Adv. in the Wall Street Journal*]

You can almost hear the footsteps of the Union Troops who occupied this magnificent stone castle during the Civil War. Surrounded by stately old oaks it commands a panoramic view of the 663 acre estate in the heart of Virginia's finest hunt country. Just an hour from Washington, D.C. The estate includes the 130 year old castle, custom built master dwelling, guest & tenant houses, barns & stables. Perfect for the investor, sportsman, farmer or just gentile living.

JAZZ

Reunion

THE Modern Jazz Quartet—those who considered it delicate and marginal notwithstanding—was at the heart of jazz in the sixties. Its members—John Lewis on piano, Milt Jackson on vibraharp, Percy Heath on bass, and Connie Kay on drums—grew up under the grand masters of swing (Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Art Tatum, Jimmy Blanton, Lionel Hampton, and Sidney Catlett). They also grew up alongside the founders of bebop (Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, and Kenny Clarke). The swing musicians taught them the beauties of straight melodic playing. They taught them chordal and melodic improvisation, rhythmic precision, musical taste, how to swing, and what the work ethic was all about. They taught them, without ever saying so, that jazz is an art, and that being a jazz musician can be ennobling. With the exception of Jackson, the members of the quartet did not absorb as much from their bebop peers. They learned the new harmonic and rhythmic vocabulary of bebop, and they studied its exuberance and flashiness. They marvelled, as everyone did, at the improvisational depth and daring of Parker and Gillespie and, to a lesser extent, Bud Powell. But they eventually rejected bebop's garrulity, which was brought on in large part by the arrival of the L.P. recording, with its forty-five-minute time limit. (Lewis once said of the quartet's beginnings, "There were things wrong in the music around us that we all agreed on, and some of them were long, long solos and that formula on a tune of everybody playing the melody in the first chorus, followed by a string of solos, and then the melody again.") They also rejected its tonal harshness and its harmonic tyranny—the endless, competitive "running of the changes" that bebop improvisers loved. But Jackson embraced Parker and Gillespie and their principles. Lionel Hampton had taught him the fundamentals of swinging, and Jackson added Parker's and Gillespie's speed and fluidity. Lewis never moved much beyond Basie and Webster and Young, and Heath and Kay never abandoned Blanton and Catlett. So the quartet had three feet in swing and one foot in bebop, and it was far more conservative than it seemed when it came up, in the early fifties. What gave it the deceptive glow of newness was its odd, largely accidental instrumentation (Lewis, Jackson, and Ray Brown, its original bassist, were part of Gillespie's big band before they decided to play on their own) and its use of Baroque devices and materials—the fugue, the rondo, and Lewis's "Italian" compositions. It was a swing group aerated by the imaginations of Parker and Gillespie—an up-to-date outgrowth of the Benny Goodman small groups, the King Cole Trio, and the Red Norvo Trio.



"I don't mean to stir anything up, dear, but don't you think that perhaps our divorce was a little too amicable?"

The quartet was not alone at the center of the music. It was flanked by Thelonious Monk (his unique compositions, his quartets, his brilliant pick-up recordings for the Riverside label) and by Charles Mingus (his ceaseless experiments with instrumental combinations and with improvisational modes—in particular, collective improvising). But in 1973 this munificent triumvirate began to disappear. Mingus, hampered by illness, became increasingly ineffectual, and Monk went into a mysterious retreat and stopped performing. Then, in 1974, the quartet, which had been in existence for twenty-two years, disbanded. It reassembled in 1976 for two brief Midwestern tours. A week or so ago, reassembled again, it capped a two-week tour of Japan and San Francisco with a concert in Avery Fisher Hall. The concert was stunning, and Lewis made it clear, once and for all, that he is far from being Jackson's improvisational inferior. It was often said in the sixties that Jackson was wasted on the quartet. He *is* an exceptional improviser, who constantly circumvents the neon properties of his instrument. He is a rhapsodic melodist who uses long, surging Charlie Parker lines that pitch up and down his keyboard. He has an electric sense of dynamics. And he has unlimited ideas. Lewis, on the other hand, is the soul of brevity and discretion. The unofficial leader of the quartet and its chief composer and arranger, he was and is probably the most undervalued pianist of his generation. He has said that, in the main, horn players, not pianists, shaped his style, and this must be true, for the only pianist clearly audible in his work is Count Basie. The rest of Lewis's style is unique. He uses few notes, and he plays with a quiet, almost ferocious rhythmic intensity. He does this with repeated notes, with simple repeated riffs, with occasional legato tempo dips, and with intense monosyllabic on-the-beat single-note figures. He is as lyrical a player as Jackson, but he implies his lyricism, while Jackson broadcasts his. Lewis's best solos develop an irresistible lyrical and rhythmic momentum, and when he rises into the upper registers, where he often ends his solos, he seems to tap the sky.

Lewis was in rare condition at Avery Fisher Hall. There was none of the stiffness and pompous simplicity that sometimes affect his improvisations. Again and again, in such numbers as "Odds Against Tomorrow," "The Cylinder," "Billie's Bounce," and "Willow Weep for Me," he constructed classic statements, full of ease and swing and freshness. (Jazz musicians have often pointed out that they play best when they are exhausted. The quartet, after its Japanese marathon, flew directly to San Francisco, where it gave two concerts in one day; then it took off for New York, and arrived at Avery Fisher from the airport.) Jackson never falls below excellence, and he poured out solo after passionate solo, especially in "What's New?," " 'Round Midnight," "The Martyr," and "Willow Weep for Me." Lewis lent Jackson his customary sterling support, with offbeat chords, with applauding declarative figures, and with polite counterpoint. Neither Heath nor Kay solos much; their beauties lie in the self-effacing way they hold up Lewis and Jackson —in the velvet they provide for the jewels. The concert, sad to say, was not recorded. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

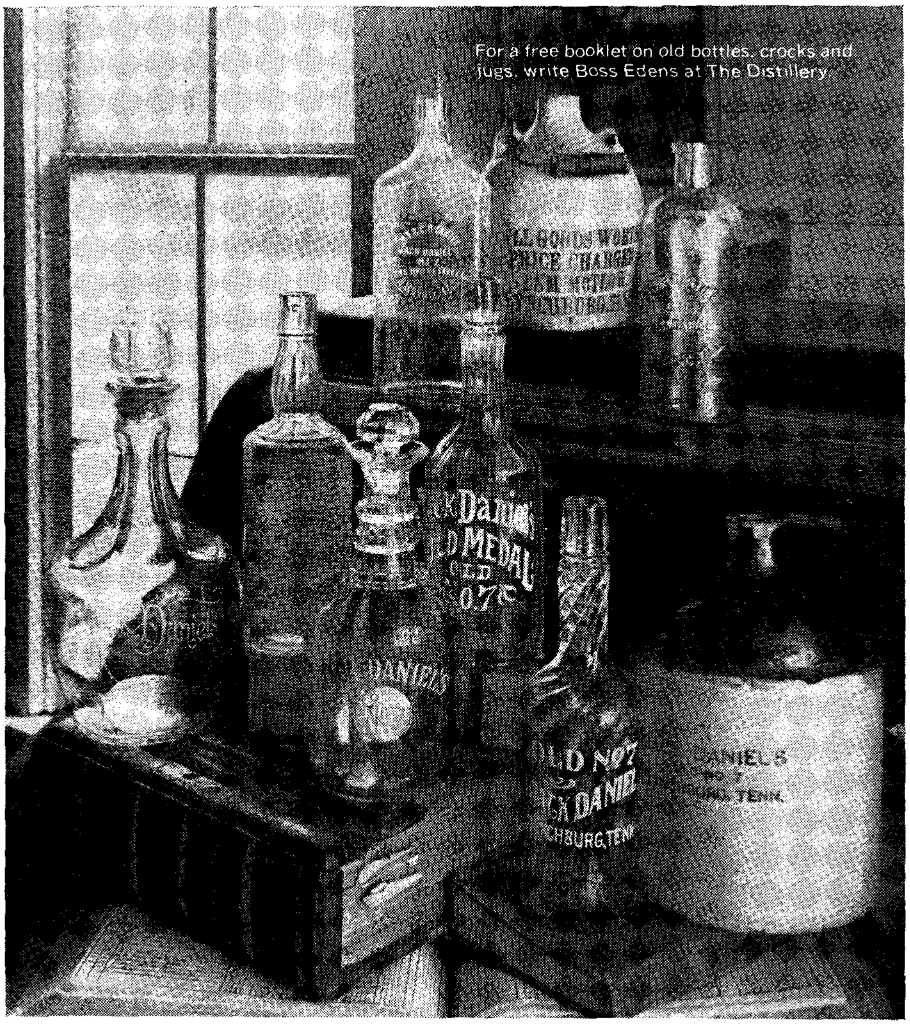
ONE OF THOSE DAYS DEPT.

[From the Baltimore Evening Sun]

CITIES

Forecast for today (high and low):

Albany, N.Y.	not available.
Anchorage	not available.
Atlanta	not available.
Boise	not available.
Boston	not available.
Chicago	not available.
Columbus, Ohio	not available.
Dallas/Ft. Worth	not available.
Denver	not available.
Detroit	not available.
Honolulu	not available.
Kansas City	not available.
Las Vegas	not available.
Los Angeles	not available.
Louisville	not available.
Memphis	not available.
Miami Beach	not available.
Minneapolis/St. Paul	not available.
New Orleans	not available.
New York	not available.
Ocean City, Md.	not available.
Oklahoma City	not available.
Phoenix	not available.
Raleigh	not available.
Salt Lake City	not available.
San Antonio	not available.
San Francisco	not available.
Seattle	not available.
Washington	not available.



For a free booklet on old bottles, crocks and jugs, write Boss Edens at The Distillery.

THESE OLD BOTTLES go back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to observe special occasions.

One was for winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair. And another, in 1896, on the 100th anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even had his nephew make a special bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville.

But when it came to whiskey, Mr. Jack insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to change that, no matter what the occasion.

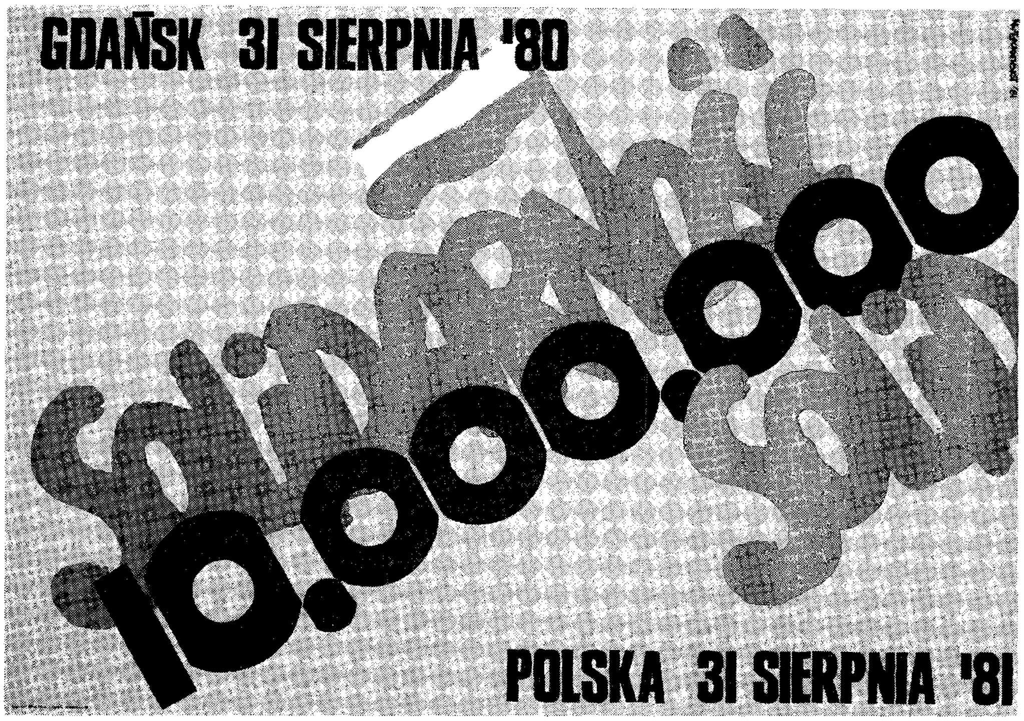
CHARCOAL MELLOWED
◊
DROP
◊
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

A REPORTER IN POLAND

AND THERE WAS LIGHT

II—SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1981



ONE of the first things I come upon in Warsaw when I return, in early September, is a slightly defaced wall poster advertising the new season of Poland's famous national circus, Cyrk. The poster reads:

CYRK
presents
A new, action-packed 1981 season
featuring
Trained animals, dogs, horses,
acrobats, jugglers, clowns and
countless other attractions.

Beside the "CYRK" someone has scrawled, in plain black letters, "POLSKA."

Circus Poland.

But no one is laughing, and the vitality has gone out of life in Poland this autumn.

Elsewhere, the city is plastered with posters for Andrzej Wajda's film "Man of Iron," which opened, apparently uncensored, during the summer and is playing to packed houses. (Virtually everyone I speak with has seen the film at least once.) There are two posters. In one, a blood-smeared long-sleeved white shirt is spread-eagled against a plain white backdrop—a reference to the crucifixion of Poland's red-and-white flag during the events of 1970. The other poster alludes to the events of 1980, and shows the head of a large, powerful worker. An oversize metal industrial nut has been wedged around his temples, and as his facial muscles strain in grim determination the nut is splitting apart. (Wajda himself has been down in Krakow directing a stage production of "Hamlet"—a tale about legitimacy and false succession, in which the hero avenges the murder, by a counterfeit pretender, of his father, the state's rightful ruler.)

There are other posters, of course. One shows a skull and crossbones—or, more accurately, a skull and crossed fork and knife. It's captioned "THE FIRST RESULT OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY'S NINTH CONGRESS: LOWER FOOD RATIONS." The poster is often taped on shopwindows; its vacant eye sockets stare back at the vacant faces in the lines.

The shelves in the shops are even emptier than they were during my last visit, in May, the lines much longer. Sporadic shortages have given way to pervasive insufficiencies in almost every sector of the economy. One of the most recent items to join the list—and one that has caused particular consternation and anxiety among the Poles—is soap. Only fresh vegetables and certain fruits seem plentiful; September, after all, is the peak of a rather good harvest season. The produce is brought in privately by farmers from the surrounding countryside—they bypass the official government purchasing centers and sell in outdoor public markets, at several times the official price. Jan Kulaj, the head of Rural Solidarity—the agricultural union—recently told an interviewer from Solidarity's *Glos Wolny*, "Except for meat and citrus fruit, there shouldn't be any shortages of food in Poland now. I want to tell you that in my district alone hundreds of thousands of tons of cucumbers, cabbage, and other products were squandered because of the inefficiency of purchasing centers."

Although the per-capita income has gone up twenty-seven per cent during the last year, thanks mostly to Solidarity's agitation, the cost of living has risen much faster for most Poles. Just how much faster is difficult to determine, because so much of the inflation is hidden. There are the official price increases—cigarettes, for example, up almost a hundred per cent; a loaf of bread up two hundred per cent—but these provoke such resistance that the government tends to just leave prices as they are and let supplies lapse. To phrase it more charitably, the government cannot afford to deliver products at the price that people demand, and lacks the legitimacy to raise prices to a more realistic level; therefore, it simply stops attempting to meet the demand. People are left to scramble for themselves, outside official channels—in a market where their ration cards are useless and prices are seemingly without limit. Indeed, some farmers have stopped selling their produce altogether: the zloty being worthless, they prefer to deal exclusively by barter—and few city dwellers have anything the farmers would be willing to trade for.

The situation is made for profiteering. In one increasingly common practice, a trucker bringing, say, twenty thousand zlotys' worth of meat to market gives the storekeeper twenty thousand zlotys (perhaps a bit more) in cash and then sells the meat on the black market at a five-hundred-per-cent markup. "The government's not satisfied with having wrecked our economy," a disgusted shopper tells me. "Now it has to give us a Mafia, too."

Rationing, far from stabilizing the economy, as Solidarity had hoped it would early in the crisis, when the union demanded its imposition, has introduced some destabilizing elements of its own. The rationing system is administered on a regional basis, with the result that neighboring districts may have wildly different allocations: places that have plentiful milk coupons may not have milk, whereas the next village may face the opposite situation. There seems to be little relationship between the number of coupons issued and the anticipated supply of a given product. Meanwhile, many people who have been denied government-sanctioned employment aren't allotted *any* coupons for such basics as sugar, butter, and meat. Once again, the result is a highly inflationary black market—this time in the coupons for regular food.

"Rationing *or* lines," a woman standing outside a grocery store comments. "You expect one or the other, but not both at the same time. And then to have the price increases on top of that. It's really too much."

Over and over, older Poles offer the same eerie comparison: "Take a look," they say, showing you their ration cards. "Now go look up the figures. These allotments are even lower than in Nazi times!"

A particularly hard situation is faced by families with alcoholic members—of which there are distressingly many. The standard ration for vodka is now only half a litre a month. With two coupons, you can buy a standard litre bottle for a few hundred zlotys—if you can find the bottle. People intent on getting more must either go to a restaurant or bar, where a litre bottle can cost upward of a thousand zlotys, or trade the meat, milk, bread, and other portions of their family's coupon cards for vodka stamps. "Either way," someone tells me, "those families are beginning to starve."

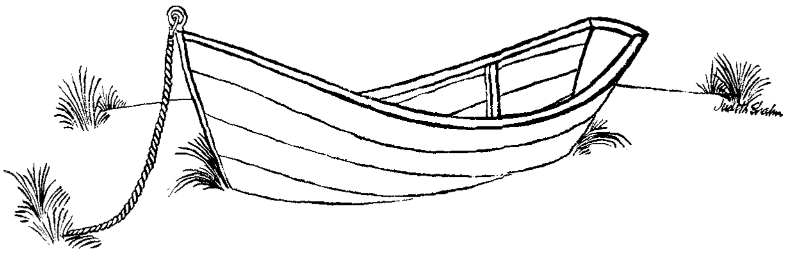
Long before 1980, you could get certain goods only at government-run PEWEX stores, and only for dollars or other hard currencies. But as the value of the zloty plummets it takes more and more zlotys to buy the same number of dollars, and hence the same items at the PEWEX stores. Just how many more can be seen any day of the week outside the Hotel Forum, where the black-market rate of exchange for a single dollar (the official rate is now around thirty-four zlotys to the dollar) has risen since May from a hundred and sixty zlotys to between three hundred and three hundred and forty. (The rise has made black-market computation easy: factors of ten. The street value of the dollar has ballooned to approximately ten times the official rate.) How bad is the economic situation in Poland today? Well, there is a coin, an actual piece of metal, called the grosz, one hundred of which equal one zloty. It would take you three hundred of these coins—a treasure trove—to buy one American penny.

The 1973 and 1979 oil crises in the United States forced Americans to wade through some moderately long lines, but those crises lapsed within a few months, and the lines quickly disappeared. Imagine a situation in which you have to queue up not only for gasoline (for which the average wait in Warsaw is now two hours) but also for food, appliances, clothes, soap—just about everything—and that you have been doing so for months: imagine that, and you begin to sense what daily life is like in Poland today. Now imagine that supplies are clearly dwindling and winter is coming on.

Perhaps the biggest difference between September and May isn't the size and length of the lines but the spirit of the people in them. Back in May, the lines were friendly places where neighbors gathered, at the beginning or end of their day, to share gossip or trade opinions about political developments. People aren't talking in the lines anymore: the faces are grim, and fistfights are not infrequent. During this visit, I notice, as I perhaps failed to last time, the high number of young children in the lines—two- and three-year-olds. Most young women seem to have toddlers in tow. (More than half the population of Poland today is under thirty, and three million Poles, out of a total population of thirty-five million, are less than four years old.) It isn't so much that the Poles have large families; their Catholicism notwithstanding, most families seem limited to two or three children. Rather, it simply seems that in Poland, as opposed to America, the postwar baby-boom generation has been getting married fairly young and having a baby boom of its own—or was having one until recently. On this trip, I haven't noticed many pregnant women or many infants under six months of age. "Women who have babies today are the heroes of this country," a friend tells me. There is an extreme shortage of milk.

Even the luxury restaurants catering to tourists and the upper levels of Poland's bureaucratic bourgeoisie are noticeably straining now. At the Bazyliszek, perhaps the poshest restaurant in Warsaw, the offerings are confined to wild game—boar, stag, wild duck. There's no beef available. At most restaurants, if you ask for chicken they'll say, "No, you're having pork"—or vice versa, depending on the vagaries of available supply. At my hotel restaurant in Gdansk, my waiter and I played this game for about a week, but no matter what he claimed to be bringing—"chicken," "pork," "veal," "lamb"—he always ended up delivering the same patty of nondescript ground-up flesh; only the sauces varied. Toward the end of my stay in Warsaw, access to the restaurant at the Hotel Forum, which somehow manages to keep up its "intercontinental" standard, was suddenly restricted to hotel guests.

Many things that were available only for hard currency back in May are no longer available at all. A moderately well-off friend tells me that he has been trying to procure motor oil for his car for two months and hasn't seen any anywhere—not even at the PEWEX shops. He's worried that he'll soon run his car into the ground and then be forced to rely on public transport. For that matter, buses have been breaking down at an alarming rate for lack of proper maintenance and spare parts—in other words, for lack of hard currency. Most queues seem to be attached to build-



ings or shops; when you see an apparently free-floating line milling by the roadside, it generally means that a bus is long overdue. "Millions of zlotys went into transportation during the past ten years," a man standing in one such line tells me. "But most of it went into highway construction. Gierek"—Edward Gierek, the head of the Polish Communist Party between 1970 and 1980—"didn't care about anyone who couldn't afford a car."

"That does it," an American businessman friend of mine says one afternoon when the driver of the taxi we are sharing parks his car by the roadside, opens his trunk, pulls out three jerry cans of gasoline, and begins filling his tank. "That does it. Now I have seen *every* image of life the way it was being lived in Europe when I was a soldier stationed in Germany right after the war. The jerry cans, the lines, the black market in currency, the ration cards, the desperation for chocolates and nylons, the prostitutes, the crowds milling round the embassies trying to get visas—it's as if the war ended here just six months ago."

ONE evening, rumors spread through Poland—rumors that were soon corroborated by hastily printed Solidarity fact sheets slapped on public walls—concerning a prison takeover in Bydgoszcz, a town about eighty-five miles south of Gdansk. The prisoners, protesting conditions in the jail, had taken over the main detention center; the guards and city police were surrounding the prison; the people of Bydgoszcz were surrounding the guards. But it didn't really end there. The power of the Communist government circumscribed the people of Bydgoszcz; the vigilance of the Polish people circumscribed the power of the government; the military might of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact circumscribed the Polish people; and the concern of the West and the Third World circumscribed—in part—Soviet options. It was another instance of what has become a classic pattern in post-1980 Poland. For a few hours, we all held our breath: Don't Anybody Move. Eventually, the prisoners surrendered—but to Solidarity, not to their guards.

I spoke about the incident the next day with John Darnton, the New York *Times* correspondent. He recounted a conversation he'd had several months earlier with a man who has since become a high government and Party official. "What you have to remember about this country," the man had said, "is that the whole society hates the authorities, the society wants to overthrow the authorities, the society has the power to overthrow the authorities—*and the society cannot overthrow the authorities*."

Darnton's wife, Nina, who is a correspondent for National Public Radio, told me the same story from another angle. "A few months back, I was present when Adam Michnik, one of the leaders of KOR, went to a factory where he was going to address the workers," she said. KOR—the Committee for the Defense of the Workers—is a dissident support group that was established in 1976 to defend workers prosecuted by the government after that year's riots. "It was during a stage when a lot of emphasis was being put on the workers' political education. Some of them started complaining about the incompetence and corruption of the plant's managers, and Michnik very thoughtfully and carefully tried to raise the discussion to a higher level—'to raise their consciousness,' as it were. He explained that it wasn't merely a problem of individual personalities—that the system itself bred such distortions, that even if they could replace the managers with new ones the new ones would behave similarly. Suddenly, one of the workers shouted, 'Right! So let's get rid of the whole system!' Michnik immediately had to double back and explain that—well, there were certain geopolitical realities that had to be taken into account, and that you couldn't just . . . And so on."

In many ways, the situation in Poland seems constantly on the verge of stalemate: each of the sides—Solidarity, the Party, the Soviet Union—has the power to veto the initiatives of any of the others but lacks the power to push its own program through. (I include the Soviet Union in this formulation because perhaps the most fundamental element in the whole remarkable situation is that the Soviet Union, for all its military and economic leverage, has not been able to impose its will, and doesn't seem likely to be able to any time soon.) The result is that periods of intense, often perverse, and sometimes terrifying bickering are occasionally suspended for moments of wary, and then often short-lived, compromise. In Poland today, the institution with power lacks legitimacy, while the institution with legitimacy lacks power. Or, as Jan Litynski, a veteran KOR activist, put it to me, "In this country today, there are two powers and no power."

There had been some hope back in July that the Communist Party could transcend this near-deadlock by renewing itself in the public's estimation. There was at the time much emphasis—perhaps more in the West than in Poland itself—on the supposedly democratic character of the delegate-selection process for the Party's national congress and the surprisingly open character of the floor debate. "I guess it was after the Party congress that my gloom really bottomed out," a Western diplomat in Warsaw told me in early September. "I mean, the only way I can see this logjam breaking is if both sides, Solidarity and the Communist Party, develop strong, authentic leadership—two leadership bodies capable of sitting down for some hard, solid negotiating and then of delivering on the terms of those negotiations. We have yet to see if Solidarity itself will come up with that kind of leadership, but it's pretty much a moot point, because the Party didn't. Some of the faces changed—surprisingly few—but the leadership that emerged can hardly be considered strong, either in authenticity or in imagination. The few strong, imaginative people didn't make the final cut, because the two extremes at the congress tended to cancel each other out, leaving only this fairly mediocre middle."

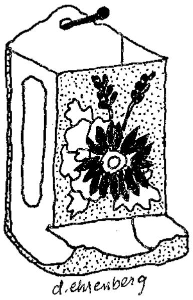
"Oh, the Party congress was very democratic," a Gdansk taxi-driver assures me. "It's a party of idiots, and they elected the biggest idiots as their leaders."

AT the time of the Gdansk strike, in August of 1980, one of the most succinct bits of graffiti, in a reference to the strikers' twenty-one demands, said simply, "21 × TAK," meaning "21 TIMES YES." A year later, a ubiquitous poster sums up the national frustration: "STILL, AFTER A FULL YEAR, ONLY 2 × YES AND 19 × NO." The only demands that have in fact been honored, according to this slogan, concern (1) the registration of an independent, self-governing trade union with (2) the right to strike. Most of the government's other concessions, in areas such as health and working conditions, have gone largely unfulfilled.

Some commentators think that in the heat of the moment, in order to end the strike, the government made concessions it knew it could never honor, given economic and geopolitical realities, and that it secretly hoped it would never have to honor them: there was a vague sense that this revolution couldn't possibly last, that no one would be held accountable in the long run. "Even today," a prominent documentary filmmaker told me in Warsaw, "the Party behaves as if this were all just some bad dream from which any moment now it will awaken."

The perversity of the situation lies in the fact that while the country's economy spirals downward the various leaders who ought to be addressing the crisis are instead expending huge amounts of intellectual, political, psychological, and spiritual energy sparring with each other. The most visible result of the Party congress was not a new economic program but a withering media attack on Solidarity. For several weeks preceding the convening of Solidarity's own First National Congress, in September, the media truce that had been so precariously sustained during the spring was completely suspended, and the airwaves—especially television—bristled with angry, almost hysterical attacks on the union's leadership and its aspirations. The state media also took delight in pointing to the Reagan Administration's handling of the air-traffic controllers' strike in America. In essence, the editorial line boiled down to: "See, strikes by government employees are not allowed even in the United States! How dare all of you state-employed workers threaten to strike here!" When I brought this issue up with a union delegate in Warsaw, he said, "The failure of American labor to stand together is a reflection of its inadequacy, not our impertinence. Apart from a few flimsy resolutions and token gestures, the American air controllers' colleagues in labor stood idly by while Reagan gutted the isolated union." He pointed to a badge he was wearing on his chest. "Look, see this badge? What does it tell you? My name and region—not my trade. From this badge, you can't tell if I'm a coal miner, an editor, or an air-traffic controller. We are organized by region, in solidarity—not by trade, in isolation. If American labor had been similarly organized this summer, Reagan would never have been able to emasculate your air-traffic controllers."

As the date of the Solidarity congress approached, labor unrest spread from factories and transportation networks into newsrooms and printing plants: workers belonging to Solidarity refused to publish the increasingly high-strung government tirades. As the economy lay reeling, Solidarity and the government entered into negotiations on access to the media—among other things, on whether Solidarity could have its own columns in the standard newspapers and its own time slots on television, especially during the congress. Solidarity did achieve a few uncensored moments on television just before the opening of the first session, but then the negotiations broke down completely. As one of the first orders of business, the eight hundred and ninety-odd delegates to the Solidarity congress voted to ban Polish television cameras from the hall altogether.



Typical of the energy being lavished by both sides on these skirmishes was the Ongoing Incident of the Wall at the Gdansk train station. Along the far wall of the station, parallel with and fronting all the incoming tracks, some of Solidarity's midnight commandos had scrawled in huge, bright white letters, "DON'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY ON TELEVISION—TV IS LYING!" The next day, the rail-yard administrators managed to put together a twenty-five-car empty train, which they parked in front of the offending message, blocking it from everyone's view. That night, the Solidarity people scrawled the same message on the train cars. The next afternoon, as I was passing the station on the way to the congress, I could see several rail-yard officials out on the tracks uncoupling the cars and rearranging the train. "Great," an American reporter sharing the taxi with me said. "Real good use of energy and time."

OLIVIA SPORTS ARENA, a few miles north of the Gdansk shipyards, is a sleek, modern facility with a soaring roof. For six days beginning on September 5th, and another twelve days beginning on September 26th, it was the site for the two sessions of the First National Congress of Solidarity Delegates. (During the two-week break, delegates returned home to consult with their constituents.) Outside, townspeople milled around at all hours, listening to the deliberations piped through loudspeakers, exchanging hunches, and trading—not selling—Solidarity pins and memorabilia from the various regions. Reporters from Polish television sulked, trying vainly to snag anyone they could find into talking before their cameras. Dozens of buses from all over Poland were ranged in the arena's large parking lot, festooned with all sorts of art and posters. One popular broadside proclaimed, simply, "SOLIDARNOŚĆ: 10,000,000 SOLID;" another, the congress's official announcement, featured a large photograph of a toddler—a plump little kid in a Solidarity T-shirt launching into his first confident steps. The two posters summed up what was perhaps the most awesome achievement of the congress—the fact that it was taking place at all. Barely a year old, Solidarity not only had acquired a membership of approximately ten million but, through an elaborate, decentralized process, had even managed to include all ten million in the sequence of grass-roots balloting, local caucuses, and regional congresses that finally selected the representatives who were gathering in the hall.

Inside the arena, beneath large, colorful banners, the delegates sat in rows of chairs arranged by region. Only six per cent were women. The average age was thirty-six. Half the delegates were university graduates—a figure that some observers found surprisingly, disquietingly high. Every twentieth delegate belonged to the Polish Communist Party. (Of the Party's three million members, one million belong to Solidarity.)

In tiers of seats angled high above the floor were the journalists, many of them Western and struggling with appallingly primitive and static-ridden simultaneous-translation headsets. A curious double flow of condescension seemed to develop: the Western reporters smiled expansively at the delegates ("Oh, isn't it cute how they're trying to master this democratic process!"), and the delegates indulged in their own smug estimation of the reporters ("Oh, isn't it cute how they're straining to fathom the unique Polish soul!").

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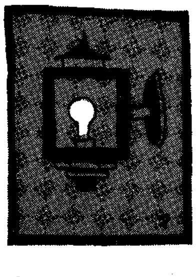
blazoned almost the entire time with a huge pointillist rendition of a cross. The congress opened with an emotional Solemn Mass, celebrated in the nearby Oliwa Cathedral by Jozef Glemp, the new primate of Poland (Wyszynski's heir). No one missed the symbolism: unlike the Communist Party congress in July, this meeting had the imprimatur of all of Polish history.

As if to hammer the point home, Lech Walesa, in his opening address, singled out the observers from the government: "I welcome first of all the representatives of the government. We are independent and self-governing"—the phrase set off an outburst of applause—"but we are active within the state, and as hosts of the present congress we respectfully welcome the arrival of the government delegation." He paused—there was no applause—and then continued, "I am not a diplomat, so I will be frank. Up to the very last minute before the opening of the present congress, a number of actions were being launched and a number of words were being spoken that might have been avoided. We are expected to answer various questions. We shall debate them. But it is also we who are expecting an answer to the basic question. A year ago, we said that we are talking 'like a Pole to a Pole.' Now, twelve months of many conflicts later, we want to know whether we shall continue to talk like that." These remarks—so characteristic of Walesan rhetoric—were at once passionately earnest and dripping with irony. Twelve months earlier, after the exhausting negotiations between the strikers and Mieczyslaw Jagielski, the government's chief negotiator, which concluded the shipyard strike, Walesa had graciously agreed with Jagielski's statement that they had spoken "like a Pole to a Pole." Jagielski had since been purged, wiped out in the balloting at the Party congress in July—presumably for his part in the Gdansk capitulation—and now Walesa was asking the new officials if Solidarity would be able to talk to them "like a Pole to a Pole." There was no question that Solidarity was Polish (after all, just hours earlier they had celebrated Mass with the very embodiment of Polish history)—the only question was whether this government and the Party that controlled it were Polish. The crowd went wild.



It was the last sign of life from the delegates for several days. The congress quickly lapsed into a morass of procedural wrangling, parliamentary maneuvering, and ceremonial greeting. ("Banning television from the congress was the smartest thing Solidarity could have done," a friend remarked to me. "The coverage so far would have been *embarrassingly* dull. Instead, we get to watch the spectacle of the TV people, banned from the hall, having to report each night from their pathetic stations outside the auditorium. The look on their faces—it's great!")

For hour after hour, the delegates sat, pasty-faced, absorbing the miasma. At one point, one of the delegates met me outside for a smoke. "Boy, this democracy may be worth dying for, but it can kill you with boredom once you've got it," he said. At another point, I asked Jan Litynski if people were getting disappointed at the slow pace of the proceedings. "Yes," he replied. "People are even getting angry, but the trouble is they're getting angry in different directions." Jan Rulewski, one of the leaders of the Bydgoszcz delegation, and considered by some delegates one of the most hotheaded figures at the convention, was surprisingly understanding. "Keep in mind," he told me, "that we are trying to coördinate the thinking of ten million people here. This is our first meeting. Of course it takes time."

As the speeches and motions dragged on, the delegates were gradually orienting themselves with regard to the three issues that came to dominate the congress: the problem of democratic *process* within the union; the question of how hard the union should push the Polish state and the Communist Party in demanding decentralized self-management at the workplace; and—somewhat more amorphous but perhaps most crucial of all—the question of whether the delegates, mindful of the history of Polish rebellion, could overcome the centuries-old tradition of romantic, doomed grand gestures.

Solidarity faces a dilemma concerning internal democratic process. Its principal claim to legitimacy lies in the democratic contrast it offers to the arbitrary, authoritarian alternative embodied in the Party. Solidarity's principal chance for survival, how-

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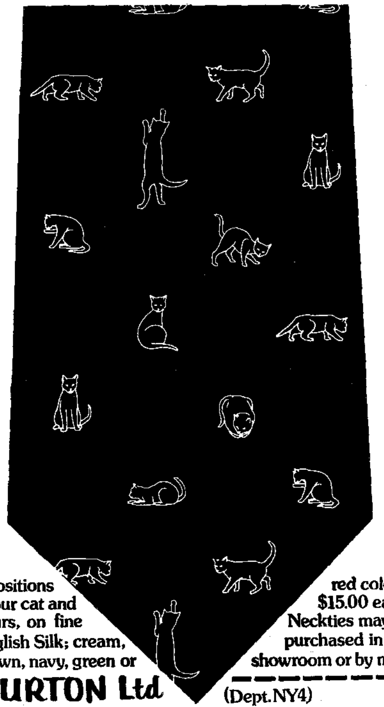

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ever, derives precisely from its *solidarity*—the fundamental unity of some ten million workers. Ten million people belong to Solidarity because it is democratic and participatory—but if ten million people (or their eight hundred and ninety-odd representatives in Gdansk) were really to start behaving democratically, if differences over fundamental issues were allowed to lead to the formation of hardened factions, then the union's very existence could come into jeopardy. Conversely, in a situation that requires ten million members to speak as one, there is a perennial danger that an individual spokesman for the ten million may begin speaking on their behalf without their authorization. Authenticity, authority, authorization—these are the crucial but evanescent components of Solidarity's fragile achievement.

Even before the congress convened, Adam Michnik, the KOR activist, in an anniversary essay published in the journal *Niezaleznosc*, marvelled at the paradoxical nature of Solidarity: "a movement . . . that combines cult of the leader with [an insistence on] democracy verging on pathology, and surprising wisdom with rarely encountered naïveté."

ALTHOUGH his name was seldom mentioned, much of the procedural debate during the first several days of Solidarity's congress could be summarized under the simple rubric: what to do with Lech Walesa. Veterans of populist and radical conventions in the United States and Western Europe could recognize a familiar pattern in the proceedings: humiliate the leadership and then reëlect it.

Walesa is almost the same age as the Communist system he is attempting to transform; he is very much the product of the postwar Polish order. Born in 1943 near Lipno, a farming community about halfway between Warsaw and Gdansk, Walesa never really knew his father, a peasant carpenter; two years after the son's birth the father died of privations he had suffered in a Nazi prison camp. Lech's mother presently married her late husband's brother, and some years afterward mother and stepfather came to the United States. Lech, for his part, attended technical school, served his mandatory term in the Polish Army (he achieved the rank of corporal), and then joined hundreds of thousands of other Polish peasant youths in abandoning rural life for jobs in the newly expanding industrial centers. Walesa became an electrical technician in the Gdansk shipyards. (Many of the eventual leaders of Solidarity, including Andrzej Gwiazda, from Gdansk, and Zbigniew Bujak, the head of the Warsaw region, began as electrical or heating technicians—jobs that allowed them to circulate freely through their plants, to converse with workers at all levels, and, as one of them told me, "to get to know how the place was put together.") Walesa was only twenty-seven in 1970, but he was active in the December events, was elected to the strike committee, and represented strikers at a meeting with Edward Gierek, the new Party chief, in January, 1971. His activities, like virtually everyone else's, were subdued during the early years of the seventies (partly out of a sense of defeat and partly, perhaps, out of a cautious hope that things might actually improve under Gierek), but by the mid-seventies he was again active. Following a fiery speech in April, 1976, he was sacked from his job at the shipyard, and during the next four years he endured a succession of odd jobs and frequent forty-eight-hour arrests. (The final arrest occurred on July 31, 1980, when he was picked up outside his apartment as he was walking his newest child, who was only a few days old—baby and pram were left abandoned on the sidewalk.) Between 1976 and 1980, Walesa developed close relations with members of KOR and participated in the formation of the minuscule Baltic Free Trade Union, the seed from which Solidarity presently sprang.

Walesa's August, 1980, exploits, which began during the strike's first hours, with his scaling of the shipyard's walls to get inside, have already achieved the status of legend in Poland, and his own accounts have become subsumed into the requirements of myth. It is clear that almost from the start Walesa served as a charismatic leader, calm but firm in negotiations, flamboyant and inspirational in public speeches; that he had a particularly fine sense of the mood of the crowd and a conviction that it was necessary for the leadership never to vault too far ahead of that mood; and that his abrupt, ironic personal style utterly captivated both the Poles and the Western press.

And today, a year later, that charisma persists. As he enters the hall, the delegates seem to stir. Everyone is aware of his presence—where he is, what he is doing, how he is reacting—at all times, no matter what else is

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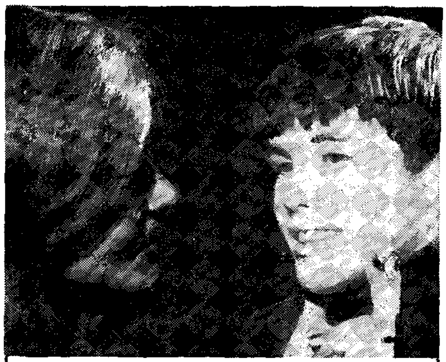

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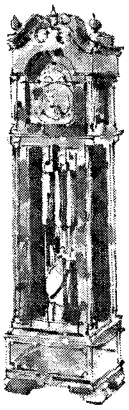

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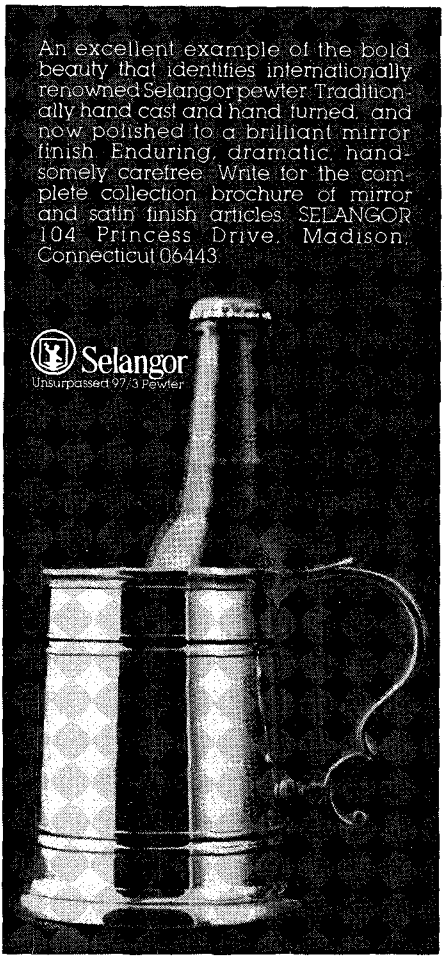
going on. Lech Walesa has tremendous authority—or, rather, he has been vested with tremendous authority. When you talk to Poles individually, they will list his shortcomings—he is not very well educated, he is sometimes arrogant, he is perhaps too strongly influenced by the moderates in the Church, his Polish is less than elegant. "But," they will invariably conclude, "we need someone like him—the movement needs the kind of focus he provides."

This sense of authenticity, of legitimacy, of authority, is perhaps the key element in Polish political life today. Some people have it; they can transmit it to others or confirm it in each other. Much of this circulation and recirculation of authenticity takes place across a series of images—photographs that recur on the walls of thousands of Polish homes and factories. There is the cherished image of Cardinal Wyszynski, the old man, the beloved grandfather figure, the embodiment of the persistence of the Polish spirit despite years of foreign domination. Then, there is a photograph you see everywhere: Wyszynski bowing and kissing the hand of his onetime protégé the former archbishop of Krakow, now suddenly the Pope, John Paul II. In that image you can just see the authority coursing from the one to the other. (An oil painting of that photograph has already joined the baroque succession of images of kings and saints gracing the alcoves at the national shrine in Czestochowa.) Often next to that photograph you will see another: John Paul II greeting Lech Walesa at the Vatican. In this picture, authority flows, clearly, from father to son. "We have a new trinity here in Poland," a taxi-driver in Gdansk told me, half seriously, one afternoon. "John Paul II is our father, Walesa is his son, and the 1970 martyrs are the Holy Spirit."

There are other images as well. For example, in the new documentary "Farmers '81," which is a chronicle of the negotiations that culminated in the registration of Rural Solidarity, the agricultural union, one can see how the talks were floundering until Walesa personally intervened, leading a delegation from Solidarity headquarters, in Gdansk. He hardly says anything—just sits there, puffing his pipe thoughtfully—but things begin to happen. Higher government officials arrive to advance the negotiations, the pace quickens, and then, suddenly, there is agreement. At the victory cel-



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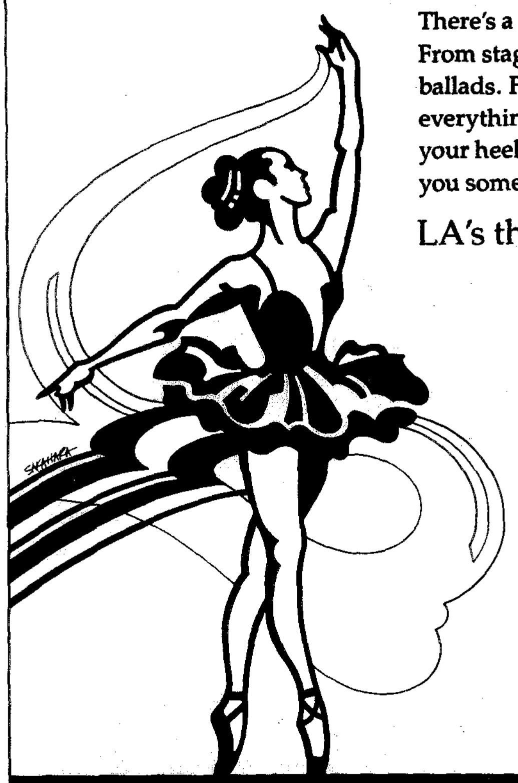
ebration, Walesa joins his hand high in the air with that of Jan Kulaj, the young leader of Rural Solidarity. Kulaj is huge, a towering, robust figure, and Walesa seems to dangle limply by his side. Even so, it is clear which way the authority is flowing.

And there is another, somewhat more curious instance of the phenomenon in Wajda's "Man of Iron." In one of the film's most touching scenes, Agnieszka, the onetime film chronicler of the 1970 martyr Birkut, is marrying Birkut's son, Tomczyk, who will go on to become a leader of the 1980 strike. The year is perhaps 1978, the scene a Gdansk church. Within the context of the film's fictive reality, this is the marriage of the New Polish Woman and the New Polish Man. There are only two witnesses, friends from the shipyard and its as yet underground dissident movement: Anna Walentynowicz, the crane-operator heroine whose dismissal was partly responsible for setting off the 1980 strike, and Lech Walesa. Playing themselves: offering flowers and soft teasing. It's a very strange moment—you don't know who is conferring authenticity on whom. But the audiences love it, and it brings tears to their eyes.

"Walesa isn't antidemocratic, he's ademocratic," Jan Litynski, the KOR activist, tells me one afternoon. The situation in which Walesa and the rest of the Solidarity leadership have had to work during the past year has often rendered consideration of some of the finer points of the democratic process something of a luxury. Crises arise and they have to be addressed immediately. Afterward, however, there is often a residue of resentment at how decisions were reached. The resentment is particularly pronounced among those who feel that the concessions were too large, the compromises too harsh. Thus, it is usually the union's more radical and adventuresome elements who, when objecting to the content of decisions, prefer to phrase their objections in terms of the method by which the decisions were reached. There's no particular reason to believe that the majority of the union's members didn't agree with a particular compromise, but since they weren't consulted anyway, it's fairly easy to cast the concessions as a failure of democratic process.

The debate drags on. Leszek Szaruga, an intellectual who works for the Solidarity press office, walks outside for a breather and speaks of the union's need to defer certain aspects of



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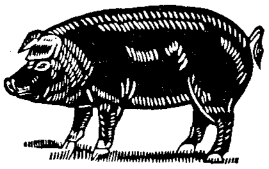

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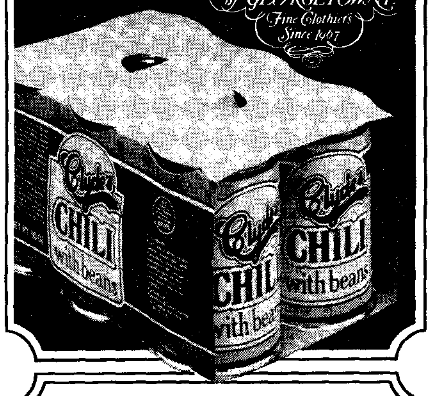

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democratic process for the time being. "The government's attack on us is highly centralized and coördinated," he explains. "We need a leadership with the authority to respond in kind. We have to be able to counter their propaganda attacks, and we can't be expected to go back to the membership for consultations every time."

A few minutes later, Litynski comments, "It's very hard. We are trying to find an authentic way of conducting internal politics—one that will allow us to consider positions and alternatives without factionalizing into categories like 'radicals' and 'moderates,' which is precisely what the Party would like us to do."

On the morning of the sixth day, things get out of hand. A proposal is made to separate the functions of the regional leader from those of the regional delegate to the national coördinating committee, which Walesa heads. According to the proposal, no one will be allowed to hold both posts simultaneously. In effect, Walesa's committee would be reduced to a discussion club, since all power would rest with the regional heads, none of whom would be on the committee. The debate takes the form of dictatorship versus democracy, the votes are cast, they are being tallied, the proposal seems on the verge of victory, when suddenly Walesa bounds furiously up to the rostrum. Any semblance of parliamentary procedure evaporates. Walesa is, of course, allowed to speak. He orders a ten-minute recess, and when the delegates return he tells them he's tired of this nonsense, the country is in the grip of a terrible economic crisis, that's what the nation is waiting for this congress to confront, and if it's not willing to do so then he's going to have to do things himself, dictator or no. He finishes by demanding that the vote be taken over again. It is, and he wins.

But the cost is high. Walesa's stature is lessened by the whole episode. He has lost—he has spent—some of his authority. Karol Modzelewski, one of Solidarity's leading theorists, remarks later in the afternoon, "It was not a very fortunate thing for the political education and evolution of the union as a whole. The debate was phrased all wrong—between dictatorship and democracy—when it should have been seen as a choice between two ways of doing things, each with certain advantages and certain disadvantages." The union moves on to other business, but the dilemmas concerning

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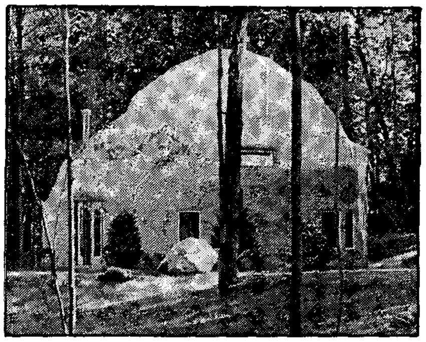

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authority and internal democratic process remain.

EACH morning, as the buses converge on the arena from the various schools and halls and church basements where the representatives are spending their nights, they pass the ever-lengthening lines in front of the ever-emptying shops. Poland's economy has become entangled in a series of double binds. The situation in Silesia, the coal-rich region to the south, is typical. Coal production is perhaps the most crucial element in Poland's national economy. Coal does more than provide for the bulk of Poland's own energy requirements—when production is going well, it also becomes one of the country's major exports and a principal source of hard currency. In 1979, coal production reached an all-time high of two hundred and four million tons, but production has since fallen by almost twenty per cent, and the grim anticipation for 1981 is a mere hundred and sixty-eight million tons. In 1979, Poland was able to export forty million tons, yielding a hard-currency profit of three billion dollars. In 1981, Poland will be lucky to export ten million tons. The pattern recurs in other industries. For lack of hard currency, Poland cannot buy the spare parts to repair its failing machinery or the raw materials to supply its manufacturing sector, and productivity declines further.

In the coal region, as elsewhere, one of the major causes of the drop in productivity is that, thanks to the success of their movement, the workers—the miners—now get Saturdays off. The government has tried to entice the miners back to work on Saturdays with offers of triple pay, but they tend to ignore the offer, since the money is worthless and there's nothing to buy in the shops anyway. Thus, the vicious circle: there's nothing to buy because, for lack of hard currency, the state can import neither consumer goods and food nor the spare parts and equipment that could help Poland to produce its own; the only way to generate the hard currency is to get the workers to work harder, but they have no incentive to work harder, because there's nothing they could buy with any extra money they might earn. Solidarity spokesmen point to that vicious circle, and to the atrocious record of administrative mismanagement that characterized the Gierek years, in offering their own solution to the economic crisis: *samorzad*, or worker self-manage-

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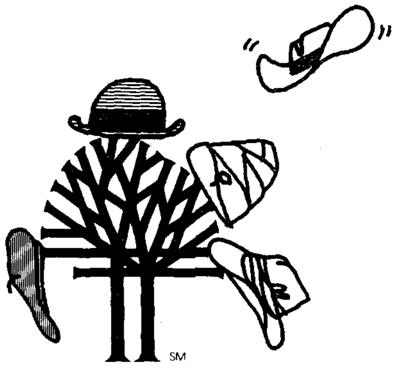

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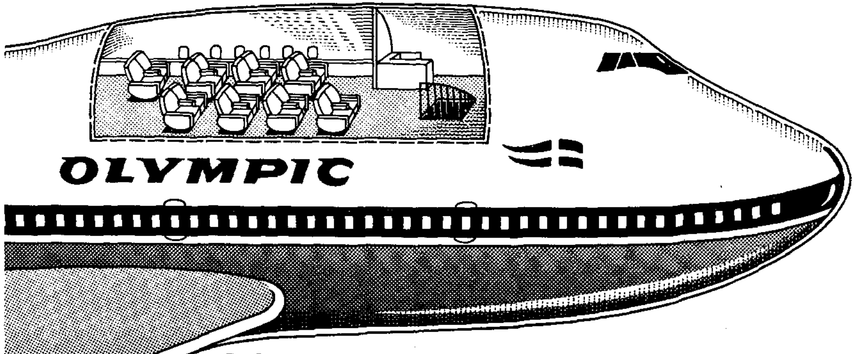

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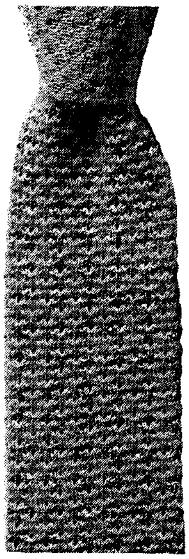

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ment. It is their answer to almost every economic question you ask. Sometimes it's an answer that provokes more questions than it resolves.

Back in August, 1980, Solidarity was reluctant to press the issue of *samorzad*, partly because of a prior history of disappointments. In 1956 and 1970, the authorities had responded to crises by drafting supposed reforms, instituting "worker self-management" arrangements of various kinds, but in the long run nothing had changed: beneath the wordplay, power remained vested in the Party bureaucrats. Solidarity was also reluctant to take on the management of an economy that was clearly in a lot of trouble, particularly within the framework of the kind of partial participation the government seemed to be offering: not enough authority to make the necessary reforms but just enough so that Solidarity could end up catching most of the blame for the coming collapse. Finally, Solidarity still saw itself as a trade union—a vigilant protector of its workers' interests but not the kind of organization that wanted to become a quasi authority in its own right. Solidarity preferred to respond to the government's initiatives.

As time passed, however, the economic situation worsened, and the Party and the government seemed paralyzed. "Vigilance alone was not enough," Solidarity decided, according to its press office. "What were we to be vigilant about if the government rendered no decisions?" By early spring of 1981, many Solidarity chapters were beginning to frame proposals for worker self-management. These proposals invariably grew out of a consistent double critique of the current arrangement. Solidarity's theorists argued that one principal cause of the economic debacle was the overcentralized character of state planning: the system was top-heavy, inflexible, barely responsive. It wasn't difficult to come up with a parade of ludicrous examples to prove that point. But Solidarity also attacked the way in which the upper- and middle-level bureaucratic slots were filled; Solidarity began to confront *nomenklatura*.

Nomenklatura is an elaborate system whereby the Communist Party exercises the right to appoint the top hundred thousand bureaucrats and administrators in Poland. Whatever the internal structure of an organization, the Party selects, usually from within its own ranks, the heads of all the

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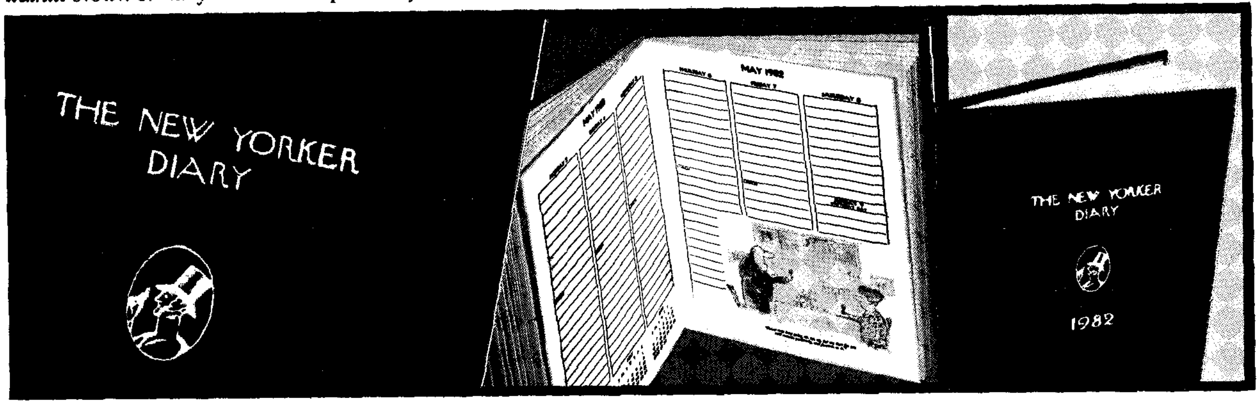
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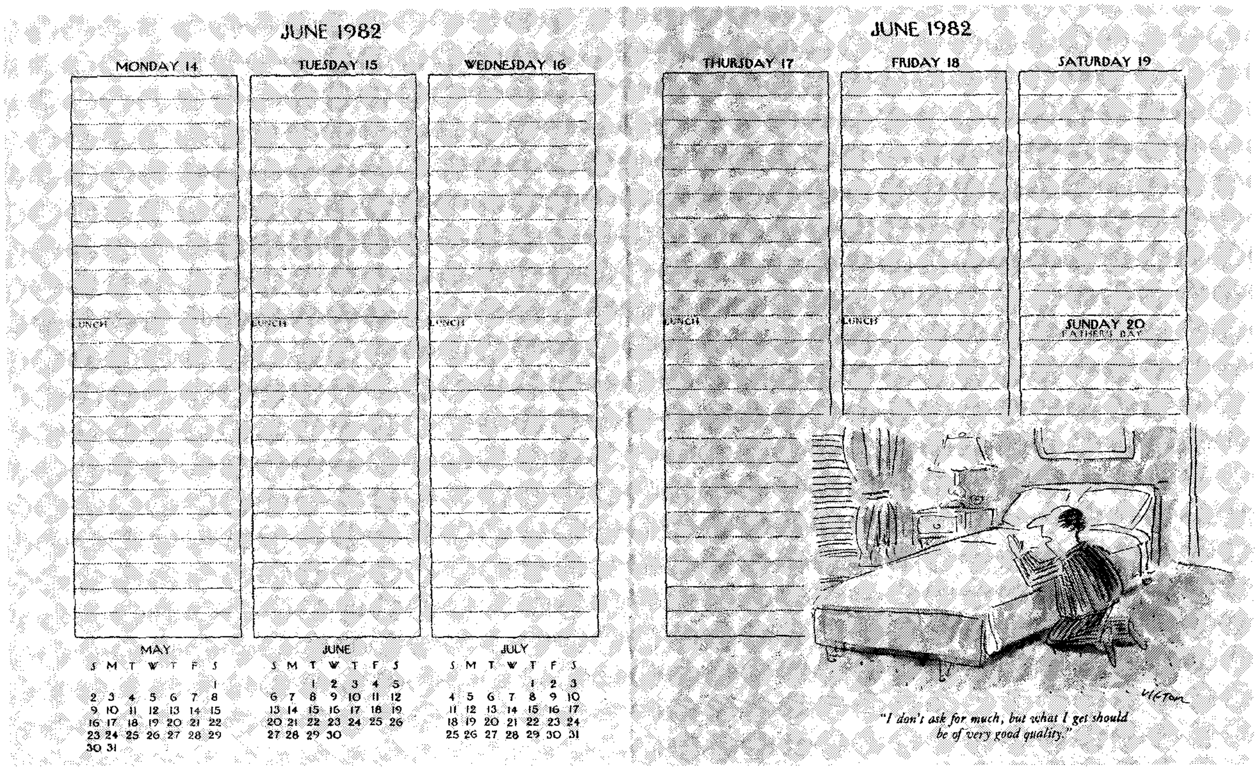
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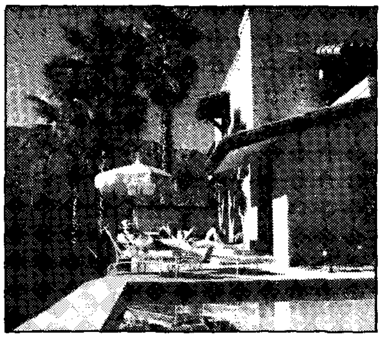

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important sectors. There's a list—*nomenklatura*—which is continually being refined, and if a person is not on that list he's not eligible for a given administrative post. Whatever can be said about the idealistic intentions with which this system was originally devised (a vanguard Party's way of coördinating the tremendously complex and interconnected aspects of a ravaged country's postwar reconstruction, etc.), *nomenklatura* has for the most part degenerated into a lunatic collage of incompetence, privilege pandering, and outright corruption. A filmmaker told me recently, "The administrative overseer of our unit got the job because, having failed as a diplomat, he was brought back to Warsaw and he requested job placement within walking distance of his home. Our studio happens to be three blocks away. I don't think he'd ever seen a film."

There are various schemes for *samorzad*, but the basic idea goes something like this: the enterprise (factory, publishing house, airline, or whatever) would be the communal property of the workers who run it. (Today, it belongs to the state, which, in turn, supposedly—but only supposedly—belongs to the workers.) The workers would elect a representative council, subject to continuing review and to recall, and the council would appoint a manager, who would be responsible to the council alone. The state would exercise its influence through economic instruments (taxes, duties, investment credits, etc.) or normative laws (regulations, pollution standards, etc.), but otherwise it would stay out and allow the free play of the market to rationalize the economy. Workers' councils at various large enterprises—some factories have already elected such councils, which have been exerting varying degrees of influence, though nothing near what they eventually hope to achieve—would form interconnecting bodies. Already, an entity called Network joins representatives from Solidarity branches at a number of large enterprises in a kind of self-management study group.

Eventually, according to several theorists, each factory might contain two parallel organizations—a trade union and a workers' council. Many Solidarity officials have noted that the union cannot be expected to represent all its members as workers and at the same time develop managerial and marketing strategies that might prove detrimental to individual subgroups of its membership. Earlier this year, Zbigniew Bujak, the Solidarity leader for the Warsaw region, who has all along been one of the more farsighted strategists in this area, theorized that a workers' council might earmark a certain share of the profits for, say, capital investment and expansion, but the trade union might insist that the money instead go into safety improvements and workers' pensions. Negotiations would then occur between the council and the union. It is difficult to imagine how such a theory would work in practice, and Western reporters tend to besiege Solidarity's theorists with their misgivings. How can the same body of workers act as both management and labor in any given negotiation? What of the lack of managerial experience and skills on the part of workers who are suddenly asked to map out—or, at least, decide on—strategies of investment, planning, marketing, and so forth? What of the need for central planning—for a centralized coördination of response to what is, after all, a nationwide crisis? Isn't it conceivable that, for example, profits from coal should go into agriculture? Then how is that transfer to be effected in a decentralized system of self-managing units? What if a shipyard democratically chose to build a certain kind of tanker, and the workers at the relevant steel mill simultaneously decided that they no longer wanted to make the required kind of steel? What if the workers in a shipyard decided they didn't want to fill an order from, say, the Soviet Union, because they could get more hard currency from the West? (Is the Soviet response going to be decentralized?) Is it fair to expect steelworkers at a thirty-year-old plant to compete with those at a plant that has just been opened, as if the two were setting out on an equal footing? And isn't Solidarity's own experience of democratic process—the convoluted movement and the agonizingly slow pace of the process—cause for concern when Solidarity is advocating its transposition into the economic realm, where decisions have to be made within the context of a world market that is constantly changing at the speed of a computer printout?

Unfortunately, the answers one gets

to such questions are usually fairly glib. Generally, they fall into three categories: (1) "You can't understand, because you're not Polish. The Poles have a special history—of nationalism (even though it's been thwarted) and socialism (even though it's become deformed)—that has prepared us for the task of transcending such problems." (2) "What do you expect? We're only one year old. It takes time to develop all those details. You're asking way too much of us." (3) "That's not our problem—that's the government's problem."

My favorite conversation along these lines occurred with Stanislaw Fudakowski, an industrial psychologist and a member of the Gdansk delegation to the congress. It was late in the day, and the condescension, I'm afraid, was flowing hot and heavy in both directions. "Look," he finally said. "You're American, so perhaps these questions make sense to you, but they have little relevance to us. One of the main things to understand is that the strategy of insisting on self-management allows us to confront the centralized power of the state without ever having to confront it directly. Little by little, authority will be transferred to the local level, until in the end the state will have lost most of its power."

"Fine," I said. "But Poland owes the Western banks and governments, for example, around twenty-five billion dollars. Who's going to be responsible for paying that debt?"

He smiled. "That's the government's problem," he said.

"Of course there are contradictions," the filmmaker Andrzej Chodakowski said one afternoon after I paraded my cavalcade of misgivings. "The situation is so tremendously botched up at this point—the status quo itself is so loaded with contradictions—that any response will also have certain contradictions. Basically, we are struggling to find some way of introducing competition without private ownership in such a way that the losers in the competition will still be somehow protected. It's not easy—there are no models. But, seriously, it can't get any worse than what we've got. Anything would be an improvement over *nomenklatura*."

"Self-management may not solve everything," Karol Modzelewski explained to a group of reporters outside the hall. "But we've got to find some way of *institutionalizing* the integration of the workers' wishes into the

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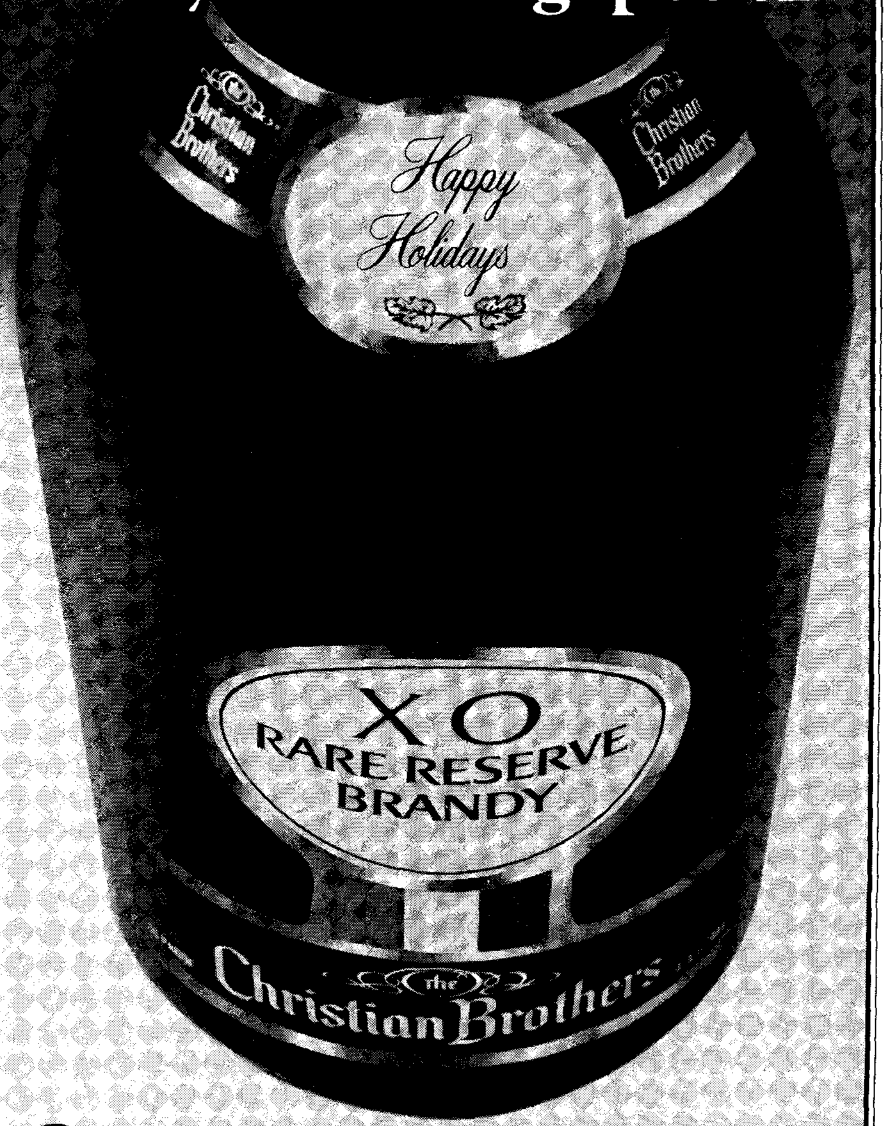

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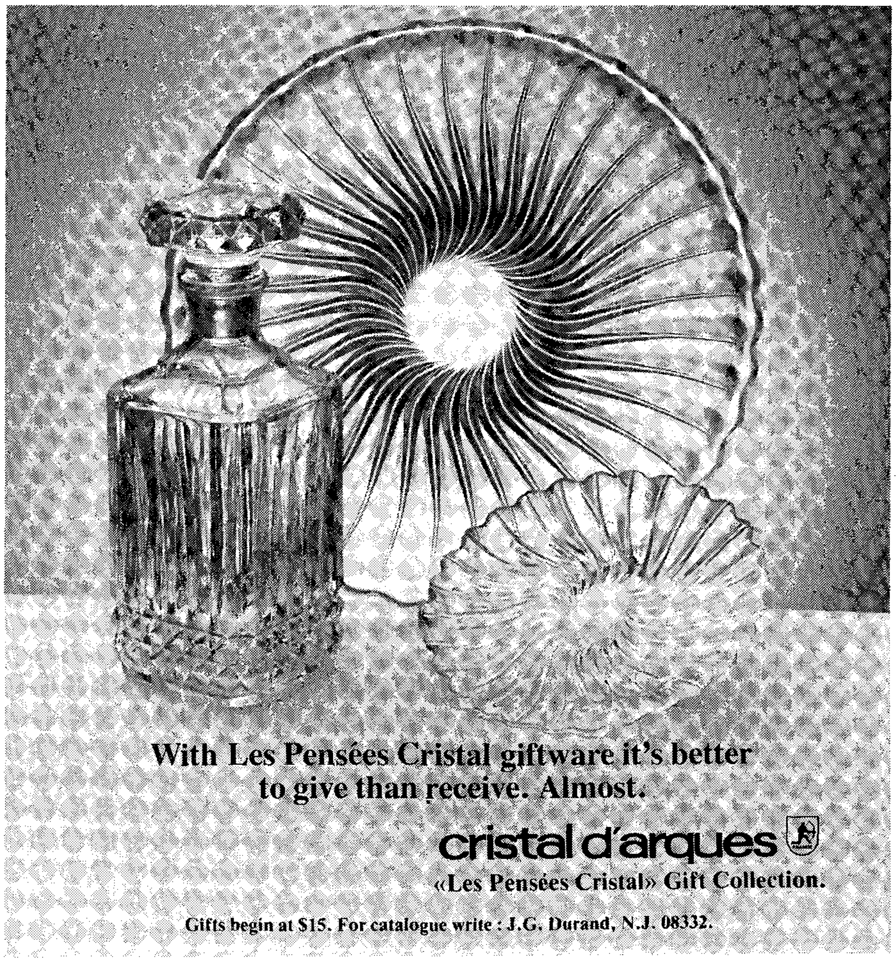
"Self-management may not solve everything," Tadeusz Mazowiecki, the editor of Solidarity's national weekly paper, told another group of reporters, a few feet away. "But we expect it to increase worker interest and therefore productivity. If workers are working for themselves, they will be willing to make the sacrifices the situation demands. They won't do it for worthless pay increases or if they feel that their labor only enriches their bosses, but they may do it for themselves."

Sitting in the gallery, watching the debate, I was reminded of something that Ludwig Wittgenstein once wrote: "Philosophy unties knots in our thinking; hence its results must be simple; but philosophising has to be as complicated as the knots it unties." The same could be said of the possibilities of political renewal in Poland today.

Actually, many of the contradictions that Western reporters point to in Solidarity's proposals are more apparent than real. When you really press the issue, it turns out that the debate isn't finally about an ongoing democratic process in the workplace. Solidarity's membership by and large understands the need for strong and decisive management at the factory level. What it is trying to confront is the way that that management is chosen, the system of *nomenklatura*. It is trying to save the Polish economy by replacing incompetent, corrupt, and aloof administrators with competent, honest, and responsive ones, and by making them responsible to the workers. The frightening thing, as the first session neared its climax, was that while Solidarity seems willing to go to the wall on this point, it is the one issue on which the Polish Communist Party seems unwilling to budge. The Party can change faces at the top so easily precisely because its true control of the nation lies in its hold on the middle bureaucracy. A compromise had seemed possible back in March—there were promising signs from both sides—but then the Bydgoszcz crisis erupted: three Solidarity members (Jan Rulewski was one of them) were savagely beaten by local police officers. Some people think that the incident was orchestrated by frightened middle-level bureaucrats intent on polarizing the situation and scuttling any compromise. That, at any rate, was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the outcome. During the summer, the government drafted its own new law on worker self-management—a patently obvious attempt at coöptation which seemed even more transparent than the 1956 and 1970 reformist charades—which it began quickly moving through the Party-controlled national parliament. Solidarity's Network countered with its own "Draft of a Bill on Social Enterprises." On September 8th, as the parliament's vote neared, the Solidarity congress presented the parliament with two options: either scuttle the government version and enact Solidarity's plan or hold a national referendum and let the people decide between the two plans. Otherwise, Solidarity vowed, it would hold the referendum itself. There was little doubt about how the people would vote in such a referendum. The implication was that if the government failed to honor its results Solidarity might have recourse to a general strike.

"This is it," one heard over and over in the halls outside the auditorium. "We are nearing confrontation." A new mood had emerged at the congress: a combination of elation and gloom, a double sense of dynamic vitality and impending disaster.

ONE afternoon, John Darnton and I were catching a bite outside the hall, and he commented, "This congress is just like the New York City Council, which I used to cover. Things seem to be going along at a crawl, but you can't turn your back on them for a minute—they're likely to do just about anything while you're not looking."

A couple of days later, midway through the first session of the congress, I saw what he meant. While I was in a corridor outside the auditorium, a huge ovation burst out from inside. I raced back to the press section and found a group of reporters I'd been sitting with. Their faces were incredulous.

"What on earth are they doing that for?" one of them said. "They need this headache?"

"They're sure going out with a bang," another said.

Solidarity had just voted to send a letter of greeting "to the working people of Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, the German Democratic Republic, Rumania, Hungary, and all the nations of the Soviet Union." The letter read, in part, "We assure you that despite the lies spread all over

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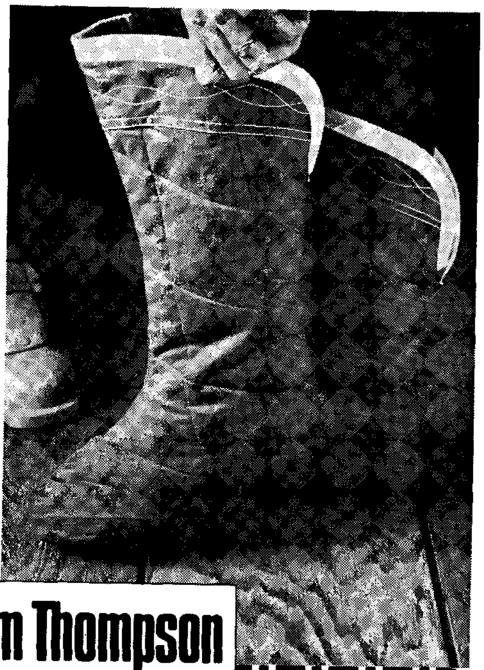

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The next morning, *Trybuna Ludu*, the Polish Communist Party paper, published the entire text of the letter in the course of attacking it, paragraph by paragraph. For the first time in a long while, the paper sold out almost immediately.

Now, as the first session of the congress rushed toward adjournment for the two-week break, the predictable fire storm erupted. In Moscow, the reaction was furious. On the evening news, workers at the Zil truck plant outside Moscow were shown approving a reply to Solidarity's insolent note. As the Manchester *Guardian* reported the next day, the Zil letter "told the Poles that their country owed its existence to the Soviet Union, and that they should get back to work rather than follow the 'demagogues' of Solidarity." Throughout Eastern Europe—even in Hungary, which up to that point had been relatively tolerant—government spokesmen and journalists joined in the condemnation. The Polish Party's Politburo held an emergency meeting and within a few days released its most fiercely worded attack yet on anti-socialist elements and tendencies in Solidarity. A few days after that, it became clear that the Polish Politburo was acting in response to a strongly worded message it had received from its Soviet counterpart. For the first time, it appeared—and various rumors heightened the sense of impending calamity—the Soviet Union had threatened crippling cutbacks in its delivery of vital resources, including oil, if the Polish Party did not quickly reassert its authority. Poland gets ninety-five per cent of its oil from the Soviet Union.

This sudden flareup of tension highlighted the misperceptions prevalent on all sides. On the one hand, Soviet commentators tend to blame Solidarity for Poland's current economic crisis: they blame the union for disastrous declines in productivity as a result of time wasted in anarchistic politicking and pointless strikes. A more likely explanation—put forward by Jan Litynski, of KOR—is that the country was headed for an economic catastrophe in any case, owing to mismanagement and the disastrous for-

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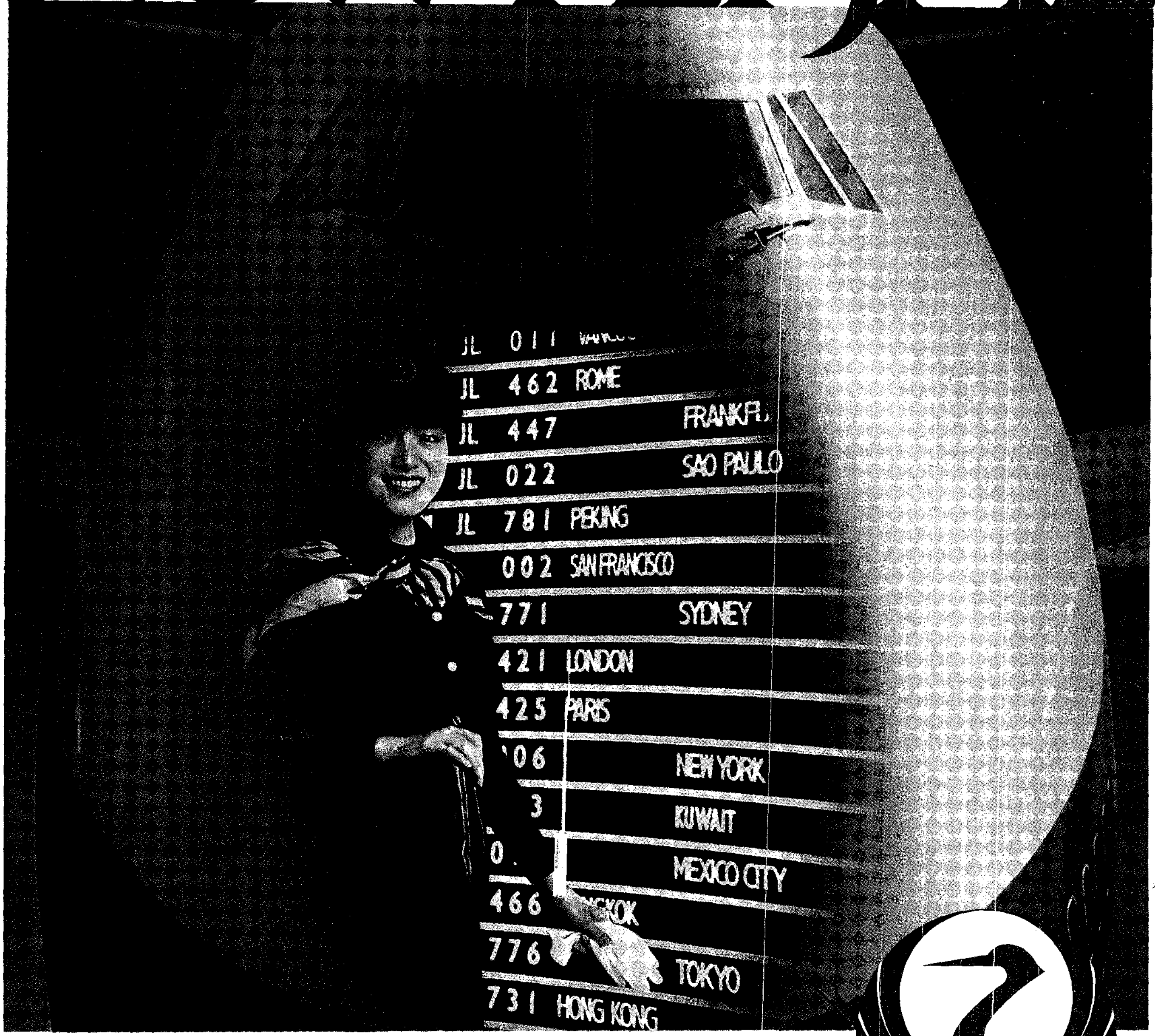
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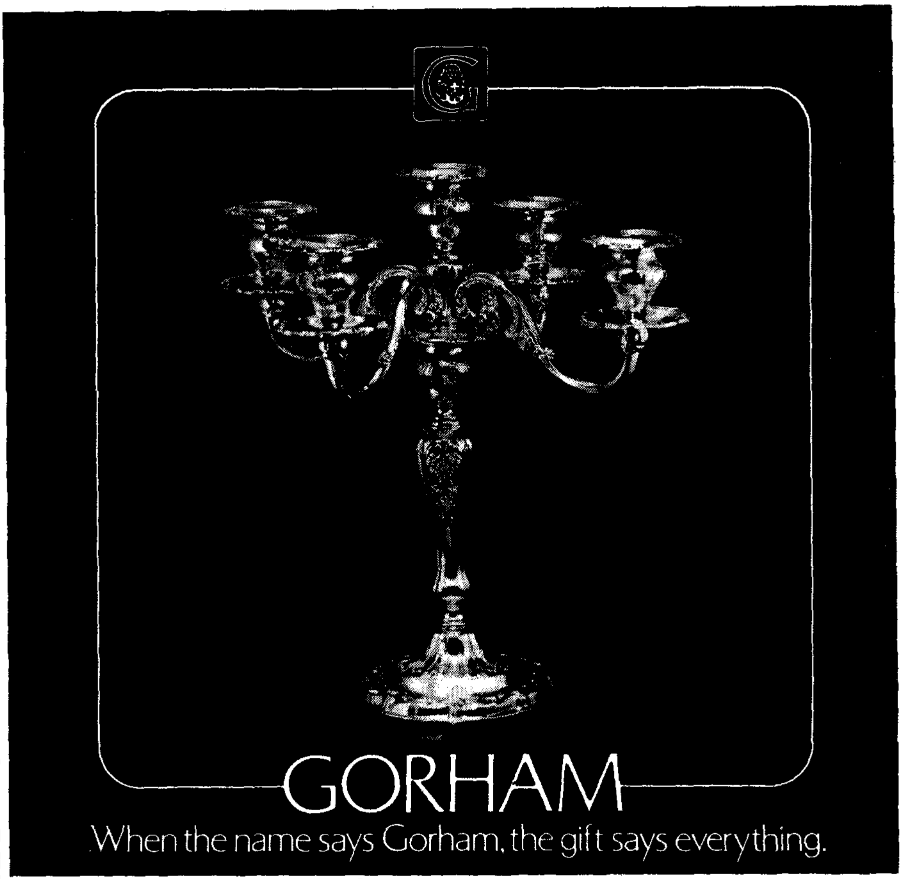
eign debt. "As the food lines lengthen, as shortages spread, Solidarity is the only thing keeping this country from ripping itself apart, from descending into wholesale food riots and anarchy," Litynski argues. "People are still channelling their anger into constructive criticism, but only because such a channel exists."

On the other hand, many Solidarity members put the blame for the economic crisis entirely on the Soviet Union. Each time a train leaves Poland heading east, freighted with coal or sulfur or grain, Poles begrudge what they perceive to be their colonial fate, their status as continuing victims of the Soviet leech. "But that's one perception they've got all wrong," Daniel Singer, a highly regarded European journalist, who is otherwise sympathetic to the union's views, tells me. "Sure, the Poles send the Russians various quantities of goods, but they are receiving much more than they're giving." Poland gets ninety-five per cent of its natural gas and ninety per cent of its iron ore from the Soviet Union. Singer explains, "The Russians have been willing to go along with the situation for fear of the consequences of the complete collapse that might otherwise take place. But the Russian patience may not last forever. Indeed, the current crisis is occurring because the Russians are threatening to cut back their oil shipments not to some arbitrary level but, rather, to the precise amount that the Poles can pay for, in cash or barter—which is to say virtually nothing. That, of course, would be a disaster."

In any event, the question remains: Why has Solidarity done it? Why, after carefully avoiding provocations of any kind—especially cheap ones, especially anti-Soviet ones—has the union suddenly thrown just about the biggest, most gratuitous Soviet-baiting provocation one could imagine?

I remember an interlude a few days before the resolution to send the letter to the Eastern European countries was passed. The delegates were debating the general economic crisis that day when they suddenly adjourned for an exceptionally long lunch break. The reason, it turned out, was that several delegations needed time to pile into their buses and take the half-hour drive out to Westerplatte, on the narrow spit of land at the head of the Gdansk harbor where, forty-two years earlier, an overwhelmingly outnumbered group of Polish soldiers had held off an invading Nazi landing force for



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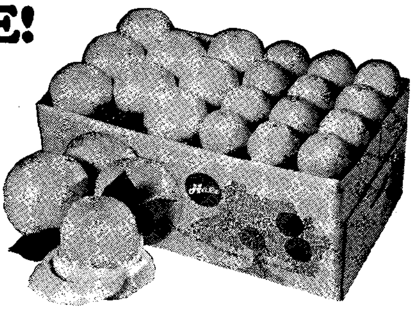

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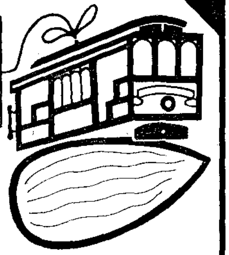

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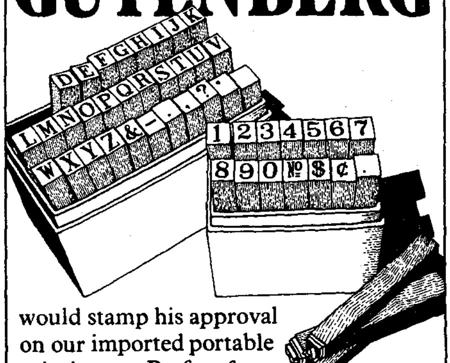

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a few days at the outset of the Second World War. The cratered bunker has been left untouched ever since, as a memorial to the fierce but futile defense of the peninsula. An empty tank stands at the entrance to the memorial park in commemoration, and recently Solidarity erected a simple cross by its side. The delegates were shuttling over to lay a wreath at the foot of the cross.

The country's economy is in shambles, I remember thinking as my taxi dogged the outbound buses. The congress is supposed to be deliberating the issue, and instead here we go on yet another memorial excursion to grieve over yet another martyrdom that happened forty-odd years ago.

I was sharing the taxi with Henry Feiwel, an American textile wholesaler who was in Poland pricing fabric and had decided to pay a day's visit to the congress. (Feiwel, a Viennese Jew, had himself narrowly escaped the Holocaust.) As we drove out, the taxi-driver was telling us how we had to understand Polish history, the way the Polish nation had struggled, and so forth.

"This country is obsessed with that sense of history," Feiwel said as we left the taxi and approached the memorial ceremony. "With 1939 and 1944 and 1956 and 1970. They're always telling you how you have to understand their history. But the thing that you have to understand—that *they* have to understand—is the world today, a world in which things move so much faster than they ever have before. In a world like that, in a business climate like that, you don't have time to dwell on things that happened fifty years ago, ten years ago. They shouldn't even spend so much time dwelling on August, 1980. The world is passing them by."

A few days later, I mentioned Feiwel's comment to a Warsaw psychologist.

"I understand what he is saying," the psychologist said, "but you have to understand that when we speak of 1939, for example, we are not just talking about the past, we are talking about an attitude toward the future. Take that Westerplatte ceremony. At the very moment the delegates were laying those wreaths by the cross, less than a hundred kilometres out at sea the Soviets were holding naval maneuvers, trying to frighten the congress into taking a softer line. On some evenings, I'm told, you could see their battleships from the shore. That cere-

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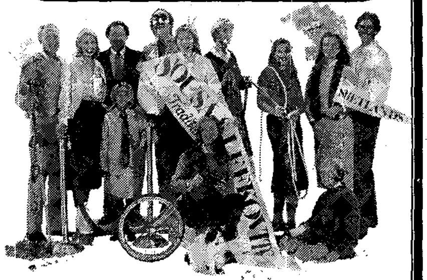

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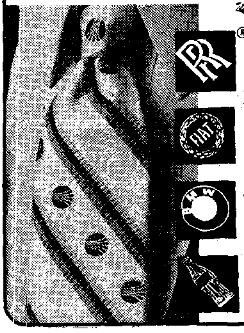

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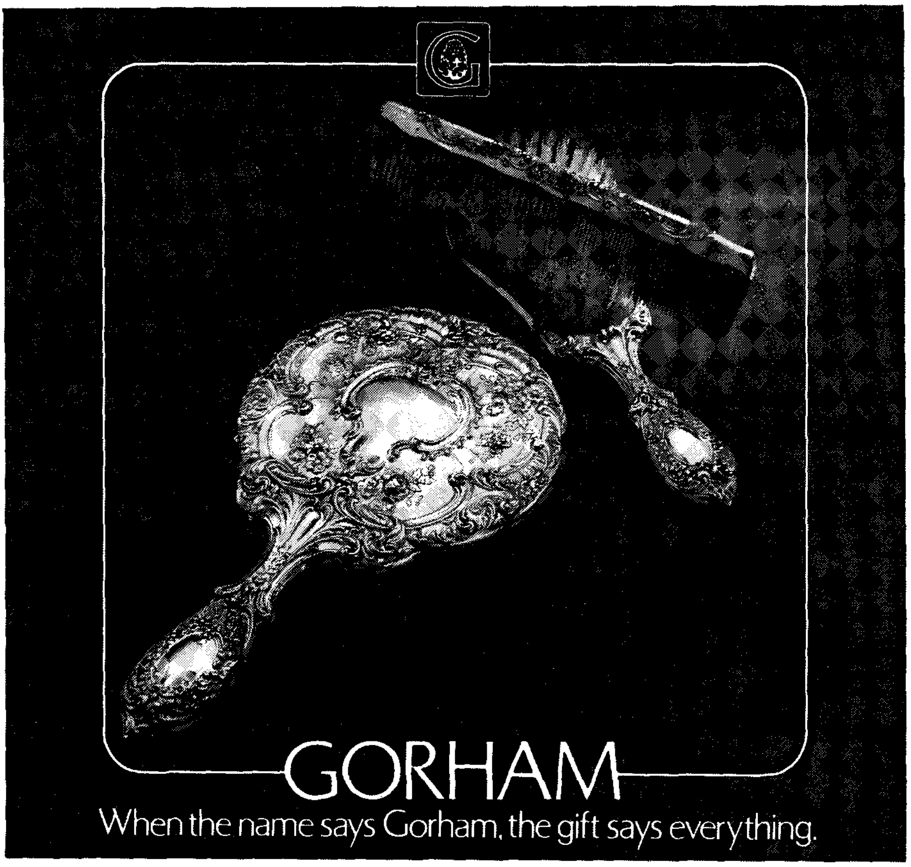
mony concerned things that happened more than forty years ago, but it was also about what could happen tomorrow. That’s what you have to understand about the Eastern European resolution. You see, we Poles live on two parallel time tracks—especially these days. One is rational: If we do this, they will do that, and then we can do such-and-such. But the other is metahistorical. It springs from a long history of defeat and desolation. And it has to do with a sense that a sort of victory can be sprung from defeat. You see, we are always preparing for the worst. There is a conviction that we should behave in such a way that if worst comes to worst, at least our children will have the knowledge that we were a glimmer, that for a brief moment we lit a spark of hope. They will have that knowledge as they sit in their prison cells.”

He continued, “We’re doomed. Geography dooms us. If Poles had behaved rationally in the past, the Polish nation would not exist today. We would have been absorbed into the Ukraine and Germany; our language, our culture would have long ago disappeared. Poland survives *because* Poles are irrational. It would probably take a tremendous amount of vodka to get them to admit it, but I think that deep down most people have a sense that disaster may well come. That’s why the Eastern European resolution was so vital. If disaster comes, at least they’ll have something bright and burning to look back to, and therefore to look forward to.” (This man, incidentally, is Jewish—one of that growing number of young Jewish Poles who have only recently discovered their Jewish origins and are now trying to integrate that knowledge with their Polish identities.)

THE Grand Prize winner at this year’s Gdansk Film Festival was “Goraczka” (“Fever”), Agnieszka Holland’s extraordinary portrayal of the tragic fate of a group of Polish-nationalist terrorists during the stillborn 1905 rebellion against the Russian occupying authorities. The tale, with a cast of police spies, corrupt Polish collaborators, and valiant young patriots, ends almost farcically: everything is botched. Surprisingly, the film was made before August, 1980. Authorities allowed the filming because the nationalists were also socialists, and the Russians were, after all, representatives of the czar. But everybody in the audience



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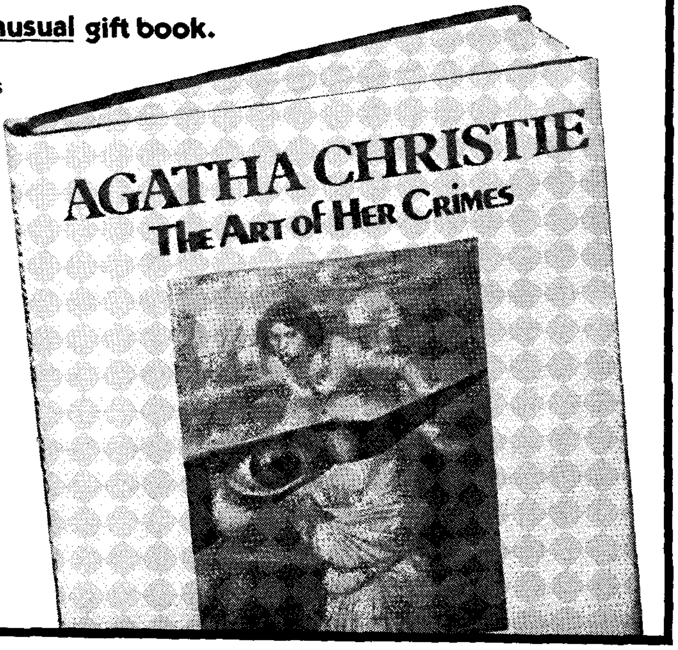

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knew what the film was really about.

In cemeteries throughout Poland, you are likely to happen upon individual plaques almost buried under flowers and student badges. Spread apart the wilting blossoms and you will find the date 1940 and the place of death: Katyn. Several thousand Polish officers were killed in three places that have come to be known collectively as Katyn—a village in western Russia. Officially, according to Soviet and Polish state versions, the massacre took place in 1941, as Hitler's armies barrelled toward Moscow, and the victims were martyrs to Nazism. But most Poles know better: they'll tell you—correctly—that the massacres took place in 1940, when Soviet forces occupied eastern Poland in the aftermath of the Hitler-Stalin non-aggression pact. There's no official memorial to Katyn, but every year, on All Saints' Day, a particular corner of the huge Powazki Cemetery in Warsaw seems to overflow with a spontaneous laying of wreaths and flowers. Earlier this year, the local Solidarity chapter erected a simple wooden cross at the site, with the date 1940. It was removed within a single night by the police, but Solidarity is now going ahead with plans for a permanent Katyn memorial. The government is trying to head off the project with a fancy memorial of its own: "Katyn 1941." But Solidarity is not likely to stand for the substitute, and sometime in the months ahead the issue may boil over into an extraordinary crisis.

In Poland today, commemoration is rehearsal. A Pole who lays a wreath in honor of a long-past martyrdom reconfirms the knowledge in his blood that if martyrdom should ever be required of him future generations of Poles will likewise honor his sacrifice. There are no empty gestures.

"Confrontation." "Confrontation." During the week after the Eastern European resolution, it's the word on everybody's lips. A taxi-driver in Warsaw tells me about the closet in his friend's eighth-floor apartment stocked with dozens of bottles of benzine to be hurled at oncoming tanks—an archetypically Polish romantic gesture. The government issues statement after statement, each more shrill than the one before. A poll that appeared in a Warsaw newspaper this week (the Poles love taking and analyzing polls) reveals that fully forty per cent of those interviewed expect a bloody dénouement sometime in the near future. Everybody is jumpy: I see people in the

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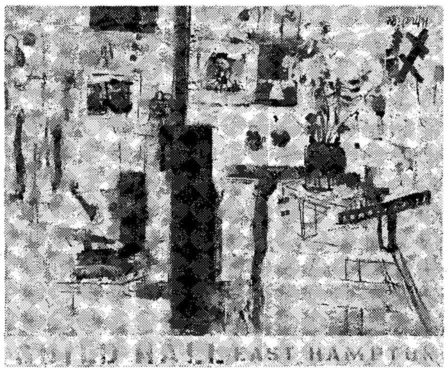

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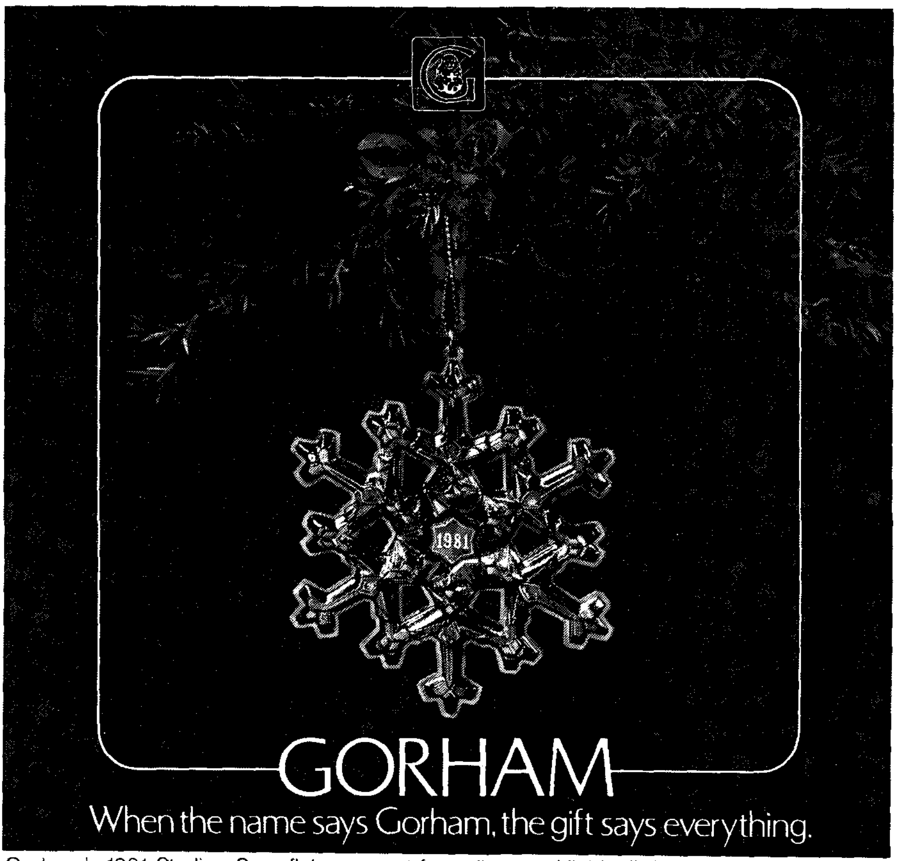
middle of the street, in the middle of the day, suddenly break down and cry. Many suspect that the government may try to cancel the second session of the congress. Bogdan Lis, Solidarity's deputy chairman, promises in an interview that the second session will take place no matter what—inside the Gdansk shipyards, if necessary, under the protection of the workers. In bars, people talk openly about Solidarity's "welcoming committee" and its plans in case of an invasion or a military takeover—how people are to avoid fighting in the street but instead report to factories; Polish workers will command the seats of industry, and the Russians won't dare fire on factories so important to their own economy.

For thirteen months, the valiant, romantic, quixotic streak in the Polish character—the tendency toward martyrdom—has been held remarkably in check. Why is it breaking out now? The answer, I think, is that the Poles are tired. Fear, frustration, and fatigue are setting in: the lines, the shortages, the anxieties about the coming winter. "It's terrible to live like this, the way *they* are making us live," my taxi-driver in Gdansk told me. "They're starving us. They don't give us the freedom we need to save ourselves. Look what they're turning us into. Look at these lines. I'd rather fight them in battle than let them defeat us like this."

In May, people asked themselves whether they should expect a Russian invasion, and it was clear that the overwhelming majority of the Poles did not. In September, the question seems to have changed into whether one ought to *hope* for a Russian invasion, and a surprising number of Poles do.

There is an early poem by the Greek modern poet C. P. Cavafy entitled "Waiting for the Barbarians." He describes an antique public square, the citizens huddled, the senate suspended, the emperor and his praetors decked out in their finest robes—everyone tense and expectant, waiting for the barbarians. Evening comes, and suddenly the crowd breaks up, overcome with sorrow and confusion: messengers have arrived from the farthest borders, and there is no sign at all of the barbarians. "And now what shall become of us without any barbarians?" the poet concludes. "Those people were a kind of solution."

ON September 22nd, with a few days to go before the opening of the second half of Solidarity's con-



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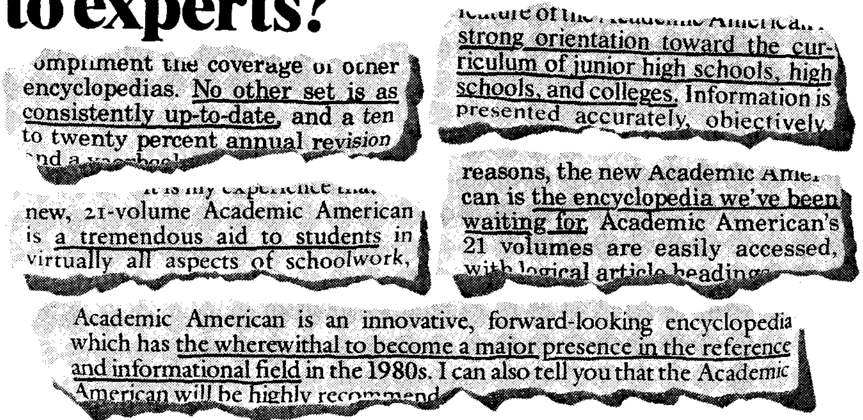

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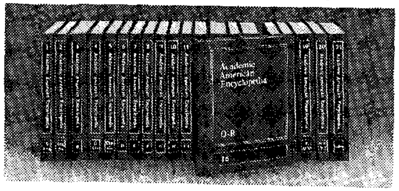

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gress, the union's leaders and the government reach a tentative compromise on the crucial question of worker self-management. In a hastily called meeting of the union presidium—only four of the ten members are present—Walesa wins approval in a three-to-one vote. (Jan Rulewski, of Bydgoszcz, dissents.) The national parliament quickly passes the law, fighting back some attempts by Party hard-liners to gut its compromise provisions. If nothing else, the sense of imminent doom loses some imminence. Nevertheless, there are serious questions about the compromise, in which the Party basically preserves the right to appoint managers in certain strategic industries, while both the union and the Party will nominate managers in other industries, each side reserving a veto power, with deadlocks to be decided by an overseeing court. The system will not go into effect until January 1st. Many regional leaders in Solidarity think that the union cut much too soft a deal, and cut it too quickly—that the leadership was stampeded into an inadequate response by the state's (and the Soviet Union's) brilliantly orchestrated crisis. According to an alternative reading, Solidarity has only itself to blame for the scale of the crisis that its Eastern European resolution provoked. As the second phase of the congress opens, there is no guarantee that the delegates will ratify the scheme. Once the congress reconvenes, on September 26th, the focus quickly shifts from the content of the compromise to the way it was achieved. What happened to democratic process? What about the congress's ultimatum to the parliament, with its call for a national referendum? What right does a small group of "experts" negotiating with a small group of government and Party representatives have to subvert the will of the entire congress? Why couldn't the leadership have waited at least until the congress reconvened, so that the compromise could have been discussed in full and in the open? And what kind of presidium meeting was that, anyway, with only four members present?

Once again, the weight of the moment falls on Walesa. Almost through the sheer force of his personality, he subdues the congress. He tells the delegates not to blame him for the fact that only four people showed up at that meeting. He was sick, he says, but *he* managed to make it—ask the others where they were. In the end, the congress votes a mild reprimand of its

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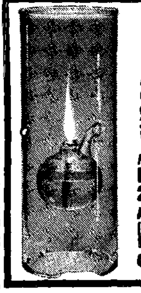

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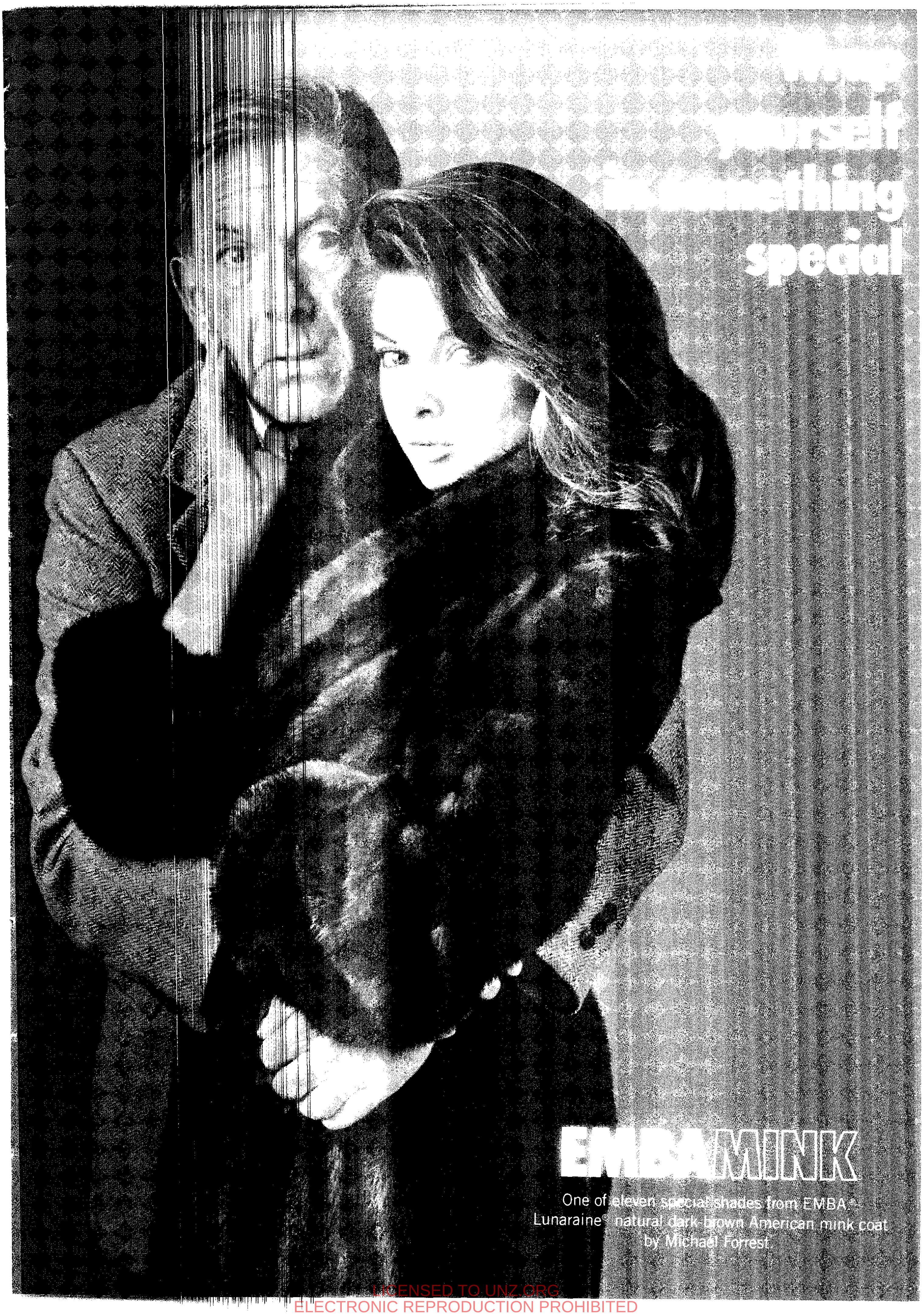
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leadership for its flouting of democratic process and, on the same day, fêtes Walesa on the occasion of his thirty-eighth birthday.

But again the cost is high. A few days later, when the congress holds its election for union chairman, Walesa wins on the first ballot, outpolling all three opponents. Still, he garners only fifty-five per cent of the delegate vote, for a position that half a year ago he would most likely have won by acclamation. Walesa and his authority—the authority with which his constituents have endowed him—remain one of the principal defenses against complete disaster. Most people count on it. But each time he gets taken to the wall—by the government, the Party, the Russians, or the union itself—he leaves part of that authority behind at the wall, like a smudge. At some point, there may not be enough to stave off a final confrontation. "This would be a fascinating experiment if we weren't its subjects," the filmmaker Andrzej Chodakowski tells me outside the hall.

On the question of worker self-management, the congress itself agrees to a compromise: the delegates, while not rejecting the parliament's law outright, still call on their leadership to hold referenda in the factories on certain sections of the law. Just what will be done as a result of these referenda remains unclear. In a way, it doesn't matter—these issues are far from settled in any case. As the economic crisis persists, so will the question of management. "A partnership being born in terrible pain" is how Tadeusz Mazowiecki once described the relationship between Solidarity and the ruling powers. Karol Modzelewski has put it another way: "We advance across a series of compromises, each of which is unsatisfactory, but the alternative would be disaster."

BEFORE my departure, as the congress nears its conclusion, I take to asking people what they think may happen over the next several months. People are of course worried about the winter ("This may be the snowflake that breaks the giant's back"), about the chances of food riots and transportation breakdowns and old people freezing to death in their homes.

One health worker speculates that the time of greatest danger may come in early spring. "People will survive the winter, but early spring is when people will be at their weakest. It will become warm and wet and muddy, and our supply of soap may have given out

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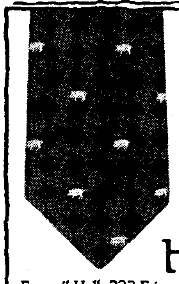

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completely by then, so people won't be washing—in other words, a perfect breeding ground for bacteria and the outbreak of epidemics. And let me tell you, the health-service system is overstrained already. We will not be able to handle such an outbreak."

Several people speculate about the Polish Army—whether it would obey orders to shoot at Polish workers.

"No. Look at them, they're just young kids serving their two years. They're just like us; they *are* us."

"Yes. You have to have served in the Army to know how they work you and work you on senseless, stupid tasks until you're so tired and disoriented and scared that you'll do anything they say."

"Well, the fact of the matter is that some will and some won't."

One morning, Nina Darnton tells me, "On my most pessimistic days—well, not my *most* pessimistic days, which is when I'm trying to imagine an invasion, but on my dark days—I fear that *nothing* will happen, that the situation is completely stalemated, and that Poland will just become an open, festering sore, something like Northern Ireland, forever."

On my final afternoon in Poland, I have lunch with Andrzej Chodakowski. "It ought to be possible to imagine a happy resolution for Poland," he says. "There's so much slack in Poland *right now*. America or Japan or Germany would have to make a tremendous effort to increase productivity by three per cent. If Poland could ever resolve its political crisis, I'll bet we could increase our productivity by thirty per cent. We have such potential riches—mineral resources, fine agricultural land, a highly developed industrial base, an exceptionally well-educated population. Perhaps especially that: the untapped creativity of our people! Poles are by nature hard workers—we're not like people who have grown up in the sun and would rather be out relaxing on the beach. We're eager to get back to work. It's a question of how to combine all these elements into an integrated economy, which, in turn, is a political question. People will be willing to sacrifice if they believe in the integrity and competence of those who are asking them to sacrifice."

IN the weeks following my departure, news reports from Poland indicate that the country is no closer than before to a resolution of its political quandary. The government seems

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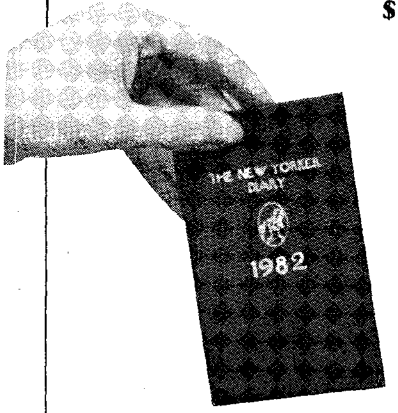

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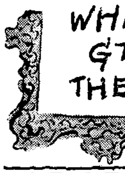

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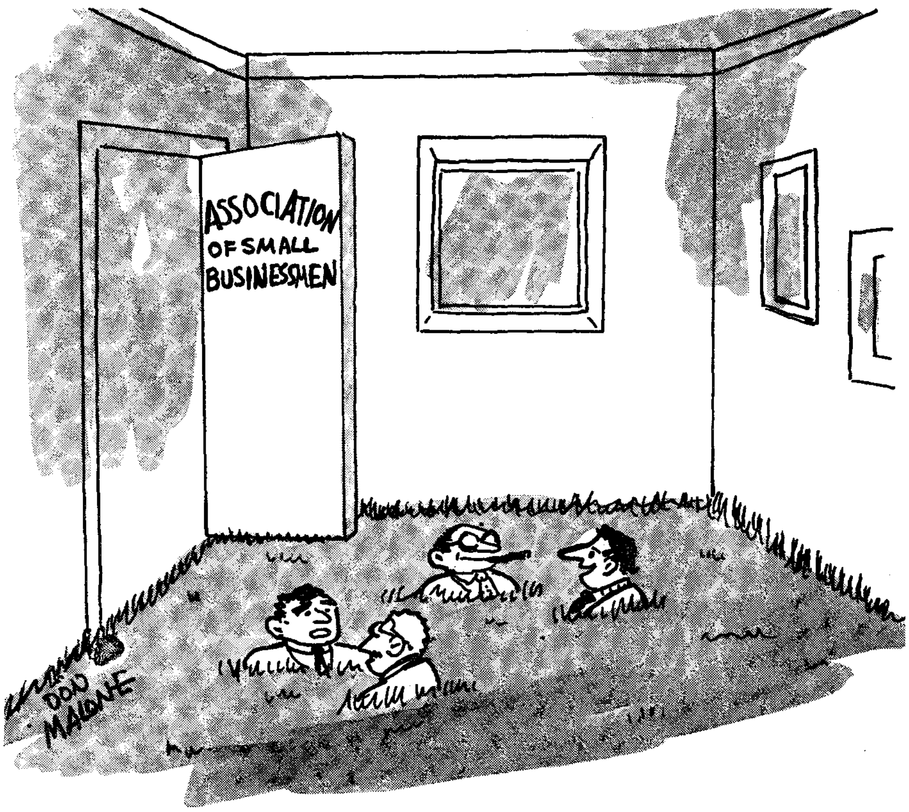
to be testing the unity and resolve of the union, through a series of price increases and provocative detentions. People distributing Solidarity flyers, as they have been doing for months, are suddenly being arrested; these arrests often occur in the middle of the busiest public squares at the busiest times of day, as if the authorities were intentionally trying to spark public confrontations. Wildcat strikes are erupting throughout the country; by the second half of October, more than three hundred thousand workers are involved. The Communist Party, under intense pressure from the Soviet Union, ousts First Secretary Stanislaw Kania, the nondescript bureaucrat who replaced Edward Gierek after August, 1980, and replaces him with General Wojciech Jaruzelski, who is already the Prime Minister and Defense Minister. Jaruzelski, generally considered a moderate, derives virtually all his authority among the people from the fact that as Defense Minister during the seventies he stated that "Polish soldiers will never fire on Polish workers;" were he ever to issue such an order, that authority would immediately evaporate. Hence, in a certain sense, he can retain what limited strength he has only by refusing to exercise it. Walesa, meanwhile, has been trying to deal with Solidarity's national commission, an executive body elected at the congress whose hundred and seven members generally espouse positions considerably more hard-line than his own.

As events unfold, observers are reminded over and over just how various are the possibilities for maneuvering when it seems certain that confrontation is at hand. At times, the two sides seem already to have collided, but when you fix your attention on the locus of collision, it turns out that an infinitesimal gap still remains, around which the two sides, tensed and flexing, are busy redefining their positions. The moderate leaders on either side seem to be simultaneously addressing both their opponents and the more hard-line elements among their own constituencies. Thus, for example, Jaruzelski calls out the troops, in part, surely, to confront Solidarity with a show of force, but he does it in such a way—small units of three or four soldiers dispatched to hundreds of rural outposts—that you end up thinking it's more a gesture to placate his Soviet overlords and their local clients in the Polish Communist Party. Similarly, Walesa agrees to the calling of an



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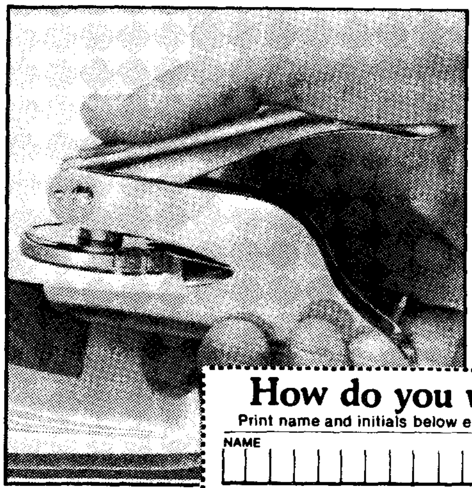

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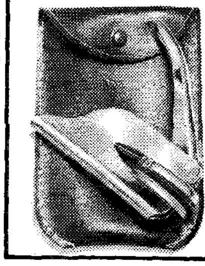

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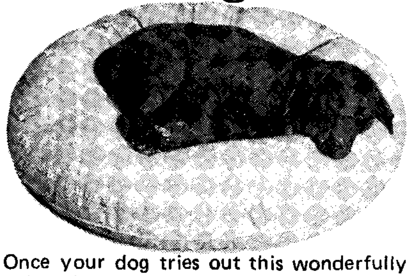

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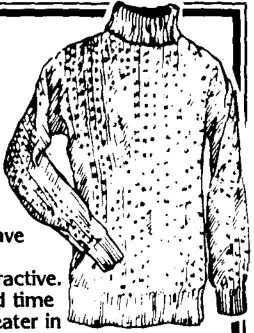

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hour-long national strike, in part, surely, to confront the government with the continuing fact of the union's cohesion and determination, but in larger part because he's trying to stem the growing tide of wildcat actions being undertaken by the more radical elements within the union. Jaruzelski responds by getting the parliament to pass a resolution calling for an end to strikes; Walesa responds to the resolution by proclaiming that Solidarity will never give up its hard-won right to strike, but then, within a few sentences, he pleads to all the wildcat strikers to return to work. By the end of October, Walesa's authority is once again on the line: he is touring the country speaking at one strikebound plant after another, trying to reassert the union's solidarity and get the workers back to work. It is beginning to seem likely that in the harsh winter months ahead the growing frustration of the union's membership will further erode the waning authority of its leadership. The question is whether the leadership will retain enough authority to hold out until spring.

When I raise these issues during a telephone conversation with a friend in Warsaw, he says, "Oh, you American reporters are always coming up with your impossible scenarios. Before, it was the Russians—they were going to invade any minute. Now it's the winter—no way we'll be able to survive it. You'll see: we'll survive. Winter will come and go and Poland will still be here."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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[*From the Albuquerque* (*N.M.*) *Journal*]

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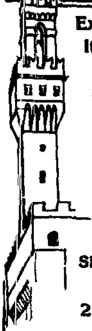
A. Mrs. McGarva's former husband was Pink Brooke, a sheriff at Fort Sumner, and she says she is positive that the rifle she has belonged to Billy the Kid. Mike Swickard says the rifle taken from Billie Wilson was a Winchester carbine, serial number 47629. Incidentally, the Kid's first name was spelled Billy while Wilson's first name was Billie. You can check your rifle to see if it belonged to Billy the Kid or Billie Wilson.



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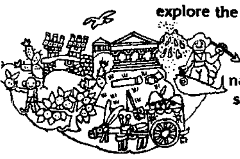

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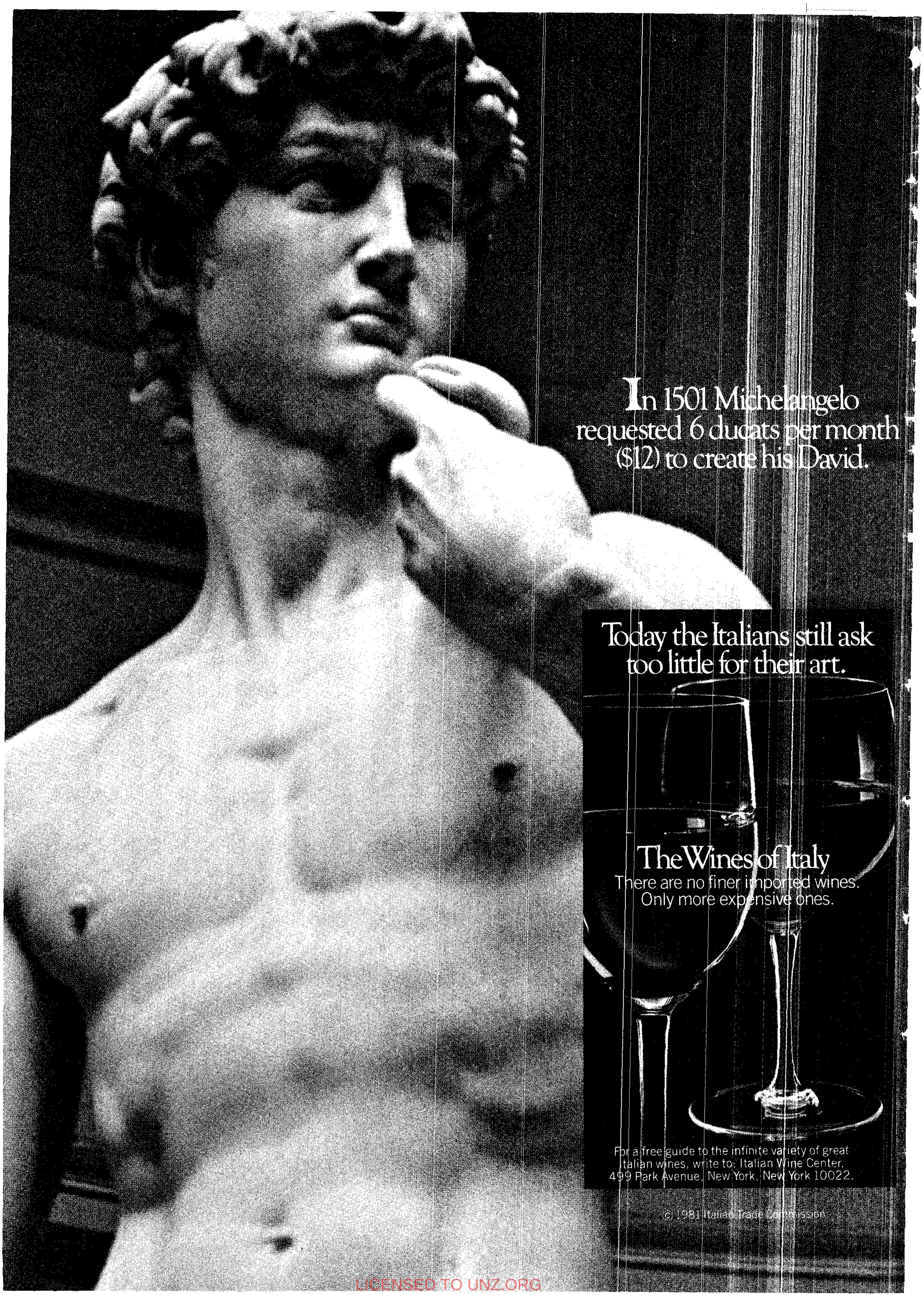

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MUSICAL EVENTS

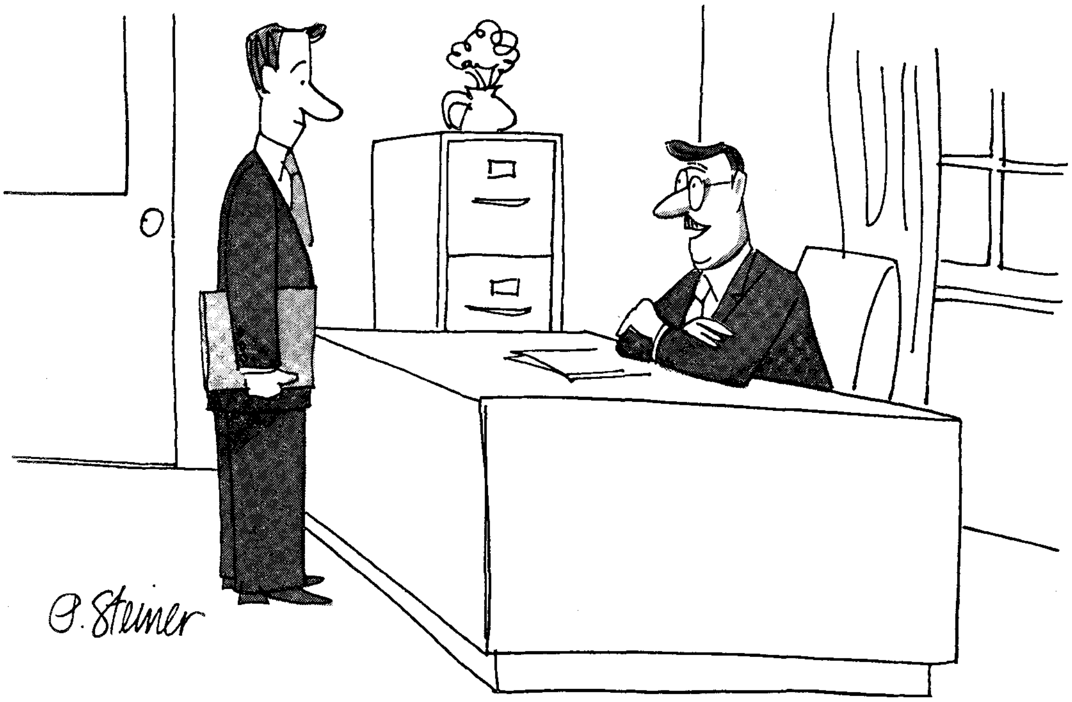
Finding the Right Path

ON All Hallows Eve, both New York houses played "Rigoletto," the Metropolitan in the afternoon and the City Opera in the evening. Anyone attending both productions could assemble—except in point of staging—an outstanding performance of Verdi's opera. The Met's seat prices ranged from sixty dollars to eleven, the City Opera's from twenty-five dollars to three-fifty. The apter voices for Gilda and the Duke of Mantua were to be heard at the latter house. Carol Vaness, tackling her first Gilda, gave a performance at once beautifully studied, delicate, and passionate. She has a young, full lirico spinto, for which voice the role is written. (The first Gilda, Teresa Brambilla, was an Abigail in "Nabucco," an Elvira in "Ernani;" the first Elvira, Sofia Loewe, was Verdi's first choice for Lady Macbeth.) Miss Vaness is a brave, spirited singer ready to dare, well able to ride the storm trio, to crown the climax of the quartet, to ring out in "Sì, vendetta" if the conductor ignores Verdi's repeated pianissimo markings. She can float limpid, affecting high notes and turn accurate, shapely coloratura. Her trills were neat. Vinson Cole displayed a tenor at once firm and beautiful, supple and shining. Both artists were clear, sure, effortless, and unroutined. At the Met, Judith Blegen, on a smaller scale, sang an exquisite "Caro nome" and was exquisite in all four duets. By purity of projection, she carried in passages that really need an ampler voice than hers. She is a singer who lends distinction to all she does, and her Gilda was very pleasing. Juan Lloveras phrased even more seductively than Mr. Cole, especially in "È il sol dell'anima," and he has more assurance on the stage, but his voice is a less even instrument, and at times the timbre clouded over.

In the title role, the Met's Matteo Manuguerra was outstanding. Although he lacks the reserves of power Sherrill Milnes can draw on for "Cortigiani!" his performance was rounded, consistent, securely voiced, and unflagging. Moreover, he knows the one or two rules that all family fools must observe: that a jester, paid to be funny, must jibe, joke, and jollify. In the first scene, Mr. Manuguerra was properly quaint and amusing, whereas the City Opera's Richard Fredricks, a dour fellow, would soon have had half-a-crown stopped out of his wages. Nevertheless, Rigoletto is one of Mr. Fredricks' best roles. He sings it strongly, even formidably. But the performance suffers from his acquiescence in Frank Corsaro's direction of the opera.

Mr. Corsaro's Rigoletto treats Monterone's curse (the opera's original title was "La Maledizione," and the curse motif begins and ends it) as a joke, and laughs it off with each arm around a willing wench. We may deduce if we like that inwardly he is disturbed, but Mr. Fredricks does nothing to demonstrate it. On the way to the house where Gilda has been installed (it is miscalled Rigoletto's dwelling by both Met and City Opera programs; plainly he doesn't live there himself), the jester has recourse to strong drink and is required to play the start of Scene 2—the duet with Sparafucile and "Pari siamo"—as a drunk scene, sip-sip-sipping away. It is psychologically possible, but it is not what Verdi had in mind. If Verdi had wanted a tipsy Rigoletto, he would have said so, and written music to that effect. If in the following scene Verdi had intended Rigoletto during "Solo per me l'infamia" to spurn his daughter, throw her to the ground, strike her, he would have said so. But, again, it is possible behavior. In the final scene, for Rigoletto to leave Gilda lying, just before "Lassù in cielo," and run for a second time to batter on the tavern door as if to ask for his twenty scudi back—paid-for services inadequately rendered!—seems to me an impossible reading of Rigoletto's character, the words, the music, and the scene.

Throughout the show, the staging parts company from the stage directions. Gilda addresses the scena of "Caro nome" to a still present Duke. Ten attendants play various roles in the scena of the Duke's "Parmi veder le lagrime"—in the score, a soliloquy. The courtiers' narrative chorus becomes unheeded accompaniment to a dog show. Six women besides Gilda figure prominently in this act and destroy Verdi's strong, deliberate device of a stag affair that throws the single victim into relief. The program's "Cast (in order of appearance)" begins ominously: first, Rigoletto (for whom Verdi devised a sudden, striking, later entrance); second and third, "Daughter of Count Monterone" and



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"Clown," two Corsaro additions to the composer's dramatis personae and both given protuberant invented roles. (*Two* jesters compete for attention at the City Opera court.) After years, now, of watching Corsaro productions, I am less ready than once I was to dismiss them as merely perverse, obtuse, and vulgar. I admire his evident insistence that actors should act and react not merely "after the book" but in accord with sound, perceived psychological reasons, and admire the effect he has—vivifying at best and at the least purgative—on modern singers who are content to let directors (and conductors) do much of their thinking for them. (Mr. Manuguerra is exceptional: when invited into the San Francisco "Rigoletto" earlier this year to fill in for an absent protagonist, he sensibly refused to enact some of the rubbish with which Jean-Pierre Ponnelle had weakened the final scene.) I think I can see, as a rule, what Mr. Corsaro is after. But his execution often leaves the impression of a director determined above all to do something different—one incapable of following orders, who thinks he's a better dramatist than Verdi, Monteverdi, Rossini, Debussy, Janaček. Mr. Corsaro is not a poor dramatist, even if some of his devices—eye-catching animals, much onstage donning and doffing of clothes—become Corsaro cliché. His work is arresting, not boring. But his revisionist hand weakens much of what it touches—when he fights his authors instead of finding and using their strengths. The Houston "Donna del Lago" I wrote about two weeks ago was Corsaro versus Rossini, not a triumphant collaboration. Prizing out new, keen details of behavior, stitching in any loose ends of timing or action, finding diversion for passages he deems boring, he is apt to miss composers' simpler, straightforward, large effects. "Rigoletto" (like "La Traviata") would not have held the stage solidly for a hundred and thirty years had it been in need of drastic dramaturgical overhaul. To question tradition is admirable. To reject too readily a century and more's accumulation of others' insights and discoveries is foolish. (At the Vienna Opera, it was not tradition but "what you people call tradition"—unthinking acceptance of established practices—that Mahler denounced as slovenliness.) Moreover, I sometimes think Mr. Corsaro's operatic understanding incomplete and his musical horizons limited—when he

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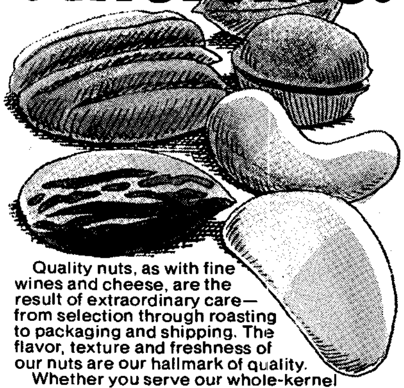

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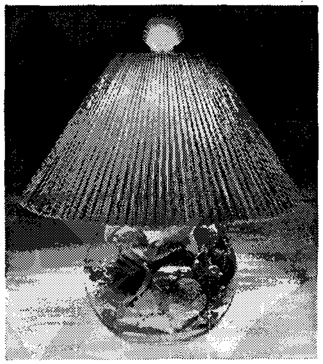

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focusses too intently on the librettos and strives to improve them. Many librettos are on the printed page poor plays indeed, inviting revision. But, as Lee Strasberg says in a foreword to Mr. Corsaro's book "Maverick," "Opera is drama in music, not drama with music." In the chapters of "Maverick" that follow, there is little to suggest any appreciation of theatrical power inherent in musical forms, and in his practice Mr. Corsaro often denies himself or diminishes that power.

The City Opera's "Rigoletto," I should add, was a revival of a 1969 Corsaro production, not fresh from his hand but carefully re-created by a talented staff director, Jay Lesenger. However, the master—he told me so in an intermission—approves it. If I go on at length about Mr. Corsaro, it 's because he is a major force in Amer- can opera, a force largely for good—ut not wholly—and a man I like, espect, admire, and enjoy arguing vith. The staging of the Met's "Rigoletto," a revival of John Dexter's 977 production, is less provocative. n these pages, I detailed its obvious nistakes. Some of them have now been ighted; others are ineradicably linked o Tanya Moiseiwitsch's misconceived evolving-tower unit set. Both "Rigoletto"'s look handsome, but the City Opera's, designed by Lloyd Evans, houses Verdi's action more aptly. Within the Met staging, the principals can give delicate and intelligent performances, and they did.

At the City Opera, Henry Lewis was a conductor of no particular merits other than simple vitality; some passages were rushed. At the Met, Giuseppe Patanè was a conductor versed in "Rigoletto" lore—supple, sensitive, and exciting. The Met's 'impid, steady first flute, Michael Parloff, made much of the important role Verdi assigned him; the City Opera's flute was more ordinary. (As I said, one had to hear both performances to discover the opera.) At the Met, two-thirds of the duet "Ah! veglia, o donna" was cut (something I thought now happened only in small-town Italian houses). At the City Opera, Rigoletto was allowed his solo strophe, but Gilda's reply was rudely interrupted after twelve measures. (Why spoil a balanced musical design to save twenty seconds?) In both houses, Gilda's and the Duke's farewells were abridged, and the latter's "Possente amor" was reduced to a single strophe. Both Dukes piously

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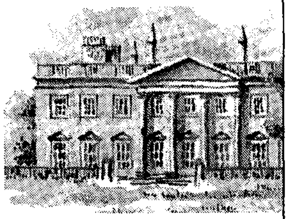

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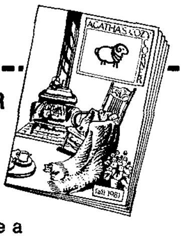

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endorsed the nineteenth-century Venetian censor's alteration of the order to Sparafucile, in Act III, for "tua sorella" to a meaningless order for "una stanza." Miss Vaness, however, did sing the coda of "Caro nome" as Verdi wrote it, staying on B during "Gualtier Maldè" (and very beautiful it was); Miss Blegen rose to the E's of the printed score. Miss Vaness elected to sing the long, smooth rising scale in "Caro nome" staccato. Both sopranos overlooked the portamento slurs on "tempio" and "Iddio" in "Tutte le feste."

BOTH houses have also been playing "La Traviata." The opera turns on its heroine, and the Met's Catherine Malfitano has what Verdi himself described as "the best qualities for a Traviata—a beautiful face, spirit, and theatrical presence." And she has youth. She has learned, it seems, from great Violettas past and present yet taken from them only what will fit her own vivid portrayal. Not an inflection, gesture, or glance seemed untrue. The effect was spontaneous, and thrilling. She sings the music honestly and beautifully: this was one of the most *audible* performances I have ever heard in the huge house. "*Con voce debolissima*," Verdi wrote over Violetta's entry in the Act II finale, "*con voce bassa senza suono*" for her reading of the letter in Act III, and "*un fil di voce*" on the A's that end each strophe of the aria. Miss Malfitano obeyed those instructions memorably. The Alfredo, Giuliano Ciannella, was a less cultivated singer but bright, ardent, and credible. The pair played well together. Brent Ellis was a decent if not exceptional Germont. Nicola Rescigno conducted in a fleet, light way, with little rubato, and, for once, instead of disliking that I thought it matched the youthful urgency of his cast. He is a cunning and expert accompanist. Balance was perfect. Colin Graham's production, new last spring, is admirable: fresh, honest, lively (Flora's party is particularly successful); filled with well-observed, truthful, and—except for a tiresome drunk in the first scene—unstagy details; not cranky, and supple enough to contain and enhance the individual contributions that changing casts may bring to it. Miss Moiseiwitsch's scenery is handsome, unspectacular, and realistic—large enough for the scale of the house, intimate enough for the drama. (I wonder if Mr. Corsaro saw the show, and, if so,

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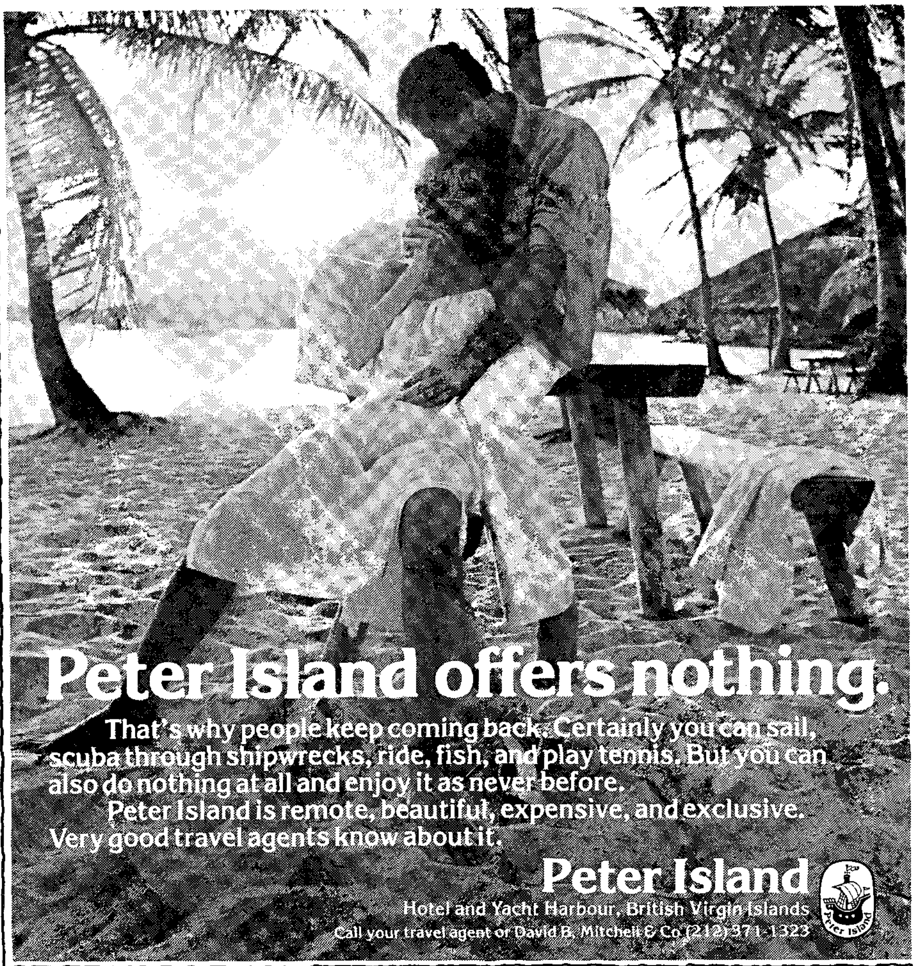
what he made of it. It seemed to me to fulfill most of what he requires of an operatic presentation.

The City Opera has at last retired Mr. Corsaro's celebrated 1966 production of "La Traviata" (it had Patricia Brooks, Placido Domingo, and Dominic Cossa as its first cast), and replaced it with an undistinguished version directed by Lou Galterio in cheap-looking scenery designed by Zack Brown, with costumes—largely hideous—designed by Patton Campbell. (Mr. Corsaro's version has its memorial in two stimulating chapters of "Maverick" and its progeny in good ideas that have found their way into various other performances.) The lighting—like that of all City Opera shows I've seen this season except "Vixen Sharp-Ears"—is often provincial-primitive. An intermission breaks the flow of Act II, whose first scene is moved out-of-doors, into a sort of yard. Diana Soviero was an able, well-schooled, capable heroine, but somewhat monotonous of timbre and unmoving. Barry McCauley's Alfredo was blunt and plebeian. William Stone's Germont was ordinary. Mario Bernardi conducted. Luchino Visconti once set out—in Spoleto in 1963—to produce "*una 'Traviata' poverissima*," after the splendors of his Scala version with Callas. The results were peculiar but not unarresting. The City Opera "Traviata" looks and sounds merely dowdy.

THE City Opera's revival, from the spring, of "Attila," Verdi's ninth opera, was—unlike its new production of "Nabucco," Verdi's third opera—bold, confident, handsome, and splendid. More: it revealed—as productions in Florence, London, Newark, Washington did not—the irresistible power of the once-popular piece. After the Washington production, in 1976, I concurred in the generally unfavorable verdict on the work but added, "I still hope to encounter, one day, a performance that will make me change my mind." I have done so. Everyone set about the piece in the right way—with vividness, gusto, a sense of its picturesqueness, and a feeling for what Julian Budden rightly calls "moments of tenderness and beauty." The title role lies ideally for Justino Díaz's ringing basso cantante. He has the vocal powers and physical presence for the part. Marilyn Zschau, the Odabella (another Loewe role), entered as if fresh from a Brooklyn beauty parlor rather than the smoky



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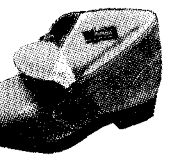

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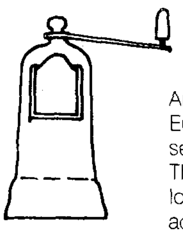

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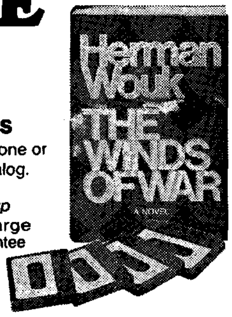

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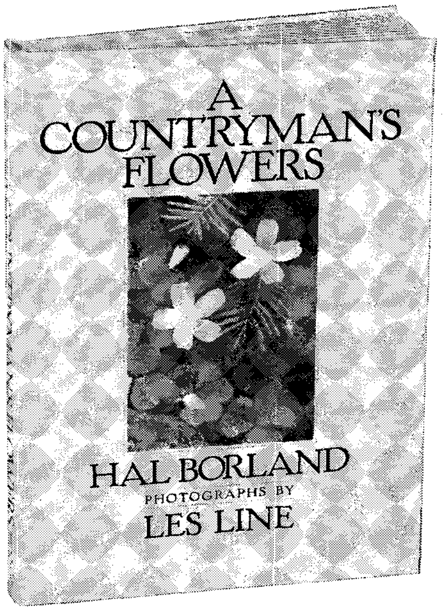
battlefield (does no one edit the City Opera divas' makeup?), but there was both vigor and lustre in her accurate, energetic singing. Enrico DiGiuseppe, the Foresto, and Richard Fredricks, the Aetius, were strong. Even the comprimario, James Clark, as Uldino, was gleaming. And in Sergiu Comissiona the company fielded one of the two superior conductors it has so far brought forward this season. (The other was Michael Tilson Thomas in "Vixen Sharp-Ears.") He led, shaped, surged, drew urgent playing from the orchestra, supported the singers firmly. Ming Cho Lee's scenery is plain, but Hal George's costumes are resplendent. Lotfi Mansouri, directing, handled the masses well: the moment when Attila's advance upon Rome was checked by a chorus of children and virgins proved as thrilling as Verdi hoped it would be. Ralph Bassett had the voice but not the grand bearing for Pope Leo the Great (a role billed as "Leone, an ancient Roman"—another City Opera submission to nineteenth-century Venetian censorship).

Verdi's sixth opera, "I Due Foscari," was last month given a concert performance by Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York. Carlo Bergonzi played Jacopo Foscari. He can be a wonderful stylist, "the last of the Verdi tenors," master of supple lines and melting effects such as Caruso, Bonci, Gigli commanded, and he can be an undisciplined performer indulging in late-Gigli vices—the grunt preliminary, good notes clung to for as long as they can be held. In this "Foscari," he was both. It will be interesting to hear him under the baton of that astute young Verdian David Lawton when he sings the title role of "Il Corsaro," Verdi's thirteenth (and other Byron) opera, in Stony Brook and in Town Hall next month. Francesco Foscari is the part in which I have most often heard Renato Bruson. In Naples in 1968, he was monotonously loud; in the Teatro Colón in 1979 he gave a noble, poetic performance; for Miss Queler he reverted to loudness and seemed more intent on displaying a voice than on creating a character. Neither tenor nor baritone was always nice about pitch. The Lucrezia (as at the Colón) was Margarita Castro-Alberty, a shining ex-Juilliard soprano in the Caniglia mold, with a large, beautiful voice, broad, high cheekbones, big, bright eyes, and a strong frame. It was an evening of full, uninhibited singing



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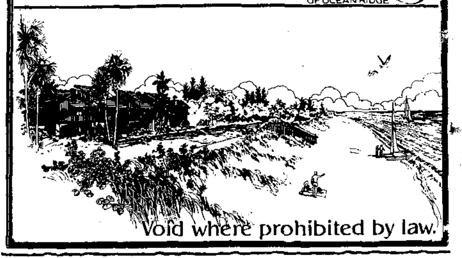

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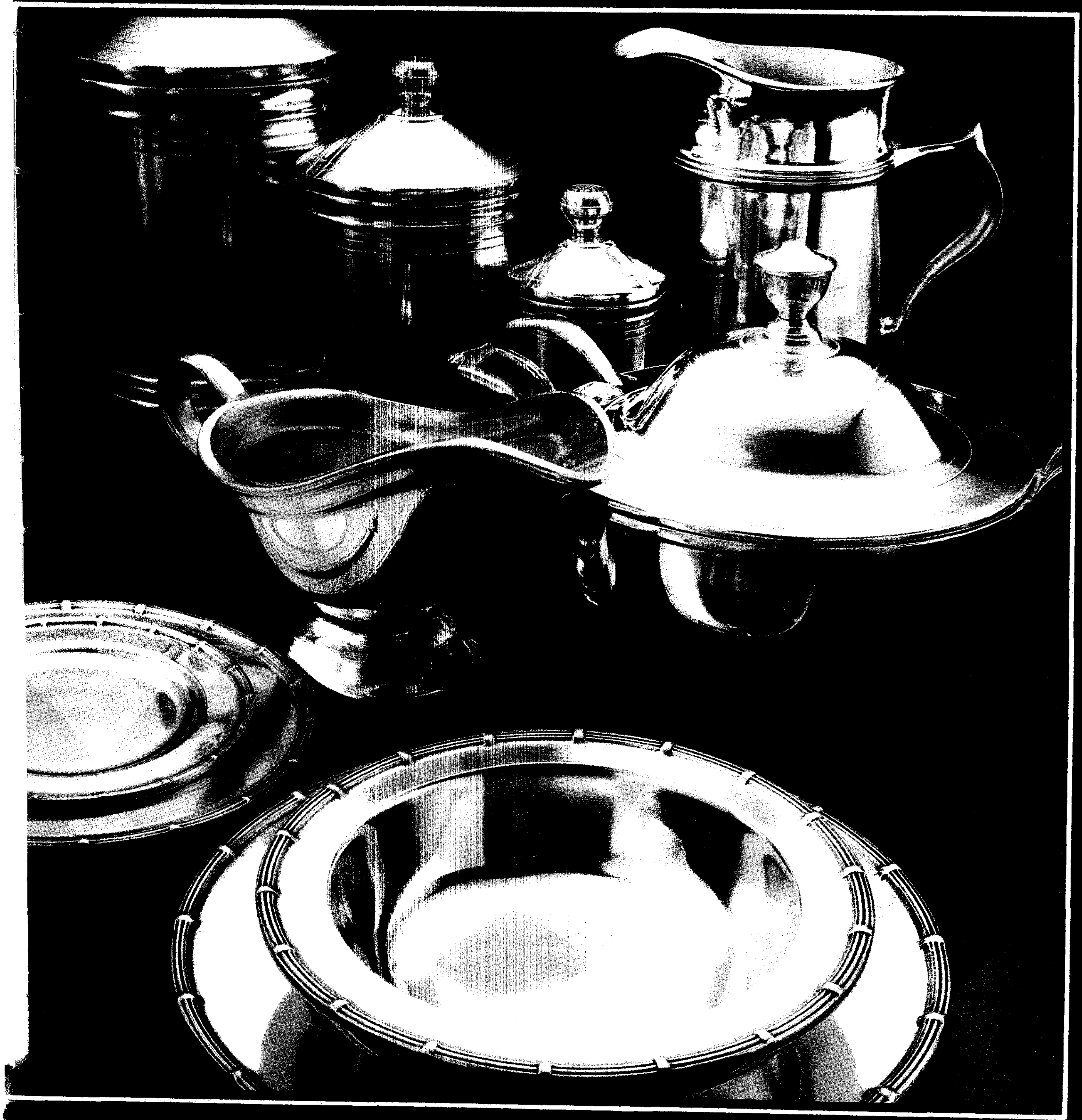

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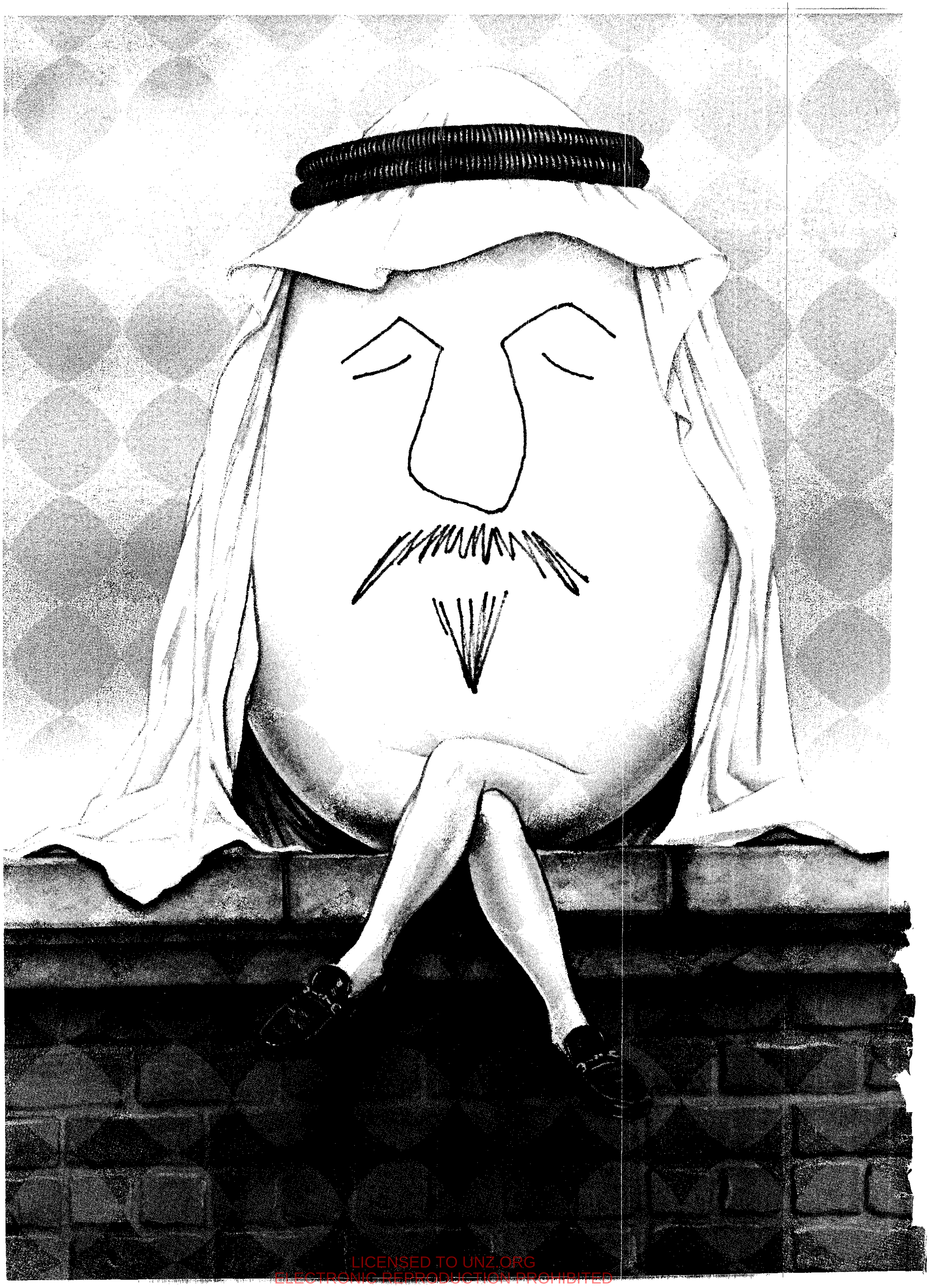

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rather than a careful artistic account of the sombre, unconventional opera.

ONE of the sharper sentences in the New Grove ends Michael Steinberg's entry on Vladimir Horowitz: "Horowitz illustrates that an astounding instrumental gift carries no guarantee about musical understanding." Well, maybe he thinks with ears and fingers, but it would be hard to say that the account of six Scarlatti sonatas—shapely, captivating, irresistible—which opened Horowitz's recital in the Metropolitan Opera House this month lacked musical understanding. It would have been hard not to surrender to everything he did. Chopin's fourth and first Ballades, Liszt's B-Minor Ballade, and three Rachmaninoff Preludes completed the program; a Chopin waltz, a Rachmaninoff polka, and a Scriabin study formed the encores. Horowitz has always been mannered, willful, quirky. Accents fall in unexpected places. Rhythms and phrasing can be very odd. But his command of articulations, textures, dynamic balances, and pedalling is supreme. He has wit. Every detail of these performances had been polished for our delight. What can one do but marvel and be glad?

CLARION CONCERTS began its twenty-fifth season, in Alice Tully Hall, with the overture to Salieri's "Europa Riconosciuta," the opera commissioned to inaugurate La Scala, in 1778. It's a dramatic storm piece. The concert continued with three movements of Salieri's symphony—the only symphony in the Grove list of his surprisingly few orchestral compositions. The Larghetto is exquisite, a dialogue between muted, murmuring strings and woodwinds. The Scherzo and Trio is conventional but includes a piquant use of the violins' open G string. The finale is an extended Rondo with a catchy main theme and an entertaining close. Then came one of Salieri's two piano concertos, the C Major. His orchestral concerns, to judge by these pieces (all of them billed as American premières), were less with large structure and dramatic discourse than with passing attractive inventions, melodic or instrumental. And the music certainly was attractive.

But Clarion, eighteenth-century champions and introducers to New York of much worthwhile music, will have to come to terms with nineteen-eighties ideas of how eighteenth-century music should be played—and on

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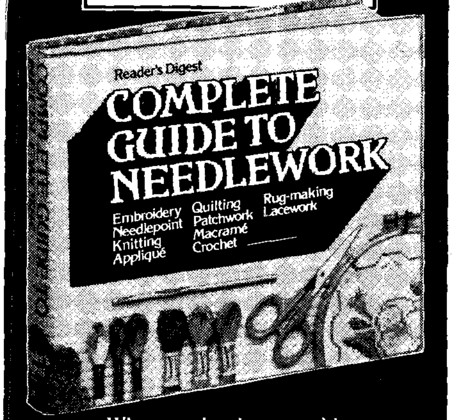

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what instruments. Newell Jenkins, conducting, used a top-heavy string body (6-5-4-3-1) in a lopsided modern disposition. Kenneth Cooper played the Salieri on a (rather bleak) fortepiano, a copy of a Walter, which balanced ill with the modern instruments of the orchestra. For a Mozart concerto in the second half (K.488, in A major), he moved to the hall's Steinway, and that raised new problems, since he played the instrument as if it were uncongenial to him. In this Mozart second half, Mr. Jenkins gave the American première of twenty-eight newly discovered measures for "Die Entführung." In Act I of the opera, Pasha Selim and Constanze enter on a pleasure craft "preceded by another boat with a janissary band on board." This new janissary march is presumably what the band played—some of the "bezaubernde Musik" with which Selim had been hoping in vain to soften Constanze's heart.

THE Group for Contemporary Music opened its twentieth-anniversary season, at the 92nd Street Y, with a program of "classics"—two solos, two chamber concertos—that drew a large audience. Harvey Sollberger gave a refined, lyrical account of Varèse's "Density 21.5," and Raymond DesRoches a taut, arresting account of "Saëta" and "Canaries" from Elliott Carter's Pieces for Four Timpani. Charles Wuorinen's Chamber Concerto for Cello and Ten Players, one of his most brilliant and shapely pieces, should perhaps be termed speifically a Group classic. The Group ave the first performance, in 1964, nd in 1971 recorded it (for Noneuch) with the same splendid soloist, red Sherry, as at this concert. The lassic status of Berg's Chamber Conerto, for piano, violin, and thirteen winds, is not in doubt, but it is an wkward piece to bring off. It often ounds dense, clogged, airless—and verextended in its finale. Despite two oquent soloists—Robert Black, piano, nd Benjamin Hudson, violin—it emed that way here, I thought: like a asterwork *manqué*, but one well orth hearing. The Boulez recording n Columbia is the only performance I now that is spacious and clear.

—ANDREW PORTER

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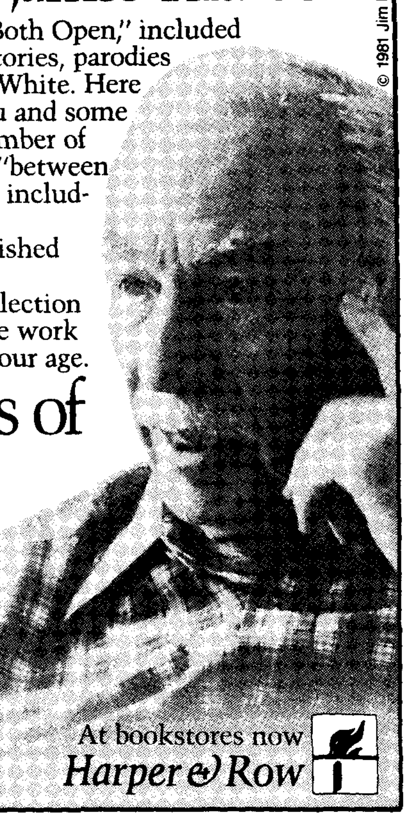

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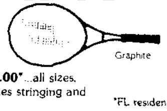

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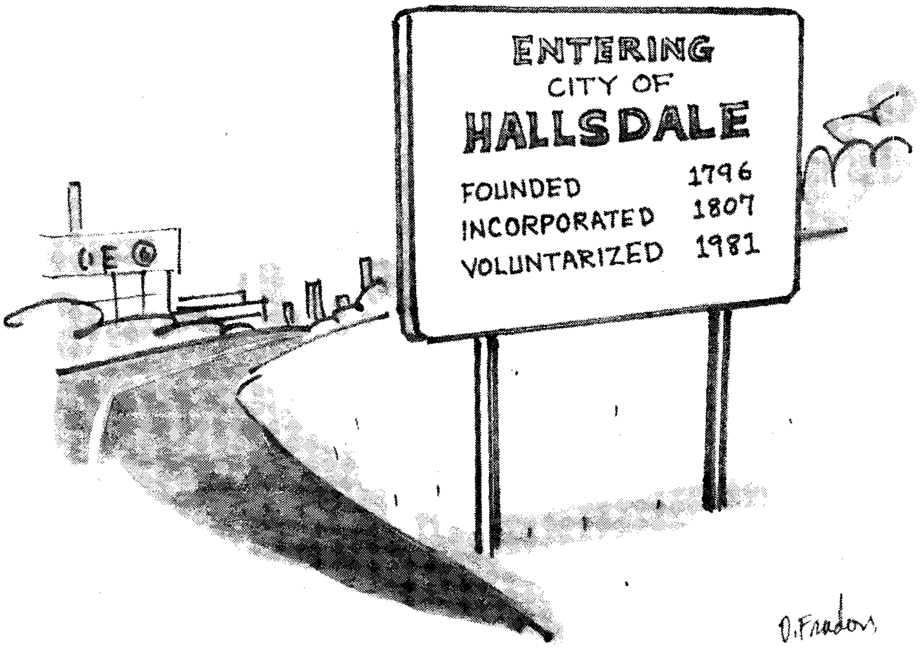
Maximizing Minimalism

St. Cecilia's music, Auden wrote, made "sounds so entrancing the angels dancing came out of their trance into time again." Something like that has happened to Laura Dean, to music of her own making. In "Tympani," impelled by "notes tremendous from her great engine," her six dancers, in their regulation silk pajamas, behave remarkably like a dance company, and not a religious sect. As a composer, Dean has been somewhat of a pedant. As a choreographer, minimalist by persuasion, she has made movement seem elementary rather than elemental. And because of the monastic air of concentration her dancers give off when they are counting out their ritual steps it has been tempting to see her relation to them as that of a guru enforcing a Gurdjieff-like discipline. "Tympani," scored for kettledrums and two pianos, might seem methodical bombast coming from anyone else; coming from Dean, it is a release. The entrancing (or *de*trancing) percussiveness jars her rigid metrics into rhythmic configurations. She comes out of the trance of timelessness into time as dancers know it.

"Tympani" was given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this month for the first time in New York (a television version was shown on Channel 13 last August). It marks a break with the temporal suspensions in Dean's music which, translated into choreography, produced a kind of inanimate, benumbed trance-dancing. The choreography for "Tympani," while it contains nothing new in step or gesture, is flowingly articulate in a way that provides the minimalist vocabulary with a whole new foundation. The dancing is more active; it moves by phrases rather than by steps; it is concerned less with hypnotic repetition than with transition and contrast. Even the ever-regular domineering drumbeat—Dean remains devoted to a steady pulse—seems more resilient. There are passages of complex syncopation that call out with a kind of licentious delight. Yet the over-all effect isn't one of complexity. Dean has established this new feeling of freshness and variety without violating the cardinal simplicity of her style or its contemplative calm.

One can overstate the influence on Dean of Eastern dance forms and meditative rituals. (Dean herself, in certain of her dances, has overstated it.) Compared with Indian, Balinese, or African rhythm, Dean's rhythm has been remarkably uninflected. Her "Hindu" torso and arms, her use of extended dervishlike spinning are colorful adaptations, like sitars in rock bands. What Dean does is in fact completely Western and contemporary in its point of origin; her time sense is probably more powerfully influenced by the exoticism of the disco than by a sympathy with the East. The pretense of a mystique, which I have found so discomforting in Dean's work, has been greatly reduced in "Tympani." One didn't have to be a co-religionist to enjoy the dancing. That this striking demystification should coincide with a new rhythmic vitality is perhaps not accidental. The secular appeal of "Tympani" is based on a quality of rhythmic differentiation that is very different from the static divisions of "head" dance. Dean is suddenly more danceable, but then so is rock the minute it stops pretending never to have heard of jazz.



Choreographers of the rock generation have a monolithic view of rhythm, which many of them have exploited in overregulated, symmetrical choreography of great sparsity, performed, as a rule, in silence or to a metronomic beat. Now that music is back, one looks for signs of rhythmic fertility, and one doesn't often find them. Dean could be achieving a breakthrough, and possibly Charles Moulton is on the verge of one, too. Twyla Tharp, this generation's standard-bearer, abandoned silence and minimalism a decade ago; she has recently risen to a new height of rhythmic awareness. But Kenneth Rinker' experiments with the composer Sergi Cervetti, which began so promisingly have become increasingly dim. Rinker's "Generation Pieces: 168," performed last month at Dance Theatr Workshop, was slack and muddled except for an ensemble workout t "Rock Around the Clock." I too nothing home from Marta Renzi' concert at the same performance cente a few evenings before. (Renzi seem uninterested in dramatizing in he choreography her own strengths as dancer, which include musicality For her company's first appearance i the Brooklyn Academy opera hous Trisha Brown, who seldom uses music, collaborated this season with Robe Ashley on "Son of Gone Fishin' The sound was bouncy, but the dan ing, without Brown onstage oft enough to augment it, was bewilde ingly small-featured and texturele Perhaps it is too early to tell wheth or not a revolution is at hand. Or last year, Laura Dean's concert Brooklyn featured the gruelling, i cense-steeped "Music" and drove t audience from the theatre. This yea program was cheered, even though included "Dance," which for me was nearly as stifling as "Music." Dean may have scheduled this 1976 work in order to show how far she'd come since: the difference between it and "Tympani" was the difference between sand painting and stone sculpture. And the sand was measured out in grains. For an overture, the two-piano score to "Night" was played. In this very successful piece, done last season for the Joffrey Ballet, Dean anthologized some of her best routines and avoided the extremes she'd been promoting with her own company. The Joffrey commission may have swerved the horses just in time. From the adroit presentation of her material in "Night," Dean has gone on to a new freedom of construction. I find "Tympani" most exciting when passages of counterpoint are in full play against counterpoint in the music, but even when Dean is sticking to her old method of executing one pattern at a time she seems to be able to turn succession into progression, so that the dance grows upon its effects and doesn't subside under them. She has understood, too, how the pace of events can be independent of the tempo, and that is just about the largest understanding anyone is showing right now of the still engaging possibilities of minimalist form.

THE Joffrey is celebrating its silver anniversary, at the City Center, but there isn't much cause for ongratulation in its latest acquisiions: two undistinguished imports rom the European repertory and a ew Gerald Arpino ballet. There are o additions to the honorable series of offrey restorations, but "Cakewalk," 'Les Patineurs," "A Wedding Bouuet," "Parade," and "The Green Table" are all on view, and Tharp's 'Deuce Coupe II" and Dean's Night" are in good shape. Ballets ke these two are the nearest the offrey's dancers ever get to advanced aterial and contemporary expression. Arpino's ballets are typically punched ut for a sensation-hungry audience; e new one, "Light Rain," is no xception.) The Joffrey is now having compete with American Ballet heatre in the search for new oreography, and the new regime at .B.T. is even hiring the non-ballet oreographers whom formerly only obert Joffrey had the daring to enst. Joffrey's solution this season— bring in another Jiří Kylián ece—was as much a gamble as oducing "Swan Lake" would have en. Even though "Transfigured ight" represents Kylián at his aviest and wettest and isn't likely to ease people who respond to "Return the Strange Land," such is Kylián's

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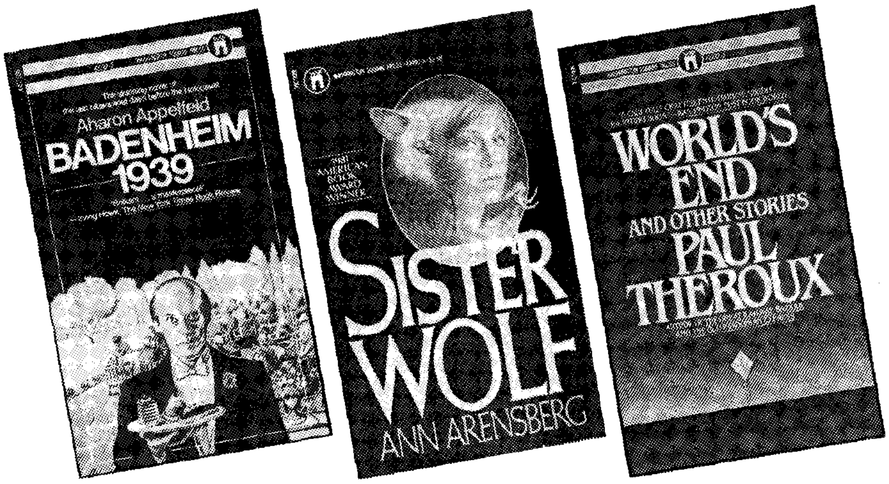

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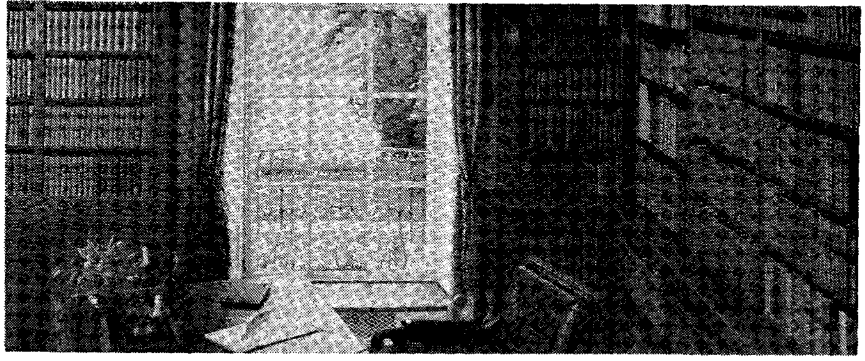

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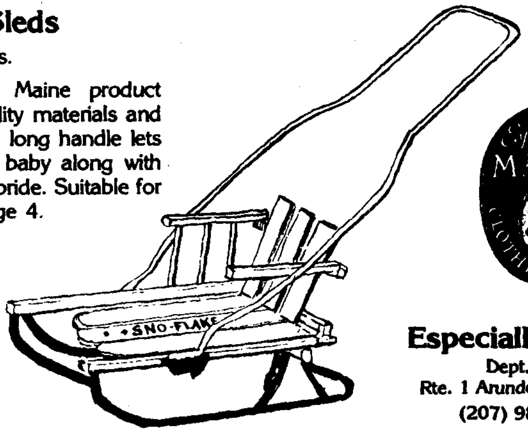

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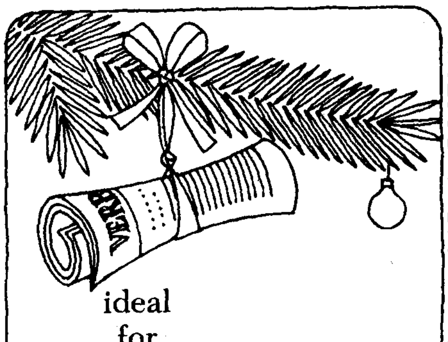

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popularity that the ballet is automatically a hit.

But what could have governed the choice of John Cranko's brutal and ineffectual "The Taming of the Shrew"? Reputation again? The ballet isn't even good slapstick. The pacing is panicky, and the jokes aren't developed. In the second act, when Petruchio instructs his servants to pretend to be grotesque and deformed monsters so as to frighten Kate, we get a few seconds of amusement from the different examples of grotesquerie and deformity which Petruchio sets forth and which the four servants imitate. Then Kate comes in and sees them and reacts to them all at once, and the fun is over. Four servants, one reaction: is that a *joke*? Maybe deformity jokes are better off dropped, but Cranko was insensitive enough to introduce one, and it was his insensitivity as a humorist and a dramatist that kept him from seeing how it could have been used to illuminate a Kate who is human underneath her shrewishness and a worthy object of desire to Petruchio. This Kate, who might have reacted sympathetically to the first gargoyle but not sympathetically to all four, is a funnier as well as a more touching Kate than Cranko knew how to create. The failure of the ballet is a failure of human sympathy; the weak choreography is irrelevant. As it happens, the Kate-Petruchio choreography was constructed for the narrowly acrobatic talents of Marcia Haydée and Richard Cragun, which is why it lends itself neither to wit nor to lyricism. The part of Kate is also notably uglifying; I saw Beatriz Rodriguez, who if she wasn't very funny wasn't ugly, either. Gregory Huffman, in the equally trying role of Petruchio, managed the swagger without the boorishness that is *its* pitfall.

—Arlene Croce

•

Is there really any difference betwee brown and white eggs?

R.M., Sebastian, Fla

According to Dr. Robert Baker, head o the Poultry Department of the College o Agriculture and Life Sciences at Cornel University, brown and white eggs are virtually identical, both in terms of nutritio and taste. The only difference is that the are laid by different breeds of hen: brow eggs by heavier breeds (Rhode Island Rec New Hampshire, Plymouth) developed i New England (where brown eggs remai quite popular) and white eggs by lighte weight breeds, such as Longhorns.—*Foo & Wine.*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

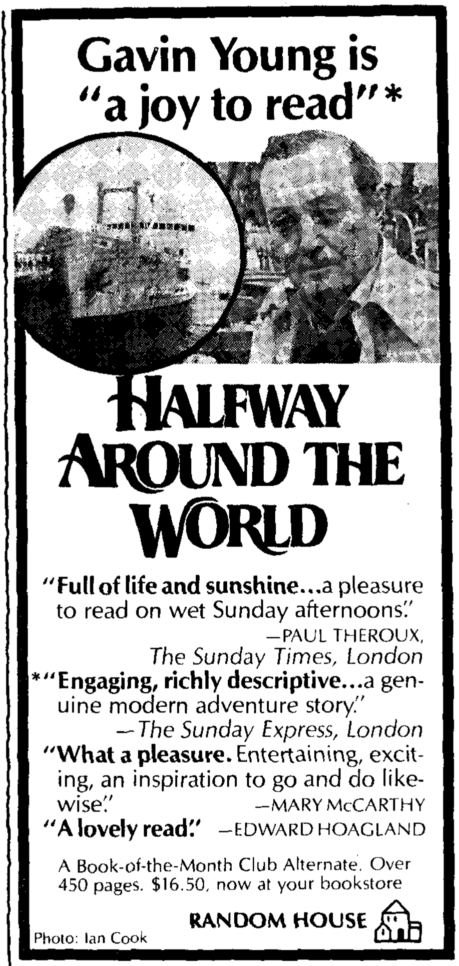
ROKUDAN: A TALE OF LOVE IN SIX MOVEMENTS, by Pat Burch (Taplinger; $9.95). What do the following six characters have in common: a graduate student in psychology afflicted with "pathological inertia" and a vocabulary that ranges from "created reality" to "nudnick" (this is 1964, the heyday of "groovy" and "heavy"); a novelist with fond memories of the thrashings that his grammar-school masters meted out; "a perfectly normal-looking man in his forties" who periodically drinks vodka and milk and then beats his head with a telephone; a small Japanese businessman, on assignment in New York, who has a wife and an original Dali print in his home country; a Japanese free-lance writer who lives in White Plains and comes across as "a timid English clerk with a Dutch fondness for the predictable;" and a Japanese bodybuilder (winner of the "Mr. New York" title) and owner of a Java temple bird that likes to nip his tongue? They all love—and, by the end of this very funny story, lose—an orphan from Queens with a lopsided chin implant who is learning how to pluck a strange Japanese stringed instrument and who hopes that her six-times broken heart will lend a nice touch of pathos to her songs about shorebirds, samurai warriors, painted fans, and the morning moon.

GENERAL

AMERICA HELD HOSTAGE: THE SECRET NEGOTIATIONS, by Pierre Salinger (Doubleday; $16.95). The author, who was President Kennedy's press secretary and is now ABC's Paris bureau chief, closely followed the labyrinthine dealings that eventually led to the release of our hostages in Iran, and he has managed to turn that tortuous series of events into a sequential narrative that is lucid and (even though we know how it came out) suspenseful. His characterizations of the many persons of diverse nationalities who were caught up in the operation—serious helpers, knowing go-betweens, mere intriguers—are credible, and his judgments seem sound: we believe him when, for example, he gives very high marks to President Carter's assistant, Hamilton Jordan. Mr. Salinger is very good, too, about the sources of the trouble. He points out that no American understood either the Iranian revolutionaries' intense hatred of the Shah or their conviction that the United States was responsible for everything the Shah did. Yet it appears that the seizure of the American Embassy and its staff was originally intended as a flamboyant gesture by student militants, and would not have lasted as long as it did if the new Iranian government, riven by ideological factions and personal vendettas, had been capable of formulating, let alone executing, a policy. In Mr. Salinger's view, the Iranian revolutionaries were not so much unscrupulous and irresponsible as they were governed by scruples and responsibilities different from our own; the book is a tribute to the individuals on both sides who were able to overcome the mutual failure of imagination.

LIFE ITSELF, by Francis Crick (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). About eighty per cent of this book is a brilliant popular description of the conventional biological views of life and its possible origins. Francis Crick is, of course, one of the great masters of modern biology. However, it turns out that this is merely a prelude for Crick's own suggestion as to where life on Earth began; namely, that it arrived here on a spaceship sent by a superior civilization. When one first comes across this proposition, one wonders if it is meant to be some sort of joke. Such does not seem to be the case. But as an "explanation" of the origin of life on our planet it would seem to be replacing an enigma with a riddle.

WALDO EMERSON, by Gay Wilson Allen (Viking; $25). A new biography of a man who started as the spokesman for a nascent American counterculture and ended as an establishment sage. In his youth, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82) rebelled against the Calvinism of his New England forebears, and in 1832 he left the liberal Unitarian minis-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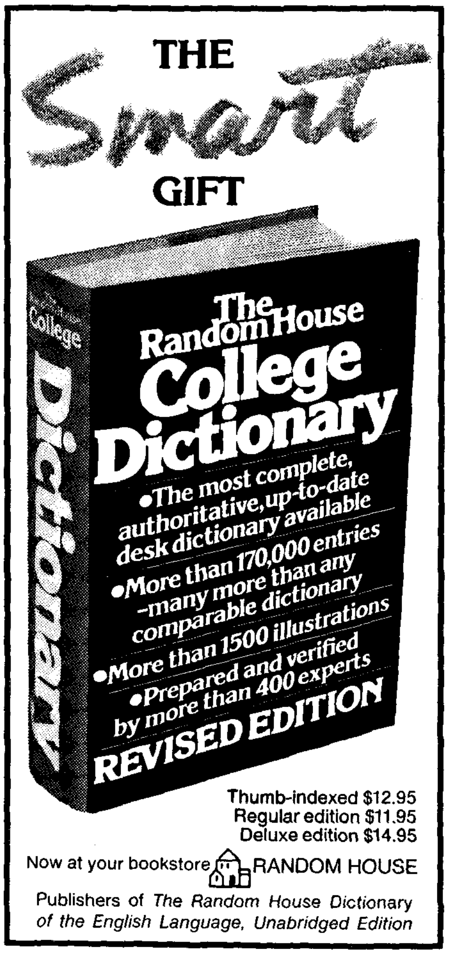
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try because he could no longer conscientiously administer Communion. Emerson's speculations took him ever further from Christianity, but he won audiences as a lecturer and an essayist because of his concern with ethics and his efforts to construct a metaphysical frame for the recent discoveries of science and his and his contemporaries' spiritual intuitions. His temperamental coolness—he was usually benign, rarely impassioned—was such that it is difficult to decide whether he was inherently selfish or essentially solitary. The author does an excellent job of tracing the sources and the evolution of Emerson's ideas, and the explication of his literary achievements is wholly satisfactory.

GOD'S FIFTH COLUMN: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE AGE 1890-1940, by William Gerhardie, edited by Michael Holroyd and Robert Skidelsky (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). The author, a polyglot novelist and historian who died in London in 1977 at the age of eighty-one, left this book, on which he had worked intermittently for years, as an unpublished manuscript. The editors explain what they did to make it publishable; the text explains why they took the trouble, for the work is sui generis, a vastly entertaining account of modern Europe for those who have read all the standard histories, a unique and readable mixture of rage, comedy, opinion, and learning that describes Europe's self-destruction. Gerhardie felt that ordinary folk were better than the fools and knaves who twice in his lifetime had led them into war, and he believed that Tolstoyan Christianity (in religion) and a cross between world government and anarchy (in politics) were the only sensible paths for human life to follow. He does not preach, however; he provides biting, hilarious portraits of such grandees as the Kaiser and the Czar and of such lesser personages as Margot Asquith and D. H. Lawrence to set off his appreciations of his heroes, who, besides Tolstoy, include Chekhov and Proust. One rarely finds anything like his ability to be at once profound and funny.

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Norma Cole, Brooklin-Sedgwick Junior High, won the County Spelling Bee in Bucksport recently. She won on the word "isoscoles."—*Blue Hill* (*Maine*) *Weekly Packet*.

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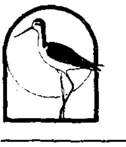

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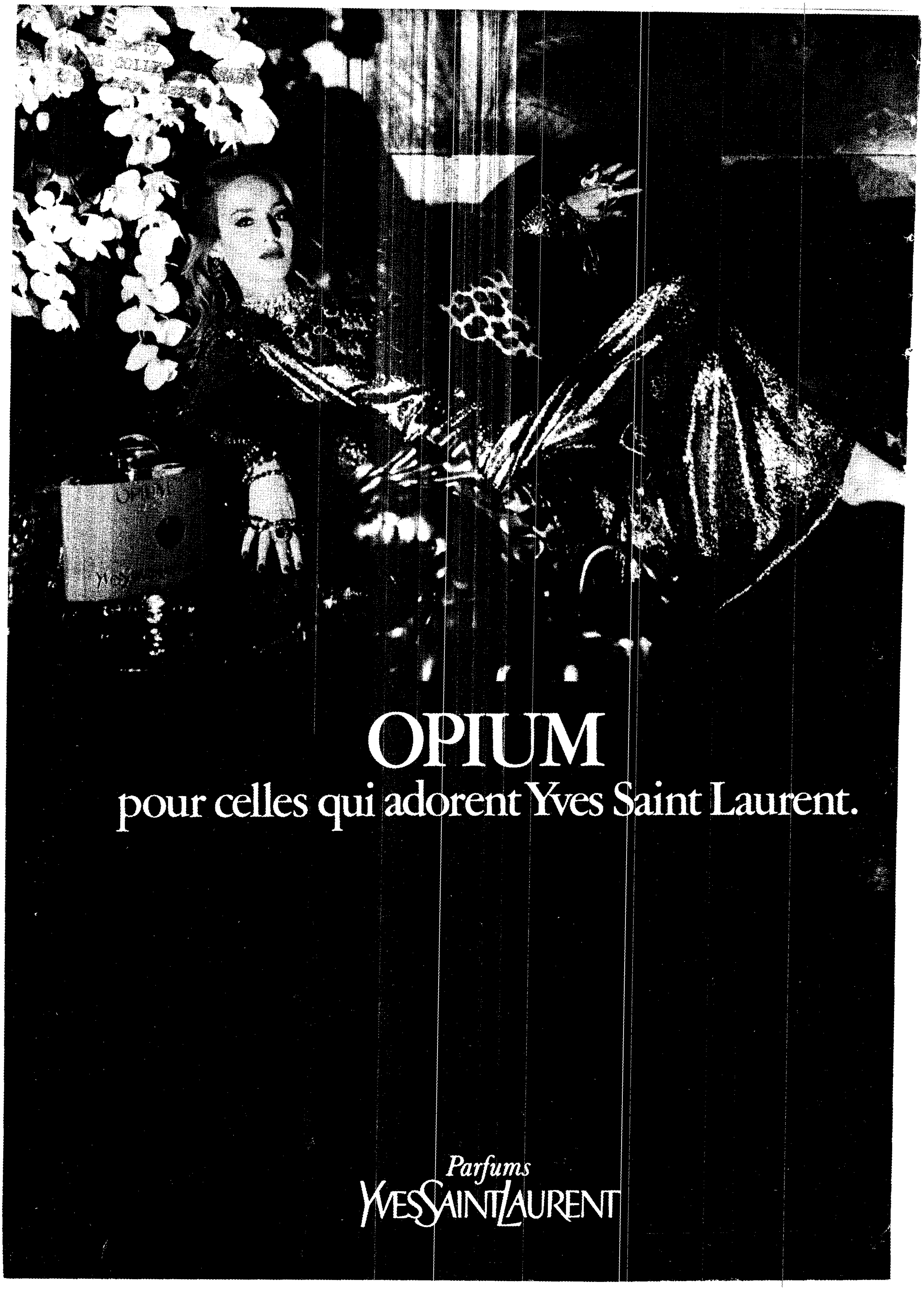

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